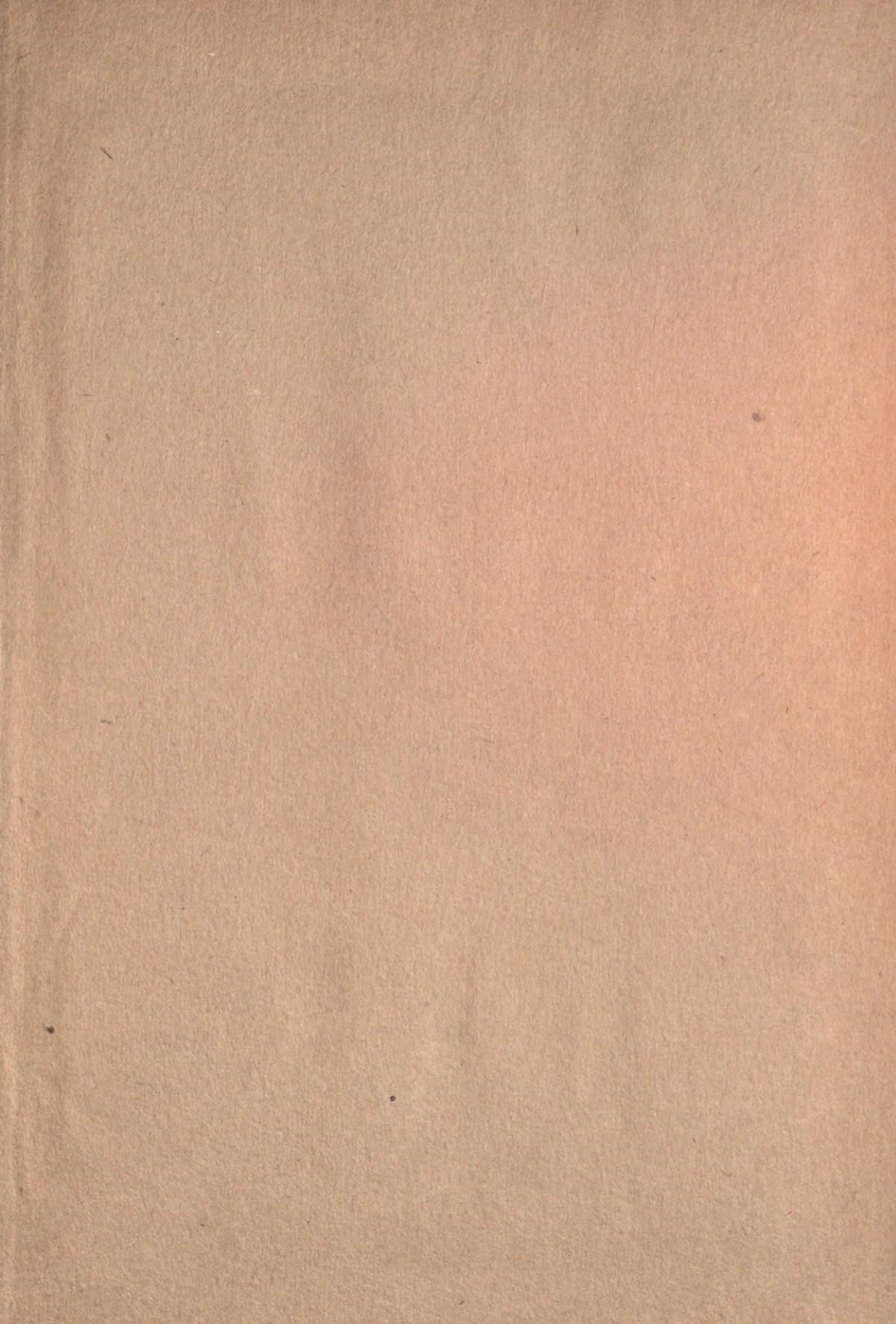
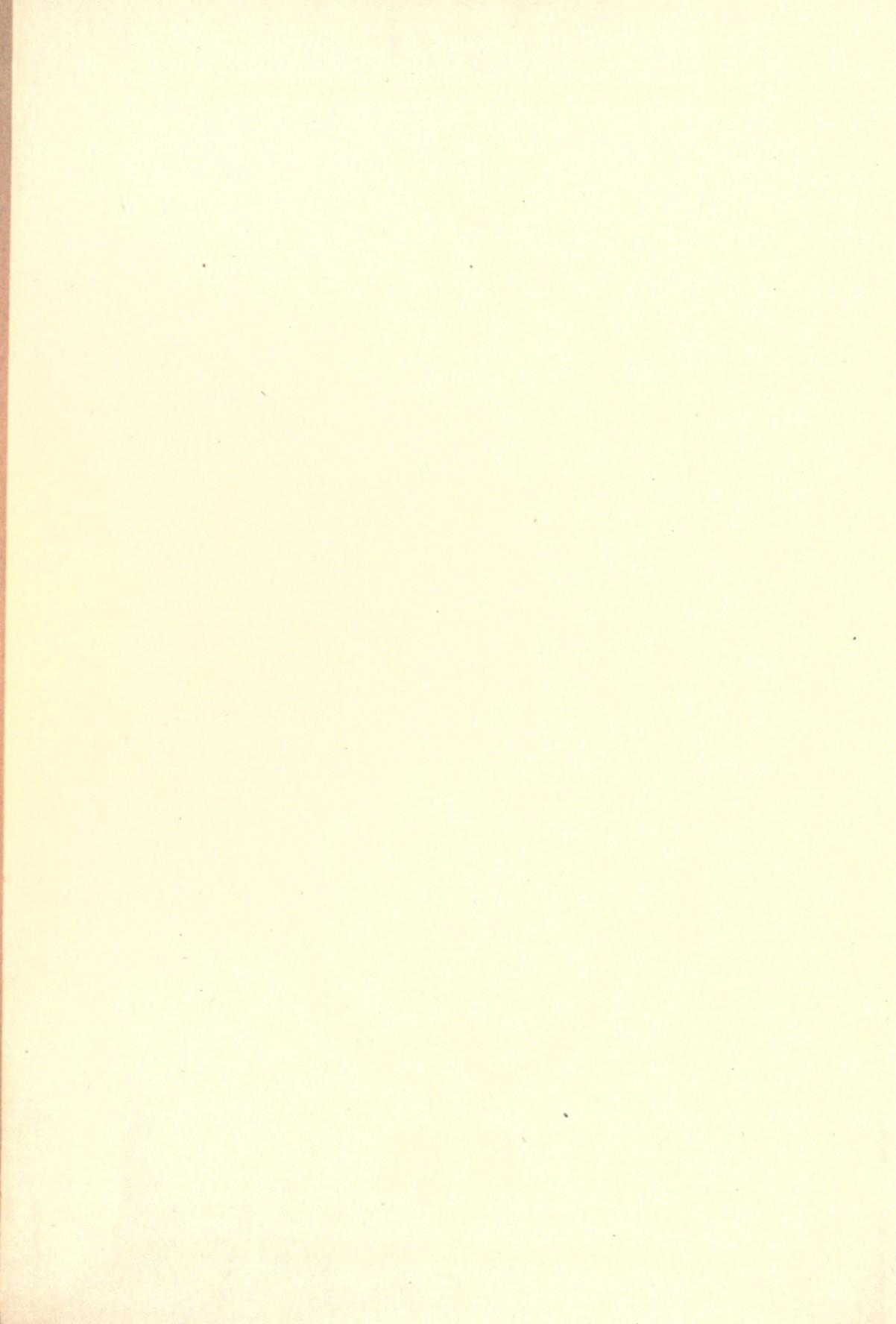


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DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

THE MENTOR

PIONEERS OF THE
GREAT WEST

By
GEORGE S. BRYAN

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 1

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? Has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

—Walt Whitman.

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NUMBER 1

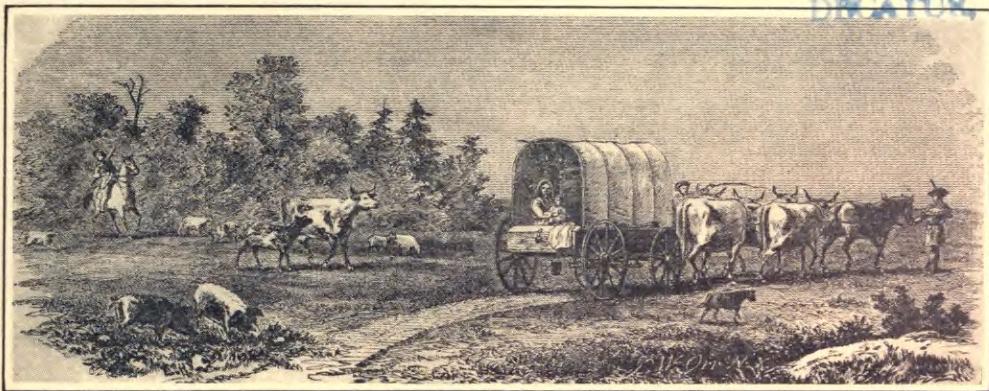
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PIONEERS EMIGRATING FROM CONNECTICUT TO EASTERN OHIO, 1805

Distance, 600 miles; time, 90 days



By courtesy of the sculptor, Elsie Ward

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

From a photograph of the model
for the statue which was erected
at the Louisiana Purchase Ex-
position, St. Louis, 1904

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

By GEORGE S. BRYAN
Author of "Sam Houston," etc.



MENTOR GRAVURES

DANIEL BOONE

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

DAVID CROCKETT

STEPHEN FULLER AUSTIN

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

CHRISTOPHER CARSON

UNTIL well into the eighteenth century, English settlement in America had been mainly confined to a narrow fringe along the Atlantic seaboard. That so it might remain seemed not impossible. Under gifted leaders the French had with zealous enterprise penetrated to the heart of the continent; and the French crown claimed dominion southward to the Gulf and vaguely westward to the Rockies. To the English colonists the Appalachian mountain-system—which sometimes they called the “Great Mountains”—appeared a barrier formidable and impressive to an extent that now we can hardly realize. Even after the best routes had been marked out and the menace of Indian enemies removed, the crossing of it was long to the popular mind a thing of uncommon toil and difficulty. Yet the English settlers, if they moved deliberately across the coastal

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

region, also occupied it as intensively as conditions permitted. It is said that by 1700 it was possible, in journeying from southern Virginia to Portland, Maine, to pass each night in a sizable village. Westward movement into unoccupied lands gradually became for Americans no less inevitable than their struggle toward political independence. With that movement began what has well been termed the second American colonial period; and a new race arose—the American pioneers.

To the able if arrogant Lieutenant-Governor Spotswood of Virginia belongs the honor of having been, so far as definite records are concerned, the first explorer of the Appalachians. About his expedition of 1716 clings a suggestion of the romance that surrounds the Spanish *conquistadores*, "with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wilderness."

With a party of fifty he climbed the Blue Ridge by way of the upper Rappahannock; crossed the Shenandoah, which he christened Euphrates; and took solemn possession for His Majesty George the First. Having taken eight weeks to cover 440 miles, he returned to Williamsburg preceded by trumpeters, and presented to his comrades jewel-studded horseshoes inscribed: *Sic juvat transcendere montes* (Thus 'tis our pleasure to go o'er the mountains)—the allusion being to the fact that for mountain-work the horses had been shod with iron shoes, not then used in lowland Virginia. This picturesque enterprise led to nothing. The first white men to cross the Great Mountains and enter the central plain were probably wandering hunters who, in following game-trails, also followed streams to the sources and penetrated many a clove and notch. Southwestward from Central Pennsylvania the Appalachians run in parallel ranges through West Virginia and Virginia, eastern Tennessee and the western Carolinas, into northern Georgia. Along the furrows between these parallel ridges, emigrants from Pennsylvania began about the middle of the eighteenth century to pass toward the new country they called "the West." The manner of their going was much like that of emigrants across the plains in later days: the women and young children in



EMIGRATION TO THE WESTERN COUNTRY



CROSSING THE PLAINS
From drawings by F. O. C. Darley

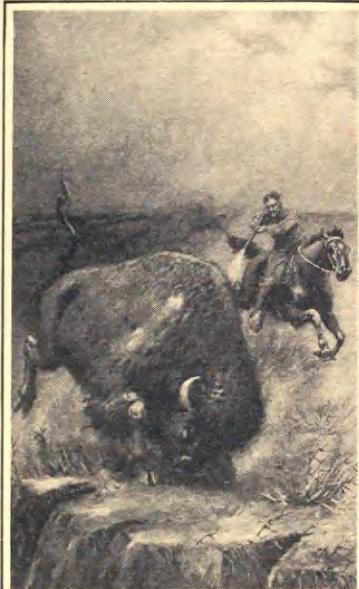
PIONEERS OF THE WEST

canvas-covered wagons, prototypes of the "prairie-schooner"; the men and boys on horseback at front and rear, driving the cattle. Thus the Quaker Boones went from Berks county, near the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, to northwestern North Carolina; a region where then the bison were so abundant that three or four men, with dogs, could kill from ten to twenty in a day. One of the Boone boys was Daniel (1734-1820), who became and has remained the typical pioneer figure.

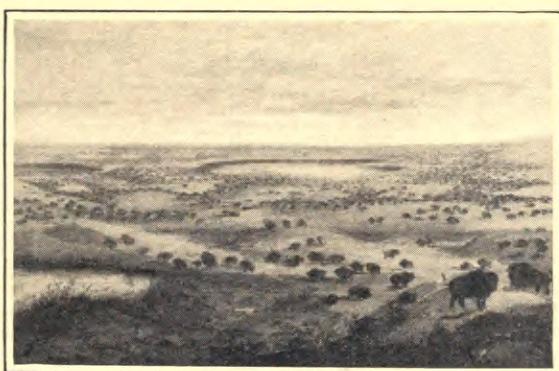
The Pioneer Woodsmen

When we say that Daniel Boone and others like him were woodsmen, we mean that with the minimum of outfit they could make their way

through the wilderness and there live for long periods with no outside aid. They knew herbs and trees—the ways of game and of Indians. They could improvise shelter, and, in the open, prepare simple, sufficient food. An important item of their dietary was parched and pulverized Indian corn. Men of the Boone stamp could out-march military regulars and outmaneuver redskins. Despite the disadvantage of rifles less accurate than those of to-day, and of inferior loads, they were surpassing marksmen. Of frontier riflemen Richard Henry Lee wrote in 1775: "There is not one of these men who wish (wishes) a distance less than 200 yards or a larger object than an orange. Every shot is fatal." About 900 of them won the battle of King's Mountain (October 7, 1780) and thus turned the tide against Cornwallis in the South. The figures tell the tale. The British loss, out of some 1,100 engaged, was placed at 119 killed, 123 wounded, and 664 prisoners; the American, at only 28 killed and 62 wounded. The woodsmen's outer clothing was of skins; commonly in the main of deer-skin, treated not by tanning but by a process of soaking, scraping, stretching, rubbing with the brains of the animal, and smoking. This deer-skin was pliable, quiet, lasting, inconspicuous, warm in winter,



BISON HUNTING
From a drawing by W. L. Hudson



A HERD OF BISON
On a lake-dotted prairie

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

thorn-proof, and too smooth to collect burrs; but when wet it was far from pleasant wear. It could be fashioned in the wilderness, with no apparatus or materials save those readily at hand; and, with local modifications, continued to be worn on the shifting American frontier.

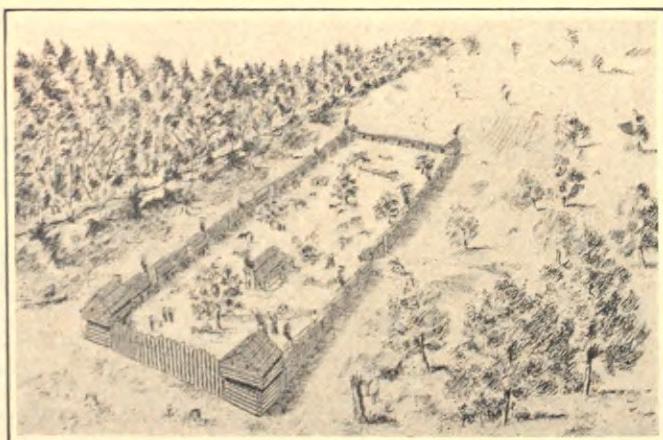
Shelby and Sevier

Of those who led the sharpshooters at King's Mountain, two were further celebrated in pioneer annals—Isaac Shelby (1750-1826) and John Sevier (1745-1815), famed as Indian fighters, and first governors respectively of Kentucky and Tennessee. Sevier was identified with a little-known chapter in American history. From 1769 to 1772, in what is now northeastern Tennessee, on lands then included in the colony of North Carolina, sprang up settlements of worthy folk to whom North Carolina gave neither recognition nor protection. The settlers proceeded to organize into the Watauga Association, with a form of government by committees. Thus, before the seaboard colonies had begun to fight for independence, these dissatisfied mountaineers had in a manner asserted it. At the Revolution the little community was, on its own petition, formally annexed to North Carolina. After the war, North Carolina offered to cede to the Federal government her western lands; and then the men of Watauga, ignored in the matter of the cession, formed a new state, called Franklin; adopted a constitution; and chose a legislature which elected the popular Sevier governor. Taxes were levied, payable, in lieu of money, in such things as bacon, fox-pelts, and whiskey. Factional differences soon developed; the state of Franklin crumbled; and Sevier, its only governor, was arrested for treason. Allowed to escape, he saw the western North Carolina lands finally ceded to the Federal government (1790) as the "Territory south of the River Ohio"; and was a representative in Congress from the State of Tennessee, into which the territory was afterward formed (admitted June 1, 1796).



SIMON KENTON

From a portrait by L. W. Morgan



FORT BOONESBOROUGH

As it appeared just before the siege of September, 1778

PIONEERS OF THE WEST



ZEBULON PIKE

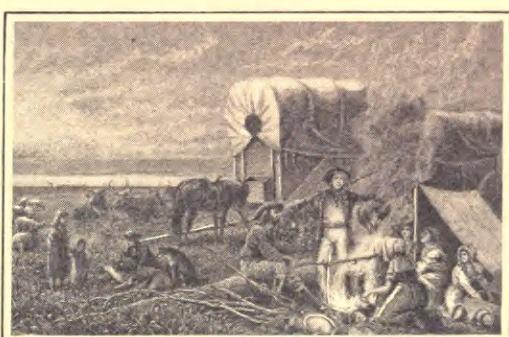
James Robertson

James Robertson (1742-1814), prominent in the Watauga community, led thence a company to French Lick, where he founded Nashborough (1780), the present Nashville. On the bluff above the Cumberland a central fort was built; outside this, along the river, the cabins of the settlers were roughly grouped around several "stations"—stockaded refuges defended by blockhouses. Such forts and stations followed pretty closely the general plan of Boonesborough, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. Some of the forts were fit to offer stout and long resistance to besiegers

armed with nothing more effective than rifles. The "advance guard of civilization" at Nashborough suffered sorely from the hostility of Cherokees and Creeks, but Robertson's heroic direction averted utter ruin. After the Revolution, the treaty of Paris (1783) fixed the Mississippi as the western boundary of the United States; and by way of Nashborough (Nashville) part of the increasing tide of immigration moved to the Mississippi valley. Of early settlers beyond the Great Mountains it was no less true than it had been of early settlers along the Atlantic, that they plowed and worshiped with rifle ready, and slept with one eye open. It was true straight across the continent, wherever the white man had to encounter that ablest of his savage foes, the American Indian. In the narratives of Colonel R. I. Dodge, the redman of the plains parallels the redman of the woods with those cruelties that to both were but exploits of legitimate warfare. It must be admitted, too, that sometimes the whites retaliated with equal ferocity.

Kenton, Clark and Wayne

An Indian-fighter and scout of that period, with contemporary renown second to that of Boone alone, was simple-hearted Simon



AN EMIGRANT CAMP ON THE PLAINS



A DETACHMENT OF ONE OF FRÉMONT'S PARTIES
In temporary camp

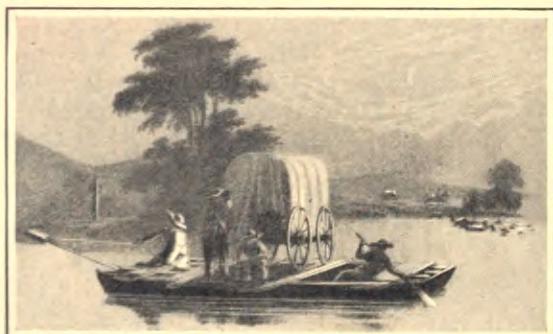
PIONEERS OF THE WEST

Kenton (1755-1836), who, faring into the Ohio country, in 1787 with Joseph May laid out a town at Limestone (now Maysville), a point on the Ohio River where there had long been a landing-spot for the bullet-proof flat-boats that brought from Pittsburg (Fort Pitt) fresh throngs of settlers. Kenton, with a Kentucky party, also reared (1799) fourteen cabins and a fort near Mad River in what is now Clark county, Ohio, thus founding a settlement that later was moved a few miles eastward and became the present Springfield. Kenton once escaped death by Indian torture through the interference of Simon Girty (1741-1818), a bloodthirsty Irish renegade to whose credit nothing else is told. Girty (who had lived with the Senecas) served the British as an interpreter in the Revolution, and afterward fought with the Indians whose forays against the American frontier he did all he could to encourage. The notorious Simon and his brothers James (1743-1817) and George (1745-1812), also renegades, formed a family trio of "bad men," infamous throughout all the western marches. As enemies of society, they found worthy successors in the "border-ruffians," outlaws, and desperadoes of after-days. Always, however, such individuals were in the minority; and especially was this true among the trans-Appalachian pioneers, who indeed sought a freer life in a land where quit-rents and tax-gatherers would cease from troubling, but who had no kinship with anarchy or license. The form of compact entered into by Robertson's isolated colonists stated that "until the full and proper exercise of the laws of our country can be in use and the powers of government exerted among us, we do most solemnly and sacredly declare and promise each other that we will . . . at all times, if need be, compel, by our united force, a due obedience to these our rules and regulations." This was also essentially the spirit of the trans-Mississippi "vigilance committees" in California, Idaho, and Montana; maintained, if need was, against venal judge or treacherous sheriff.



WILLIAM CLARK

From the painting by Charles Willson Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia



CONVEYING AN EMIGRANT WAGON ACROSS THE PLATTE RIVER

From an Ackerman lithographic print

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

As a young man, Simon Kenton served with George Rogers Clark (1752-1818), most comprehensive mind and most vivid figure among the pioneers of his era. Clark, who had made his home in the Kentucky district in 1776, was the first to divine the fact that the constant raids by Indians of the Old Northwest on settlements south of the Ohio were inspired by British officers north of it. With inadequate official support and less than two hundred volunteers, he set out in 1778 on an expedition to the Illinois. His youthful enthusiasm beat down disheartening obstacles; his ability and energy triumphed. In a few months he brought within the sphere of American influence practically all of the Northwest region save Detroit and minor posts on the Canada boundary; made peace-treaties with ten or a dozen tribes; and placed the United States in such a position that the American commissioners at Paris could insist upon the cession of territory subsequently divided into Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. Completion of Clark's mission, denied to him, was fifteen years later entrusted to Major-General Anthony Wayne (1745-1796), the dashing "Mad Anthony" whose recapture of Stony Point by a bayonet attack at midnight had been the boldest and most spectacular feat of the Revolution. With about 2,000 regulars of the reorganized army and some 1,600 Kentucky militia, Wayne in 1794 gave to the Northwestern warriors,

again intractable, their final defeat. At Fort Greenville (on the site of what is now Greenville in Darke county, Ohio), he negotiated with them a treaty that made possible the peaceful occupation of the country from the Ohio to the head of Lake Superior. Various lands to which they renounced claim included the sites of the present cities of Chicago, Detroit, Fort Wayne, and Toledo. Wayne was the first of a series of United States army officers that must be recognized as pioneers.

In 1795 treaty arrangements for the joint navigation of the Mississippi were concluded with Spain, which had claimed exclusive rights to the river from its mouth to the Yazoo, or about where Vicksburg now stands. This was good news to the settlers between the Appalachians and the Mississippi; for they had thus free outlet to New Orleans for their trade. The



ANTHONY WAYNE



MERIWETHER LEWIS

From a drawing by St. Memin, which first appeared in the *Analectic Magazine*, April, 1816

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

National Turnpike from the Atlantic to the Mississippi was not authorized until 1806; in 1795 the western roads were little better than the "traces" cut by pioneers, such as Boone's "Wilderness Road." The traces had been widened enough to let vehicles through; but such so-called roads were always difficult and at times impassable. Hence the Westerners turned to the streams; and for many years their goods were carried in lighters called "flat-boats," "keel-boats," and "arks," which were propelled by sweeps up the Ohio or drifted leisurely down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Lincoln made two voyages to New Orleans in flat-boats—the second from Sangamon county, Illinois, in a craft he had helped to build. River trade began to flourish along the present Missouri shore. Clark's expedition had effectually banished any idea Spain may have had of affirming dominion east of the river; and later the Spanish authorities at St. Louis, when they feared possible British attack from Canada, most hospitably welcomed American settlers into upper Louisiana. These came in considerable numbers—especially from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and took up liberal land-grants. St. Louis was soon recognized as the key to the trans-Mississippi country; and Missouri was the center and starting-point of every sort of pioneer activity.

Opening Up The Far West

After an obscure residence in what is now West Virginia, Boone, dispossessed from his lands in Kentucky, appeared about 1779 in Missouri, where the Spaniards, with a sense of regard superior to that of his own countrymen, made him a syndic (a kind of magistrate). From Missouri Captain Meriwether Lewis (1774-1809) and Captain William Clark (1770-1838), brother of George Rogers Clark, set out in 1804—the year in which the United States took possession of upper Louisiana—on their historic journey to the mouth of the Columbia*; and from Missouri Zebulon Montgomery Pike (1779-1813) departed on his explorations. Missouri was the boyhood home of "Kit" Carson (1809-1868), a relative of Daniel Boone, and himself not unworthy of being styled the Boone of the Far West. In Missouri Moses Austin tarried, and thence he rode a thousand miles on horseback to San Antonio de Bexar to petition in person for the right to establish in Texas a colony of American immigrants. In Missouri Stephen Fuller Austin (1793-1836), Moses Austin's son, who later established the colony and so founded modern Texas, was a member of the territorial legislature in 1813-1819. Out of Missouri in 1843 went the "Great Immigration" of 900 persons to Oregon, where their presence determined the permanent ownership of that entire country. In Missouri



PORTRAIT OF HOUSTON

After a daguerreotype by Brady

*See Mentor Number 178, "The Lewis and Clark Expedition."



STATUE OF SAM HOUSTON
Modeled by Elizabet Ney for
Statuary Hall, the Capitol,
Washington

PIONEERS OF THE WEST



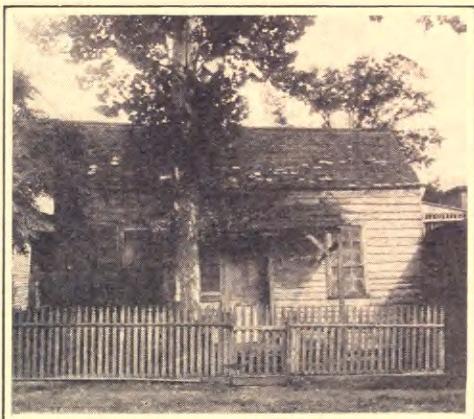
SAM HOUSTON

From a daguerreotype by Paige,
Washington

ritory now included in the states of Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado. He discovered the mountain afterward called Pike's Peak, in the ascent of which he failed, having in error taken a trail that brought him to the top of Mt. Cheyenne; and he also visited the Royal gorge of the upper Arkansas. When but thirty-four, while serving as adjutant and inspector-general in the War of 1812, he was killed in the attack on York (the present Toronto), Canada. The name of Benjamin L. E. Bonneville (1795-1878) is not now so well known as once it was, when Bonneville's journal, prepared for the press by Washington Irving, was a popular book, under the captivating title of "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West." Bonneville, on leave of absence from the army and acting chiefly on his own initiative, passed through country now included in Colorado and Wyoming into the basin of the Great Salt Lake, and thence to the Mexican province of California. Gone from 1831 to 1836, he was given up for dead and his name was stricken from the rolls of the army. He lived however, to a ripe age, and was in command

trappers and miners outfitted and traders prepared their merchandise. From Missouri southwest led the old Santa Fé Trail, over which for more than three-quarters of a century passed and repassed the pack-trains and the wagon caravans; the commerce with Mexico requiring in 1860 no less than 62,000 mules and oxen, 3,000 wagons, and 7,000 men. In Missouri was the eastern terminus of the pony-express, whose riders, fearless and tireless, carried the mails by relays across the plains.

Gradually the labors of Lewis and Clark, Pike, Bonneville, and Frémont spread knowledge of the middle and far West, of which American geographers had been more ignorant than to-day they are of Africa. Pike, then a lieutenant in the United States army, explored the headwaters of the Mississippi in 1805-1806; and later (1806-1807), having followed the Missouri and Osage rivers, traversed ter-



SAM HOUSTON'S HOME
In Houston, Texas



SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SAN JACINTO, TEXAS

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

of the St. Louis barracks during the Civil War. John Charles Frémont (1813-1890), known as "the Pathfinder," led five expeditions that together ranged over a goodly portion of the West from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific. It was on the third of these (1846-1847) that he played, in the American "conquest" or occupation of California, a part that has been variously represented and often bitterly discussed.

On each of his first three expeditions Frémont owed much to the skill and prowess of Christopher ("Kit") Carson, a professional guide of very wide knowledge and a plainsman of the highest type, who afterward acted as guide to emigrant parties crossing the prairies, and, during the Civil War, was the trusted chief-of-scouts for the Union army

in the Southwest. This Homeric man was preëminently the hero of the far Western frontier, and his fame survives in countless tales of his hardihood and daring. Other frontier scouts and guides also gave to the army the benefit of their keen sense, experience, and amazing knowledge of local topography; and their services were generously recognized in official reports. Such were "Jim" Bridger, a remarkable trailer, believed to be the first white man to see the Great Salt Lake (1824); James B. Hichox ("Wild Bill"); Amos Chapman, commemorated by Colonel Dodge; and William F. Cody (famous as "Buffalo Bill"), who died at Denver in 1917, aged seventy-one, the last of the race. Shortly before his death, Cody in an interview said: "All of them to-day—the best shots, I mean—can beat us old-timers every time. But," he added, "we did the work all the same. We had to." A. H. Hardy, an excellent judge, once declared that "Buffalo Bill" was the best shot from horseback that the world has ever seen.

Sam Houston and Davy Crockett

In Texas, Austin—patient, wise, just—a man to whom, as a Texan said, men delighted to entrust their property, their fortunes, and their lives—gladly resigned

his leadership to Sam Houston (1793-1863). Houston, one of the picturesque figures of American annals, was born in Rockbridge county, in the Blue Ridge section of Virginia; passed a backwoods youth there and in Blount county, Tennessee; was adopted into a Cherokee household; rose quickly into political note; served two terms in Congress as a representative from Tennessee; wounded his man in one of the duels then so fashionable in both the older and the newer West; and was elected governor of his State. Successful, popular, nominated for a second term, he nevertheless resigned his office for personal reasons, quit Tennessee, and in 1832 went to Texas. There



THE JOLLY FLAT-BOAT MEN
After a painting by G. C. Bingham



A HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES
From a drawing by F. O. C. Darley

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

chosen to lead the forces of the Texan revolution, he roundly defeated the Mexicans at San Jacinto (1836) with a little army of about 800, the pick of the pioneers, every man of whom furnished his own rifle. From that time until his death, as president of the Republic of Texas, governor of the State, and United States senator, he was easily the foremost man of that region. Cast in the frontier mould, Houston could sway a frontier audience by his oratory as well as lead frontiersmen to battle. In his view of the Indian question he was free of the general pioneer prejudice. "I am a friend of the Indian," he once said, "on the principle that I am a friend to justice. We are not bound to make them promises; but if a promise be made to an Indian, it ought to be regarded as sacredly as if it were made to a white man."

Forever identified with early Texas is also David ("Davy") Crockett (1786-1836), although it was in Tennessee that he gained his reputation as hunter, scout, marksman, story-teller, and all-around original character. This whimsical, valiant woodsman, whom Andrew Jackson could not intimidate, offered his services to the Texan revolution and fell in that most celebrated of all frontier fights—the defense of the Alamo. With him fell Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Travis, the commandant, whose letter announcing that he was besieged has been termed "the most heroic document among American historical records"; and Colonel James Bowie, reputed inventor of that famed frontier weapon, the bowie-knife. The volume of "Colonel Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas," though professing to be autobiographical, unquestionably neither originated with Crockett nor was authorized by him; and it is not an authentic record. It is representative of a large body of spurious narratives that collected around the names of many pioneers, and in particular those of Boone, Crockett, and Carson. The true story of what such men were and did is more fascinating than any fiction of which they have been made the heroes.



From the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, by permission.

HOW THE UNITED STATES GRADUALLY INCREASED IN AREA

PIONEERS OF THE WEST

A FEW IMPORTANT DATES IN THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE WESTERN MOVEMENT

The Boones settle in North Carolina	About 1751
Daniel Boone first visits the Kentucky region	1767
Boone, John Finley, and others roam Kentucky	1769-71
John Sevier leads in forming the Watauga Association	1772
Boone finds Boonesborough and cuts the "Wilderness Road"	1775
George Rogers Clark brings the Old Northwest under American influence	1778-79
James Robertson establishes his settlement on the Cumberland	1780
Marietta, Ohio, is founded by Gen. Rufus Putnam and his associates	1788
A settlement is made on the site of the present Cincinnati by John Filson and others	1788
The Louisiana Territory is purchased from France	1803
Lewis and Clark conduct their expedition from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia	1804-06
Pike leads his expedition to "the sources of the Mississippi and through the Western parts of Louisiana"	1805-06
An act of Congress provides for the building of a great highway from the Atlantic to the Mississippi	1806
Pike makes his tour "through the interior parts of New Spain"	1806-07
Moses Austin leaves Missouri for Texas	1820
Stephen F. Austin conducts his first settlers to the lower Brazos	1821
Chicago is started on its career as a town	1833
Sam Houston wins the battle of San Jacinto and Texan independence	1836
Frémont begins his series of explorations	1842
Texas is admitted to the United States	1845
The boundary of the Oregon country is determined by treaty with Great Britain	1846
The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo is signed, by which Mexico cedes to the United States a territory comprising the present California, Nevada and Utah; most of Arizona; a large portion of New Mexico; and parts of Wyoming and Colorado	1848
The United States acquires a tract of 45,535 square miles in the present Arizona and New Mexico, by purchase from Mexico for \$10,000,000 (the Gadsden Purchase)	1853
Transcontinental railway connection is established from the Atlantic to the Pacific	1869

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE OLD NORTHWEST	By B. A. Hinsdale
THE WINNING OF THE WEST. 6 volumes	By Theodore Roosevelt
THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT, 1763-98	By Justin Winsor
SAM HOUSTON	By George S. Bryan
DAVID CROCKETT AND EARLY TEXAN HISTORY	By John S. C. Abbott
CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST	By W. H. English
KIT CARSON, PIONEER OF THE FAR WEST	By John S. C. Abbott
*EXPEDITION OF ZEBULON M. PIKE. 3 volumes	Edited by Elliott Coues
ANTHONY WAYNE	By J. R. Spears
DANIEL BOONE	By Reuben Gold Thwaites
HOW GEORGE ROGERS CLARK WON THE NORTHWEST	By Reuben Gold Thwaites

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

**Information concerning these books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

Of all American pioneer figures, undoubtedly the quaintest was "Davy" Crockett. He was what the older English writers called "an original," by which they meant a person of a certain decided individuality—a certain original tang. A cheerful companion, and a good spinner of yarns, he was a dead sure shot and a reliable support for his friends in time of trouble. He was, moreover, a hard fighting politician as well as a sturdy pioneer.

* * *

Daniel Boone was not, as commonly has been supposed, the first white man to enter and explore Kentucky, or to pilot permanent settlers there. But, by virtue of his love of the free forest life, his many romantic adventures, and the wide range of his wanderings—which have often been celebrated in story—and his personal combination of the best pioneer qualities, he holds a special place of his own in the history of the Middle West.

* * *

From the foundation of Stephen Austin's American Colony in Mexican Texas leads a chain of events—including the Texas revolt of 1836, the annexation of Texas in 1845, the Mexican War of 1846-1847, the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo and the grant of territory provided in it, and the remarkable development of the two States of Texas and California. The historical and political significance of Austin's life work is, therefore, plain. Founder of a republic greater in area than France and England combined, Austin was unique among American pioneers. As a man he was a fine American type, not only in his ability as an executive and diplomat, but also in his zealous toil, his patience, his perseverance, his vision, and his unselfish devotion.

Frémont did not, in a strict sense, merit his once popular title of "The Pathfinder." None of Frémont's expeditions had the romantic elements attaching to that of the two captains, Lewis and Clark, though his explorations of the trans-Mississippi frontier were made at a time when the question of territorial expansion in that quarter was, to the general public, a far more vital one than it had been in 1804-1806. In the matters of distance covered, territory examined, and contributions to geography and other sciences, he stands, however, foremost among the exploring pioneers in the westward movement. Furthermore, his accounts of his journeys were most uncommon—if not unique—among official reports, in the lively interest of their narrative and their admirable literary style.

* * *

Kit Carson is the representative pioneer beyond the Mississippi, occupying a place there somewhat like that which Daniel Boone holds in the story of the land beyond the Alleghanies. Carson, who was a relative of Boone, was, like Boone, wholly at home in a wild environment and thoroughly attached to it. He was a quiet, skilful, resolute man of whom Frémont wrote, "with me, Carson and Truth mean the same thing."

George Rogers Clark was pronounced by the historian, Reuben Gold Thwaites, "the most famous of all border leaders." In breadth of vision, native ability, and heroic accomplishment, he outranked other pioneers. His services must appear even more remarkable when it is considered that they were rendered before he was thirty. The brilliant achievement of his early years shines through the shadows that darkened his later life.

O.S. Moffat
EDITOR

THE MENTOR

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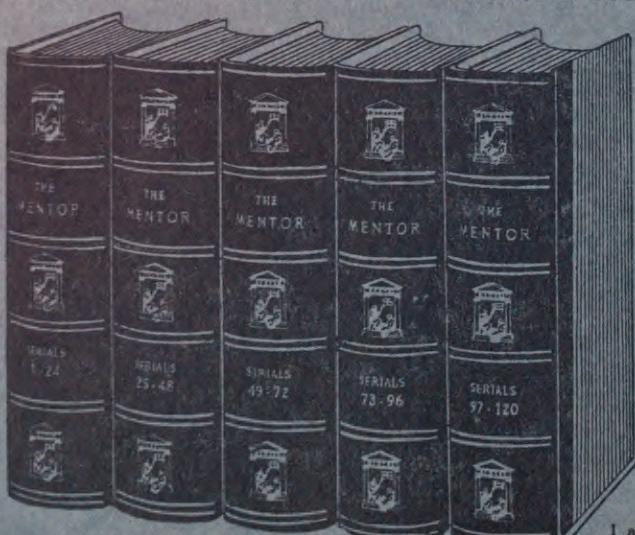
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THE MENTOR

PREHISTORIC MAN

By
CLARK WISSLER

DEPARTMENT OF
SCIENCE AND HISTORY

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 2

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

The Growth of Human Intelligence

THE rise of the spirit of man through the Old Stone Age cannot be traced continuously in a single race because the races were changing; as at the present time, one race replaced another, or two races dwelt side by side. The sudden appearance in Europe at least 25,000 years ago of a human race with a high order of brain power and ability was not a leap forward but the effect of a long process of evolution elsewhere. When the prehistoric archaeology of Eastern Europe and of Asia has been investigated we may obtain some light on this antecedent development. During this age the rudiments of all the modern economic powers of man were developed; the guidance of the hand by the mind, manifested in his creative industry; his inventive faculty; the currency or spread of his inventions; the adaptation of means to ends in utensils, in weapons, and in clothing. The same is true of the aesthetic powers, of close observation, of the sense of form, of proportion, of symmetry, the appreciation of beauty of animal form and the beauty of line, color, and form in modeling and sculpture. Finally, the representation and notation of ideas so far as we can perceive was alphabetic rather than pictographic. Of the musical sense we have at present no evidence. The religious sense, the appreciation of some power or powers behind the great phenomena of nature, is evidenced in the reverence for the dead, in burials apparently related to notions of a future existence of the dead, and especially in the mysteries of the art of the caverns.

All these steps indicate the possession of certain faculties of mind similar to our own. That this mind of the Upper Palaeolithic races was of a kind capable of a high degree of education we entertain no doubt whatever because of the very advanced order of brain which is developed in the higher members of these ancient races; in fact, it may be fairly assumed from experiences in the education of existing races of much lower brain capacity, such as the Eskimo or Fuegian. The emergence of such a mind from the mode of life of the Old Stone Age is one of the greatest mysteries of psychology and of history.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

From "Men of the Old Stone Age."

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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND HISTORY
SERIAL NUMBER 198



LAKE DWELLERS' VILLAGE, VENEZUELA

PREHISTORIC MAN

By CLARK WISSLER

*Curator of the Anthropological Department, American Museum of Natural History,
New York City*

MENTOR GRAVURES

THE PALACE OF THE NUNS, CHICHEN ITZÁ, YUCATAN
NATIVES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO
ESKIMO VILLAGE LIFE

A CAMP OF PLAINS INDIANS
LAKE DWELLERS
HOPI INDIANS OF ARIZONA



VO one has succeeded in forming a satisfactory estimate of the earth's age, but we know that if the span of its life to date were expressed in years, or the number of whirls it has made around the sun, the figures would be far too great for comprehension. Again, though we know that the earth had reached a respectable maturity before living forms appeared, yet the years that have elapsed since this more recent event would also be realized with difficulty. That these living forms are as old as many of the rocks is demonstrated by the fossils deeply imbedded therein. In The Mentor's story of Prehistoric Animal Life, we were shown how relatively recent was the first appearance of mammals, and yet how many, many thousands of years ago it must have been. The subject of this number is a mammal, but strange to say he seems to be the most recent of all. In the history of living forms he belongs to present time; *i. e.*, his birth may be considered the most recent important event. One of the easy ways to comprehend these time-relations is to translate them into the language of the clock, that universal instrument by which every detail of modern life is arranged.

Outline of Man's History

<i>Culture Sequence</i>	<i>Anatomical Sequence</i>
Historic Time 4000 B. C. to present time	Modern races of man
Neolithic Time 12000—4000 B. C.	Differentiation of modern types
Stone Age, or Paleolithic Time (The Cave Period) 12,000—125,000	Cro-Magnon man Neanderthal man Piltdown man
Pre-Culture Period 125,000—500,000	Heidelbergensis Pithecanthropus



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History
RESTORATION OF NEANDERTHAL MAN

The Beginning of Life

Life is believed to have appeared in the Paleozoic Era of geological time, which is sometimes estimated as dating back more than seventy million years. Now let us imagine the whole of this mighty interval compressed into one round of the clock, or twelve hours. Suppose, then, that living forms appeared just after the stroke of 12:00 M. Then about 3:00 P. M. the simplest vertebrates would appear, but it would be fully 7:00 P. M. before reptiles were to be seen. Birds would begin to flit about at 9:00 P. M., but not until nearly 11:00 P. M. would the first mammal stalk forth. As to man, the clock would be just on the stroke of midnight when his birth was announced!

It may seem unnecessary to define the term "Man," but unless we do so some confusion may arise when we speak of the earliest known forms. When we think of man we usually mean a human being who possesses speech and some kind of culture, or civilization, and that is the sense in which the term is employed here. Though we have still much to learn as to prehistoric man, we are fairly certain as to the general outline of his history.

The main headings in this outline are given in the above table. It appears that the beginning of culture lies in the early Stone Age, but that preceding this was a long period in which creatures with man-like bodies were roaming over parts of the Old World. So far we have no satisfactory evidence that they possessed a culture, hence scientists usually speak of them as the "precursors of man."



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History
RESTORATION OF CRO-MAGNON MAN

The Preculture Period

We may properly begin this lesson with these precursors of the Pre-Culture Period. So far in this period but two traces of man-like skeletons have come to light. The first to be discovered was part

P R E H I S T O R I C M A N

of a skull and a thigh bone found in Java in 1892. Even from these few bones it was immediately apparent that the creature was neither man nor ape, but an intermediate form. The name *Pithecanthropus erectus* has been given it. Careful study of these bones by anthropologists, or those who investigate the origin and early history of man, has led to some painstaking reconstructions of the living form, one of which is shown in the figure.

The second discovery was at Mauer near Heidelberg, Germany, 1907. Here deep in a sand pit was found a lower jaw. Its massiveness and want of a chin, without reference to many other anatomical details, sharply differentiates this form from modern man (see picture). The type so represented is known as *Heidelbergensis* and sometimes as the Heidelberg Man. A restoration is shown in the figures. Geologists estimate the age of the stratum from which *Pithecanthropus* came at 500,000 years and that for the Heidelberg jaw at 250,000. Thus the latter is a much later form.



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

PILTDOWN MAN

tongue muscles attached to it were not readily adaptable to speech.

In 1912 a new type of skull was found at Piltdown, England. Here again we meet with a chinless jaw, but in the same geological stratum with these bones were stone implements of a type previously discovered in France and known to be pre-Chellean, or the first culture of the Stone Age. Hence, with Piltdown man, human culture, or civilization, begins and has continued in unbroken sequence to this very hour.

Following this was, first, Neanderthal man and, still later, the Cro-Magnon type. As will be seen from the restorations, these are not so very different from what one may see in some types of mankind today, yet anthropologists can point out certain variations in form of bony structure that clearly distinguish them.

Restoration is shown in the figures. Geologists estimate the age of the stratum from which *Pithecanthropus* came at 500,000 years and that for the Heidelberg jaw at 250,000. Thus the latter is a much later form.

Since neither stone implements nor traces of camping places have been found in the geological strata from which these precursors came, we must consider them as without culture. As to speech we can be less positive, but it is clear that since culture is, in the main, knowledge handed on from one generation to another, the existence of speech is essential to culture, and, hence, that the absence of culture makes the existence of speech doubtful. In any case, the form of the Heidelberg jaw implies that the



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

PROFILE OF HEAD OF
PITHECANTHROPUS

Relation of Prehistoric Man to Modern Races

Just what relations these now extinct types of man bear to the modern races is still to be found out. So far most of the important discoveries have come from Europe, and so represent but a small portion of the earth. There is no evidence for man in America dating back to the early Stone Age, but there is reason to believe that he came here from Asia at about the time Cro-Magnon man appeared in Europe. The interior of Asia is considered the cradleland of man, from which he spread outward in all directions and developed the various types we have in the world today.

Since the most important thing about man is his culture, we shall turn directly to that subject. All living peoples whose histories are unknown to us, and all relics of cultures not directly connected with our own civilization, are spoken of as prehistoric, and sometimes as primitive. Since history does not begin until somewhere about 6000 B. C., and then applies only to countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea and the interior of Asia, we see that by far the greater part of man's career since the dawn of culture falls under the prehistoric heading. Here will fall all the facts concerning the natives of Australia, the Negroes of Africa, most of the Siberians, the wild tribes of the Philippines, natives of all the islands in the Pacific, and, lastly, all the aboriginal tribes of North and South America. But before considering the cultures of these large groups of mankind let us review the main facts as they are presented in the history of culture as a whole.

The History of Culture

We saw how there was a progressive appearance of the different bodily types of man, and, in much the same way, we find also a sequential unfolding of culture. From the very first, culture seems to move forward by great inventions. In fact, the culture sequence in our table (on page 11) is based upon the successive inventions of chipped stone tools, polished stone tools, agriculture, bronze, and iron. Yet these ages are arbitrary divisions of time to assist us in comprehending the subject-matter, for in reality the culture of one period gradually passes over into the other. A more correct view of the history of culture may be had from the table on the opposite page, where the relative ages of a few epoch-making inventions are presented.

A close study of this table will give a new insight into the general history of civilization, or culture. The culture of man has been slowly built



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History
NEOLITHIC MAN

Some of the World's Great Inventions in Chronological Order

According to Their Estimated Antiquity

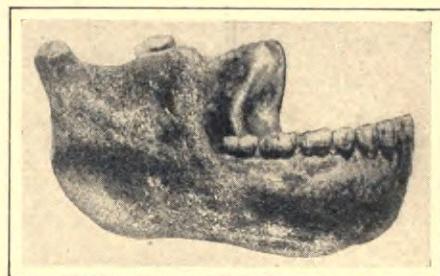
Inventions.	Time of origin, counting from the present.
Use of steam power	200 years
Printing and gunpowder	1,000 years
The Great Religions—Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, etc.	2,400 years
Development of commerce and navigation—Phoenicia	2,800 years
Use of iron—Assyria	3,500 years
Use of bronze—Mesopotamia	6,000 years
Use of copper—Chaldea	7,000 years
The horse domesticated—Turkestan	9,000 years
The ox domesticated—Turkestan	10,000 years
Agriculture and pottery—Asia Minor	12,000 years
Use of polished stone tools—Neolithic Europe	12,000 years
Bows and arrows—Asia	14,000 years
Harpoons and spearthrowers—Magdalenian Europe	18,000 years
Fine chipping of flint—Solutrian Europe	22,000 years
Beginning of art—Aurignacian Europe	32,000 years
Burial with offerings—Mousterian Europe	50,000 years
Use of fire—Late Chellean time	90,000 years
The hand ax of stone—Early Chellean time	100,000 years
Flint chipping begun—Pre-Chellean time	125,000 years
Precursors of man	500,000 years

The table printed above has been prepared especially for this number of The Mentor by Dr. Clark Wissler, in order to show the relative age of the various practical occupations of man. It is a condensed chart indicating the enormous sweep of years included in the development of the World's Work.

In studying this chart the reader may consider the vast span of half a million years under the following four divisions:

- Pre-Culture Time extends from 500,000 years to 125,000 years ago
- Paleolithic Time - - - from 125,000 years to 12,000 years ago
- Neolithic Time - - - from 12,000 years to 4,000 years ago
- Historic Time - - - from 4,000 years to the present

up by the accumulation of ideas together with technic of doing things. Each generation stands upon the experience of its ancestors from the first to the last. Thus a child can be taught the use of a match in a few minutes, while it took mankind ages to attain that result. This ready acquisition of knowledge leads to a speeding up of progress as graphically shown in our table. Note how surprisingly long man chipped at stone, but how relatively quick he passed from copper to iron. Then think how, in about ten years, navigation of the air has become an accomplished fact and how, within a lifetime, telephones and many other wonderful inventions have come into general use. Our table gives a clear view of the development of culture.

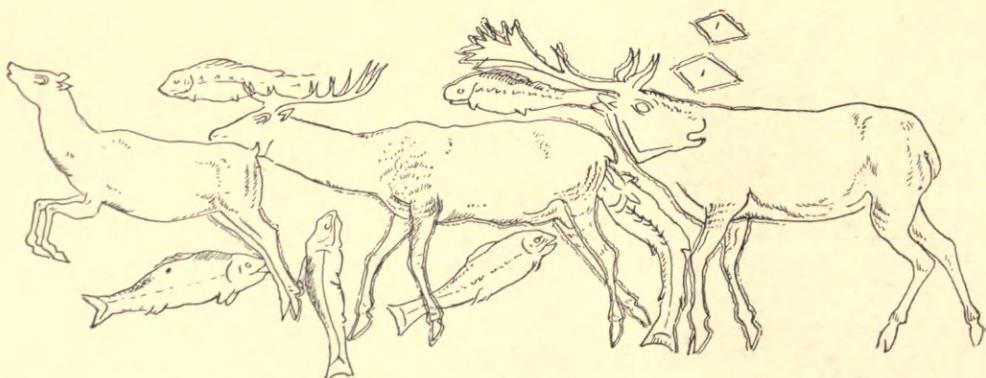


Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

THE HEIDELBERG JAW

Development of Inventions

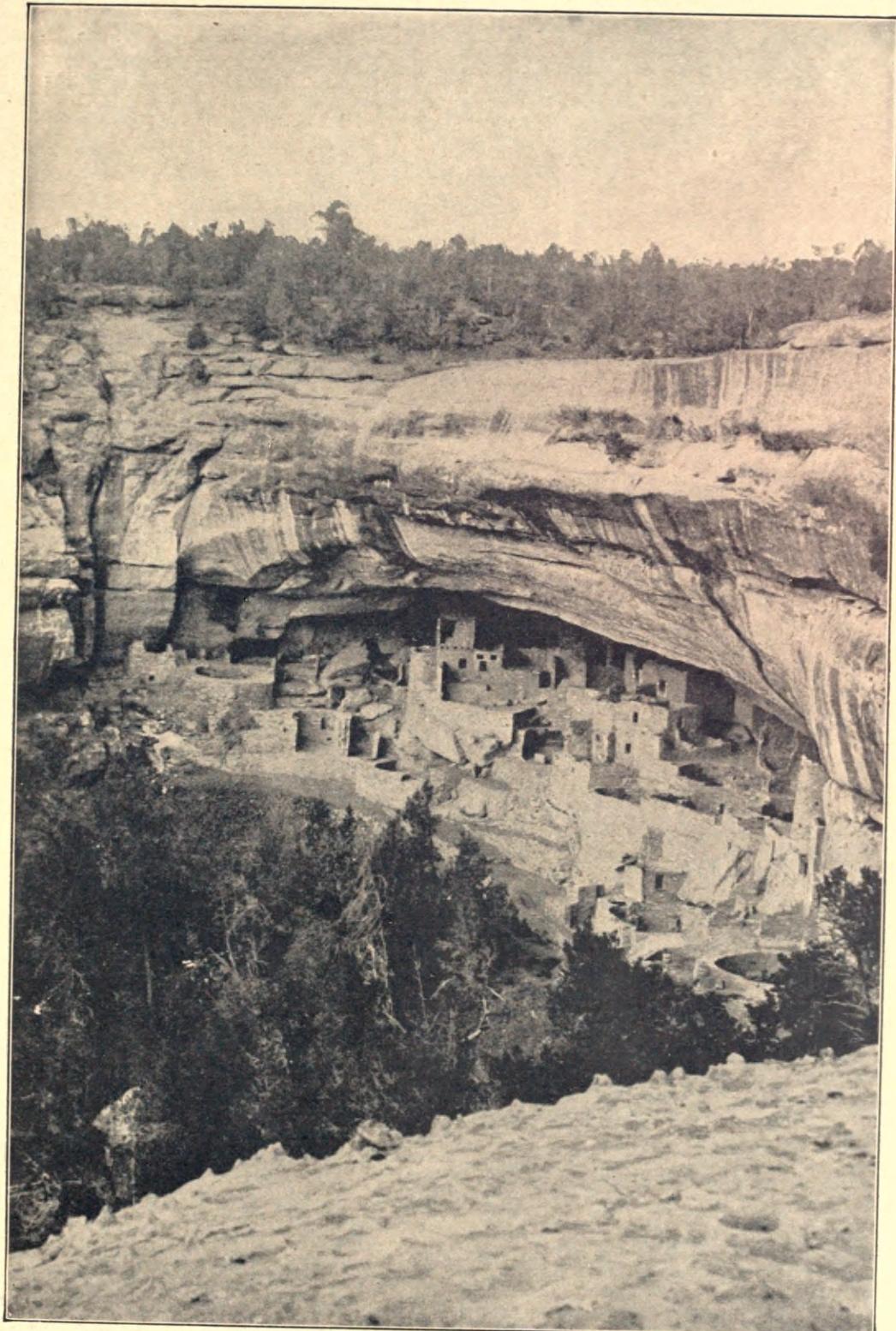
In dating these inventions we have taken the time of their earliest appearance in historical documents or archæological remains. All the earliest events, or those of the Stone Age, are based upon discoveries at the mouths of caves in western Europe, particularly in France, but most of the later inventions first appear in western Asia and vicinity, where history begins with Egypt, Babylon, etc. We cannot be sure that western Europe was the motherland of Stone Age culture and hence the direct forerunner of civilization, but the facts of Egyptian, Babylonian, and general Asiatic archæology make it reasonably certain that most of the later advances were made in that part of the world and that western Asia is the cradle-land of modern culture.



ENGRAVING OF REINDEER AND FISH

Upon a piece of antler from a cave in southern France. The design is believed to represent a herd of reindeer crossing a stream, and is of the Magdalenian Period.

P R E H I S T O R I C M A N



VIEW OF THE CLIFF PALACE
Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

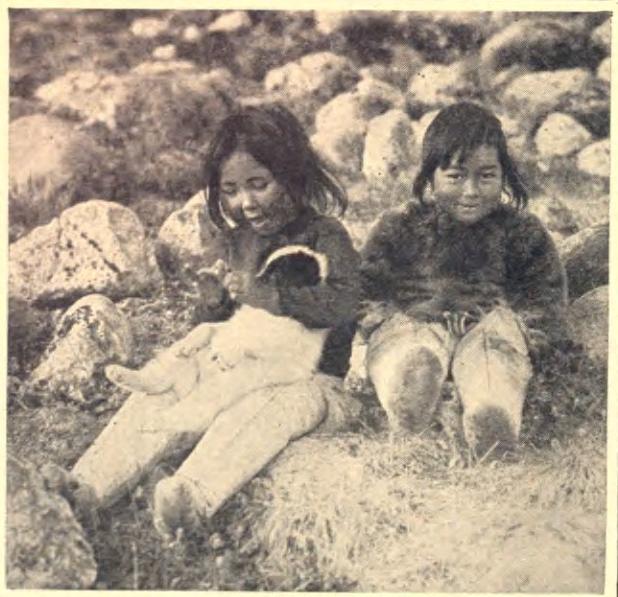
The Stone Age

Yet there are good reasons for believing that the Stone Ages of Europe are fairly typical of early and primitive cultures all over the world. In 1609, when Hudson landed at New York, the Indians were using chipped and polished stone tools as in Neolithic Europe; the Eskimos were using chipped arrow and spearpoints together with harpoons and bone-barbed heads strikingly like the Stone Age man of Magdalenian time; the Australians on the other side of the world were using simple chipped stone tools not unlike those of the still earlier Aurignacian time. It is thus clear that we can get a fair idea of early prehistoric man by studying some of the most distinctive primitive types still to be found in the outlying parts of the world. This we shall do by taking as our types the primitive peoples represented in the large illustrations and further characterized by the descriptive legends thereto.

Cave Life

But first let us see what the facts of European cave archaeology teach us as to the earliest form of Stone Age culture. Reference to the table on page 11 will give a general idea of what to expect in the life of Paleolithic Man. It was, in the main, a simple hunting life; the bow had not been invented, but the throwing of spears seems to have been highly developed. Yet the most astonishing thing is the high level of art attained in

one subdivision of the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age. The examples on page 6 will give you an idea of cave art. Of paintings there have been preserved to us only those painted upon the walls of dry caves, but there must have been many thousands upon the outer faces of cliffs and stones, long since weathered away. The drawing is often excellent. Some of the animals have long been extinct, such as the mammoth, yet these early artists have left us spirited pictures of them in characteristic attitudes. The horse and ox were then wild, and doubtless game animals.



Photograph by Donald B. MacMillan From the American Museum of Natural History Journal
ESKIMO CHILDREN

Shoo-e-ging-wah and Megipsoo, playing with their pet puppy amid grass and flowers at Etah, Greenland

P R E H I S T O R I C M A N

Though this is spoken of as the cave period, it is not to be understood that the people lived underground in caves. They lived along the sheltering ledges of rock lining the edges of deep valleys. It so happens that these rocky ridges are full of caverns, so that many times the people used the overhanging entrance for shelter. Farther back in the caverns are evidences to show that visits were made to their depths, and it is here that some of the finest wall paintings are found, but that the people lived in these dark nooks is improbable. The details of the fascinating story of life in and about these caverns can be found in the books of the subject.

Lake Dwellers

The later man of the Neolithic period will impress one as somewhat more modern. One of his most distinctive types is the Lake Dweller, so called from his curious habit of living over the water in houses supported by piles. Though still in the Stone Age, he raised wheat and other grains, domesticated the sheep and the ox, wove cloth, made pottery, and, later on, began to use bronze tools. But not all Neolithic peoples lived over lakes, for their remains are scattered over the greater part of Europe, as well as parts of Africa and Asia. We happen to know more of the Lake Dwellers because many otherwise perishable objects in their dwellings fell into the waters where they were well preserved.

For later types of culture and men reference should be made to the gravure illustrations. The Stone Ages of western Europe and their main subdivisions are given in the table on page 11, from which the significance of the strange names used in the preceding paragraphs may be ascertained.

Prehistoric America

Now that we have followed the development of human culture from the earliest known period to the present, we may turn aside to inquire as to where America, or the New World, belongs. Everything here is prehistoric before 1492. Columbus and his followers found both North and South America populated by people now called Indians. These people had lived here long enough to become a distinct race and to develop forms of culture not to be found in the Old World. One or two of these cultures had reached the threshold of a Bronze Age, many of them possessed the characteristics of the Neolithic Age, while a few, a very few, remind one of the later subdivisions of the Paleolithic Age. In the

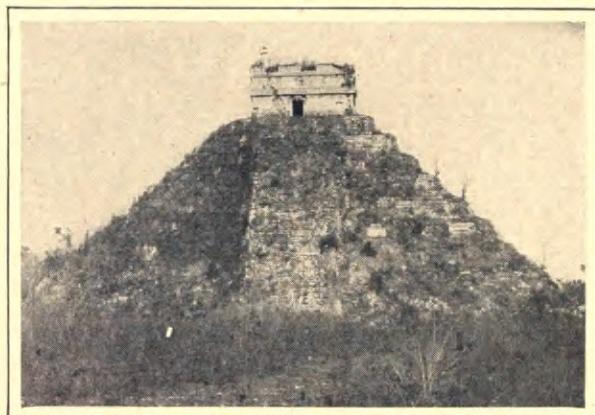


Reproduced by permission of Charles Wellington Furlong

TYPE OF CANOE INDIAN, TIERRA
DEL FUEGO

P R E H I S T O R I C M A N

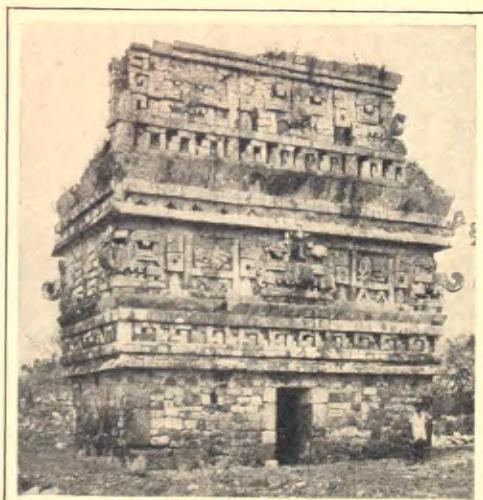
main, then, 1492 found them on a Neolithic culture level. The anatomical features of the Indians clearly relate them to Asiatics, whence it is practically certain that they crossed over from Siberia to Alaska at some remote period and gradually spread over North and South America. Just when this occurred we cannot say, but if the recent rapid progress in anthropological research in the United States continues, the problem will soon be solved. As the case now stands, it seems probable that the first Indian pioneers reached what is now the United States not later than Magdalenian time and perhaps earlier. From the table of subdivisions in the Stone Ages it may be seen that this was during the last stages of the Paleolithic Age. So far nothing has been found to indicate the presence of another race than the Indian or any of the early simple forms of culture found in western Europe. The term, New World, is thus quite appropriate, for man was already old in culture and his body molded on modern lines before the American continents were peopled. No such primitive forms as Neanderthal and Piltdown man have ever been found here, but all the sketches known, however old, belong to the Indian race. These first settlers were hunters and fishers,



CASTILLO OF CHICHEN ITZÁ, YUCATAN

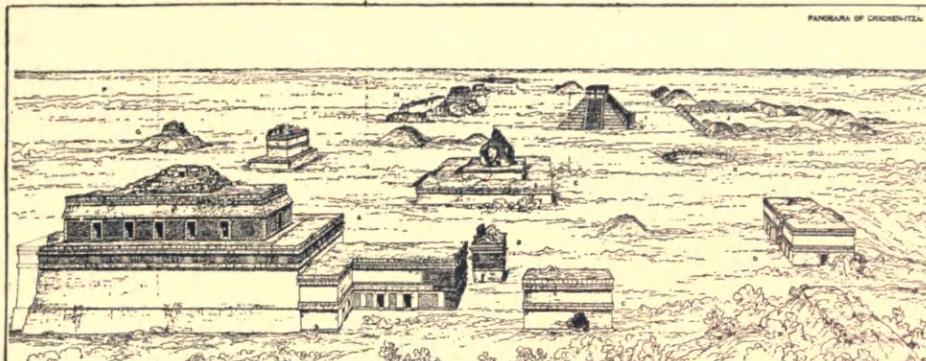
The Castillo is the loftiest temple mound at Chichen Itzá (Chichen Itzá). The base of the pyramid measures 195 feet across, and the structure as a whole rises more than 100 feet

but plied these trades with stone and bone implements and with the aid of dogs. It is not likely that these first comers had bows and arrows, but used the spear-thrower instead—at least the remains of such a people have been found in the rocky canyons of Utah. Later came the bow and arrow. And so began the development of Indian Neolithic culture, for the line of communication with the primitive mother country was so long and vague that the aboriginal colonists were left to their own devices. By 1492 they had made many advances in agriculture, weaving and metal work, giving the Old World corn, tobacco, potatoes, tomatoes,



CHICHEN ITZÁ
The Iglesia, or Church

P R E H I S T O R I C M A N



Panorama of the ruins of Chichen Itzá. In the foreground at the left are the Nunnery buildings, the smallest, the single-roomed temple; in the background and little to the right is the Castillo with its lofty stepped pyramid, while immediately to its left is the Ball Court Group of ruins including the famous Temple of the Jaguars. Two cenotes, or cenotaphs, are shown, the Grand Cenote at the right of the center and a second in the extreme central background.

The tops of the ruins of Chichen Itzá rise above the tree tops of a forest which everywhere gives rich color to the plain. The function of the various buildings is thought to have been mainly religious. The names given to the ruins serve only for convenience in description; they may not be appropriate.

cocoa, peanuts, beans, hammocks, and more than a hundred other useful things. Thus, while we have still much to learn as to the origin of the Indian, we can be certain of the main outlines of the story and his approximate place in the chronology of world culture.

Subdivisions of the Stone Ages

NEOLITHIC. Stone polishing. Agriculture, domestication of animals, use of copper and possibly bronze.

PALEOLITHIC

8. *Azilian-Tardenoisian*. Drawing and painting almost disappear. Some conventional designs, however. Stone chipping declines further.
7. *Magdalenian*. Flint chipping declines, but skilful use of bone. The harpoon, the spear-thrower, and the lamp. High art development, finest cave paintings.
6. *Solutrean*. Finest flint chipping. Painting seems to have lapsed. Good carving in bone.
5. *Aurignacian*. Paintings upon cave walls, etchings, carvings, now appear. Skilful shaping of small flint tools.
4. *Mousterian*. Beginning of fine chipping (similar to American arrowheads). Use of bone implements developing. Appearance of burial with offering for the dead.
3. *Acheulean*. The hand ax (*coup de poing*) highly developed. Refinement of all previous stone forms.
2. *Chellean*. Advance in art of chipping flint. Traces of camp fires.
1. *Pre-Chellean*. Chipping of flint into rude scrapers and knives.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE MIND OF PRIMITIVE MAN - - - - - By Franz Boas
PREHISTORIC MAN AND HIS STORY - - - - - By G. F. Scott Elliot

A Sketch of the History of Mankind from the Earliest Times.

NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. See Article "Man."

MODERN MAN AND HIS FORERUNNERS - - - - - By H. G. F. Spurrell

MEN OF THE OLD STONE AGE - - - - - By Henry Fairfield Osborn

ANCIENT HUNTERS AND THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES - - - - - By W. J. Sollas

RESEARCHES INTO THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION - - - - - By Edward Taylor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN - - - - - By Clark Wissler

An Introduction to the Anthropology of the New World.

* * * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

Just as we were getting the present number of The Mentor ready for the press, we received a most interesting report from Dr. Wissler concerning some recent results of excavation work in the ancient Pueblo ruin in Aztec, New Mexico. The news of this came from Mr. Earl H. Morris, who represented the American Museum of Natural History in the expedition. The work was begun at the suggestion of Mr. H. D. Abrams, the owner of the property in which the ancient ruins were found, and the work is being financed out of the fund supplied by Mr. Archer M. Huntington for the work of surveying the Southwestern States. Mr. Morris's early discoveries in New Mexico created a great stir, and his Aztec palace ruin became widely known as the "First American Apartment House."

* * *

It appears now that during the past few weeks the party came upon a new section of the ruins in which they found several rooms filled with sand and debris, but in perfect condition and just as left by their occupants. The ceilings were intact and various objects left by the inhabitants lay scattered over the floor. Everything had been preserved by a fine layer of dust which had sifted over all, and, in some cases, had completely filled the rooms. Mr. Morris sent the following account of these discoveries to Dr. Wissler:

"In the second-story chambers there was a large accumulation of dry refuse. One of these yielded some excellent specimens of textiles and a burial with wrappings in a very good state of preservation. Above the refuse in the other room there was, upon the fallen third floor, a surprising number of stone implements, several bone tools, some beautifully worked wooden boards, seven coiled basket plaques (three well preserved), and a digging implement with handle of wood and blade of mountain sheep horn.

"In the refuse beneath this layer we have, to date, found the burials of five children (three with wrappings perfectly preserved), four baskets in excellent shape, a wooden dipper, some beads and various odds and ends. Three-fourths of the deposit is still to be gone over. The outer covering of the wrapped bodies is particularly interesting. Each body was placed upon a rush mat. Then the sides were folded inward and one doubled upward. The whole was then tied into a long package, with cord or yucca strips. As yet I have not opened any of the bundles, so do not know

what the interiors may contain besides the bones. These finds certainly are important. They are different from anything we have previously uncovered."

* * *

The excavations of the Pueblo ruins have attracted so much attention that Aztec is now becoming quite a resort for visitors. It is reported that there were more than 1,200 persons that visited the Aztec ruins during the present year. The great Pueblo ruin, with its 300 square feet of area and its 400 or more rooms, is a wonderful sight to behold. The expedition has been pushing the work rapidly, and the greater part of the ruins are now uncovered so that visitors may walk over the tops of the massive walls and look down into the chambers.

These walls are about three feet thick and built of dressed sandstone. They must have been carried piece by piece by the hard-working builders from the quarries—the nearest of which is nearly 2½ miles from the ruins. We say that they must have been carried because these prehistoric people had no beasts of burden of any kind. The cedar logs, which are eight to twelve inches in diameter and hold up the floors and ceilings of the rooms, must have also been conveyed from a considerable distance because no such trees grow in the immediate vicinity of Aztec, nor are there any indications that they ever have grown there. If, however, one follows the course of the Animas River toward its source in the mountains, he will, after a journey of 100 to 150 miles, reach an old forest where large cedar trees grow. This river passes within a short distance of the ruins and it is the conclusion of the members of the present expedition that the ancient builders of the ruin journeyed to the forests miles above and rafted these huge logs down the stream. As they lived in the Stone Age, and had no metal tools, the logs must have been worked with stone axes. Their ends are cut smooth and square and one can still see the marks of the stone tools on their surfaces. It is a wonderful work that the Expedition is doing, and the results are so rich and amazing in character that there is a constant inspiration drawing the workers on. A whole ancient civilization, revealed in most of its essential characteristics, may be uncovered to our eyes before the present expedition finishes its work.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

THE FRUITS OF SOLITUDE

FOR a man with poetry in his soul, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Though confined in solitude he will find ways to set his fancies free. An interesting example of literary endeavor, under adverse circumstances, is that of Jesse Pomeroy, "lifer" in the Charlestown (Mass.) Jail.

Jesse Pomeroy is serving his forty-third year in prison. He was only 17 years old when he entered in 1876, after a criminal record extending over six years. He has made twelve vain attempts to escape. In the last eight years, however, decrepit and nearly blind, he has done little but pore over his Bible and his language books, hoping to add a little to his knowledge of seven tongues before his dimming eyes fail entirely.

Pomeroy has completed a book of poems, published by means of funds furnished by his schoolmates of fifty years ago, who have stood by him.

J"My years here have given me the solitude that is conducive to speculation," writes Pomeroy. "For many of those years my speculation was not on what I may call the higher things, the poetic phases of life. And then I met a man, a kindly, genial, great-hearted man, who helped to stimulate and guide my reflections. It was this help which, to a large degree, brought about my writing of poetry. The man was Father Murphy, the prison chaplain. My lack of real experience in life is a handicap, but I manage to keep up a good acquaintance with the outside world through the books and papers and magazines. And sometimes I can recall my boyhood memories."

JJesse's first poem, "The Song of the Flying Machine," was written in June, 1915, when Bleriot first crossed the English Channel in his plane. Other poems in the book include "To Miss Katherine Wilson," written last year after a Scottish Knights entertainment, in which the dancing of Miss Wilson impressed Pomeroy, and "The Quiet Hour," dedicated to the new prison chapel.

JOne of Pomeroy's best bits of prose is considered to be "The Philosophy of Life." It runs: "One of the most striking and influential forces in life is found in the company of books. Their mental food, together with reflection, mental, moral and spiritual, influences more than we may suspect. It influences our outward lives because, through the mind, our acts and words express our inmost thoughts. Whatever is or may be the environment of any life, if there is companionship of good books there is found a wealth of experience and enjoyment, the extent of which is limited only by one's capacity and, out of it, comes a mental expansion and a tendency to larger growth."

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THE MENTOR

BELGIUM THE BRAVE

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

DEPARTMENT OF
TRAVEL AND HISTORY

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 3

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The Cloth Hall of Ypres



PRES has a past quite different from that of Newport or Dixmude, a past of war and magnificence. Her main square, next to that of Brussels, is the most beautiful in the world. Her Town Hall, her Cathedral, her Market Hall, combine all the splendors. The Town Hall and Cathedral are assuredly beautiful, but the Market Hall is more than that, for it is unique. Its severity, its length, the symmetry of its lines, its roofs like great wings feathered with slates, its soaring and massive walls, suggest a giant triumphal arch. It is so large that in time of peril the whole town could gather there for shelter.

The Market Hall of Ypres has always been a communal building. In the Middle Ages it was the business center of the cloth makers, the weavers. It has seen popular revolts and rioting. It has known agony and passion, joy and pride. For centuries it has stood there, the wonder of Ypres.

ÉMILE VERHAEREN

Born at St. Amand, Belgium, on the River Scheldt, May, 1855; died at Rouen, France, November, 1916. Verhaeren, a patriot of exalted inspiration, was one of the finest poets of his generation. He "made poetry realize the modern world." "At his highest, he is the voice of the city, the train, the factory, the dynamo; the spirit of the crowd, the multitude, the dream within them and beyond them."

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APR 7 1920

DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL AND HISTORY

BELGIUM THE BRAVE

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD, *Author and Traveler*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

THE CLOTH HALL,
YPRÉS

PALACE OF JUSTICE,
BRUSSELS

DINANT-ON-THE-
MEUSE

MENTOR
GRAVURES

"A COUNTRY FAIR,"
BY TENIERS

FLOWER MARKET,
BRUSSELS

CHIMNEY PIECE OF
THE FRANK, BRUGES



THE TOWN HALL, LOUVAIN

Undamaged by war, this exquisite edifice, "more an encrusted casket than a building," rears its delicate pinnacles above a scene of destruction



BEFORE the windows of my cottage, facing the level beach of La Panne, there came very often in the summer of 1913 a monarch, tall and blond, and nearly always he was the center of a joyous group of youths and children. Three of the group were his sons and his daughter; six slim youngsters called the Emperor of Austria grandfather. During the long summer afternoons the friends laboriously erected and recklessly demolished sand forts and barricades amid the tufted dunes, while laughter and the clamor of mimic assault disturbed the peace of the strand. Sometimes I wished that the children of the King of Belgium and their cousins, the grandchildren of the Austrian emperor, would find another place to play their war games! I could not know that before the year was out three of these care-free companions would be playing the game in earnest—one of them in the ranks of the invaders. . . . That fishing sloops of La Panne, lying aslant on the beach or spreading their deep-hued sails to the North Sea wind, would within a twelve-month be consumed by

monsters of the deep. That soon the wide smooth shore would be a tenting-ground for Belgian soldiers swept back from Antwerp. That neighbor villages would be fenced with arms. That only a few square miles of his country would be left to the dauntless King of the Belgians.

On Belgian Roads

Traveling the roads of Belgium on foot or by steam tram, by slothful barge, or by the very efficient railways of the Belgian Government, we come upon many a picture of odd-fashioned roofs and mirroring water-streets, of city squares and gilded cornices, of farm cots scattered like sheep across the downs, of corpulent windmills busy at their grinding, of canal-boats moving among the flat Flemish fields, of soil-stained men and women tending crops of sugar-beets, flax and grains.

South of Flanders and Brabant, wide sea-freshened vistas give way to murky landscapes and cities that bristle with the spires of industry. Here, settlements of coal miners, steel workers, glass makers, cotton spinners, fill the foreground of the scene. Most of the factory people belong to the robust and spirited race of the Walloons, who live near the eastern and southern frontiers. Their Celtic ancestors occupied the valley of the

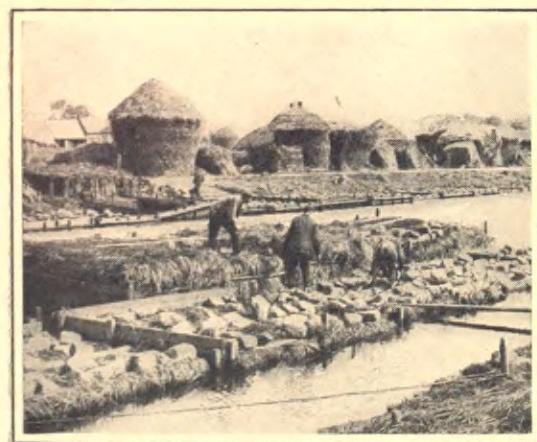
Meuse (meuz) long before the Christian era. Among themselves they speak a dialect bequeathed by the Romans. Officially their language is French, just as the Flemish tongue, of "Low Country" origin, is the recognized language of the Belgians of the north.

The Walloons are like the French in many ways. They have quick wits and a ready command of forceful phrases, they are clever workmen, and they have an immense enthusiasm for one of their kind that displays a gift for art or music. We came one evening to a small manufacturing town near Liège



ON THE WAY TO BRUGES

This canal scene is typical of the water routes that connect Bruges with the seaports of Zee-Brugge and Ostend



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FLAX WORKERS ON THE RIVER LYS

In the country surrounding Courtrai, Ypres, Ghent, flax is extensively grown to supply the demand for linen. Here we see it in the process of "retting" in the river, to rot off the woody bark and stems

(lee-ayzh), metropolis of the Walloon country, and found the main street dressed with flags and lanterns. The town hall was illuminated, a procession was forming, and there were crowds waiting at the railway station. "Yes," said the hotel proprietor, "it is a fete day—for the people of Dohain. We celebrate the return of one of our boys, the son of a cobbler, who has received at the Conservatory of Liège the first prize for violin."

The Rise of Belgian Industry

Belgium's story, as complex in pattern as the tapestry of Flemish looms, is interwoven with the bright threads of genius, and, no less, with

the gold of commerce and the crimson threads of war. Proud mistress of the arts as Belgium can claim to be, she has held her own for centuries past as a vigorous industrial nation. Tribes that came across the Rhine after Caesar's conquest of the Gauls, 57-52 before Christ, were permitted by the Romans to settle upon the lands that extended from the basin of the Meuse River to the sea. For ten centuries they diligently tilled the soil, and as diligently fought encroachment. About the year one thousand, the Counts of Flanders, whose holdings constituted one of nine Belgian principalities, fortified the towns of Bruges, Ghent, Courtrai and Ypres (broozh, gent*, koor-tray, eep-r), and protected them with stout walls. The granting of civic charters spurred these Flemish communes to greater activity, and cloth markets were established in each walled town. It seems clear that before any race of northern Europe the Flemish

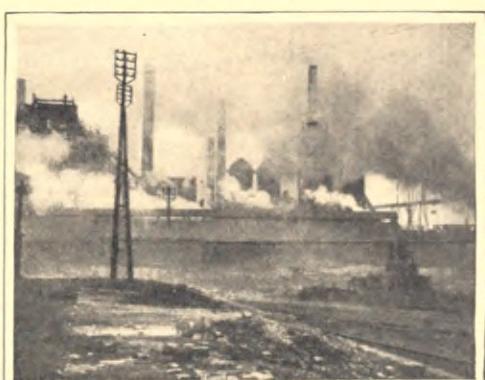


THE CASTLE OF WALZIN

One of the most romantic chateaus of the Ardennes, erected on a cliff above the River Lesse, in the 13th century

turned from the plow to the counting-house, from the farm to the crafts-shop. Bruges was the most influential financial city north of the Alps, until its leadership was wrested by Antwerp and then by Ghent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Brussels, the seat of ruling princes and an important trading-station on the route from Bruges to Cologne, boasted a population of fifty thousand persons as long ago as the year 1500. Liège and Mons (monz), even then, were noted for their metal industries.

* g and e as in get.



THE STEEL WORKS OF OUGRÉE

On the bank of the River Meuse, between Liège and Seraing

But the very advantages that contributed to the material advancement of Belgium were responsible for the invasions that times without number reddened her soil and enslaved her people. The territory occupied by the Netherlands ("the people of the low lands,"—the Belgians and the Dutch) lay in the track of all the envious and ambitious nations of Europe. One war succeeded another until, in the year 1830, the Belgians freed themselves of their final and most irritating yoke by successfully employing arms against Holland. At last the Belgians' country was their own. And now a new Belgium came into being. "Only one common trait," says a student of Belgian history, "connected the men of the two epochs—the capacity for work." The exploitation of the coal mines of Seraing (se-ran) and Hainaut (hay-no), the discovery of iron mines, the establishment of great foundries and manufactories, followed the consummation of national independence. A system of railways was organized that had no superior in Europe. The internal waterways of the country—the rivers, canalized rivers and canals—aided in the transportation of manufactures, land products and imports to the extent of millions of tons a year.

In the revived prosperity of Belgium, her kings played a vital role. Under Leopold the First, a favorite uncle of Queen Victoria of England, a constitutional monarchy was established that was a model of democracy. The taxes were light; only a small standing army was maintained. The neutrality of the nation had been guaranteed by the Treaty of London after the close of the war with Holland. "Freedom reigns among us, without flaw and without infringement," declared a patriot-orator, forty years ago. Leopold the Second, who came to the throne in 1865, advanced

the agricultural, manufacturing and maritime interests of the realm, and, a short while before his death, brought the Congo Free State, over which he had held sovereignty for twenty years, under the Belgian flag. With the acquisition of a colony eighty times as large as the kingdom itself, Belgium became the dazzled possessor of a treasure land of mines, arable acres and profitable forests. Rail and water transportation were promoted by Belgian and foreign companies, eager to enjoy the rich opportunities of the African colony, and hundreds of trading-houses sprang up to handle the Congo's yield of



HEYST

A fishing village and summer resort on the North Sea coast, near Ostend. At low tide the beach is a moorage for trawlers of the fishing fleet



THE CITY OF LIÈGE

From a print made in the year 1659

B E L G I U M



CHATEAU OF THE COUNTS OF FLANDERS
('S GRAVENSTEEN), GHENT

Begun in the 9th century, occupied by the Counts of Flanders in medieval times, it is now restored and open to the public

set aside for the consideration of the country's "little Queen" driving to and fro among the charitable institutions of Brussels is a sight familiar to the people. The Belgians are frank to say that, should the monarchy ever become a republic, Albert and Elizabeth would be elected the President and First Lady of the land. Each inhabitant contributes one franc a year toward the support of the King, the Queen, Prince Leopold, Prince Charles, and Princess Marie José.

Belgian Thrift

With the active support of the State, provident societies and savings banks exist to foster habits of thrift. A co-operative society, "The People," in Ghent, has a membership of many thousands of families. It operates a bakery, a bank, a theater, and numerous stores and mills. "The Peasants' Union" owns assets valued at ten million dollars. Trained advisers are employed by the Union to travel among the farmers and suggest improved methods of raising crops and livestock. In point of individual savings, Belgium held a place high on the list of nations before the War.

Belgium was a veritable hive of contented, thrifty workers before the German hordes crossed her borders. And today, after more than four years of exhaustive warfare and abysmal suffering, the nation is again rising to renew her forces, just as, so often in the past, she has been constrained to rise and gird her industrial armor on after long periods of oppression and abuse. In 1914 there were but five other countries whose foreign trade was greater; in her output of steel, glass, railway rolling stock, beet sugar and textiles, she could hold her own with bigger rivals. Half her people were engaged in manufacturing and allied pursuits, and half in the cultivation of the soil. Antwerp, "safest harbor on the Continent," ranked next to New York among the ports of the world.

When King Albert returned to his capital after a tragic exile, this is what he found: the Government railways, interurban lines and canals almost

palm oils, copal, rubber, cocoa, copper, gold, diamonds and ivory.

Upon the death of his uncle in 1909, King Albert fell heir to the most densely populated domain in the world. Over seven million people inhabited a country comprising about eleven thousand square miles. If all the people of the New England States were crowded within the bounds of the State of Vermont, conditions of life would be comparable with those of the little kingdom of Belgium. Its rulers, King Albert and his consort, Queen Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the benevolent Duke Charles of Bavaria, have always kept very close to the hearts of their subjects, and have never permitted the exacting ceremonials of the court to usurp time



MONUMENTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO

entirely out of commission; the harbor of Antwerp closed; three hundred thousand subjects homeless; scores of factories totally destroyed or too badly damaged to operate; and sixteen hundred coke furnaces, so vital to the manufacture of steel, completely demolished. The national debt had more than quadrupled, and eight hundred thousand laborers, through enforced idleness, were receiving their support from the Government.

The Redemption of Belgium

The unconquerable Belgians, in whom burns the indomitable flame of the Belgae of old, are already winning against these seemingly insuperable odds. Homes have been built by the aid of the King Albert Fund, which has expended up to the present time about ten million dollars for this purpose. The Government has lent an immense sum to householders and manufacturers for the rebuilding of their own dwellings and factories. Thousands of carloads of machinery have been recovered from Germany through a well-organized "recuperation service," authorized by the Peace Treaty, and many mills, dismantled or destroyed by the enemy, are running on part or full time. A large proportion of idle workmen have found occupation at wages higher than they received before the War. Nearly all of the one hundred steamship services leaving Antwerp for world ports have resumed sailings. The thousand miles of railway lines destroyed by the invaders are now relaid, and traffic is approaching normal. All this, some of it with the financial aid of America, has been achieved within a few months after the cessation of the most destructive warfare in history. Belgium's withered acres and ravaged towns are rising like the phoenix, reborn through fire.



A LACE WORKER

In a community of nuns, Bruges. The long-armed stove and the fireplace are characteristic of most Flemish cottages.



From a photograph by A. V. Onslow

A FAMILY OF WALLOON PEASANTS
At tea in the harvest field

The Face of Belgium

The face of Belgium shows us many moods. Fisher villages and attractive seaside resorts give color to the long ribbon of sand that reaches for forty miles from the French to the Dutch border. To the east is the low-lying country from which Flanders—"the low land"—has its name. Beyond this expanse resembling the dike-protected regions of Holland is a naturally sterile sandy plain that Flemish farmers have by centuries of toil brought to a high state of productivity. Still further toward the sunrise are the grateful hills and waving meadows of Brabant. To the south lies the great coal and iron-bearing tract—the beautiful but prodigally endowed region of the *Borinage*, or Place of Boring. In the wild forest land of the Ardennes, bounded by the

B E L G I U M

River Meuse and a part of France, Luxemburg, and Rhenish Prussia, are mountains of no great elevation but singularly romantic beauty, and lofty tree-covered plateaus, and rivers whose banks are adorned by charming cities and resorts. Historic Dinant (dee-nan) and Namur, often described as among the loveliest towns in Europe, lay in the Germans' path on the march to the French border. The forts of Namur fell on August 21, 1914, after thirty-six hours' bombardment. On the following day the allied armies suffered a momentous defeat at Charleroi (char-le-rwah), and retreated by way of Mons into St. Quentin, France.

High among the forested ways of the Ardennes is Spa, the delightfully pretty and—in normal times—very gay watering-place, which during the War was frequented by visitors most unwelcome in Belgium. One of these visitors, whose military headquarters were at Spa, has since been almost equally unwelcome as a resident of Holland.

Obstinate Liège

The Meuse, flowing through verdant Wallonia, embraces, with its tributary, the Ourthe (oort), the spacious and advantageously situated city of Liège, whose inhabitants, since its foundation, have been known for the sturdiness of their resistance under attack, and for their "partiality for labor" when at liberty to pursue the walks of peace. When Germany forced the armored door defending the kingdom of the Belgians, and gained entrance to the roads to France and the North Sea, another chapter—this time a chapter that required four long years for the writing—was added to the story of war-scarred Liège.

One of the traditions of the city is the excellence of its weapon manufacture. A great proportion of the two hundred thousand inhabitants gain their livelihood by making arms and cannon. Nearby are the colossal iron-works of Seraing, with upwards of 10,000 employees, who turn out guns, bridges, boilers, armor-plate, ships.

"We were pounding at the anvils when they pounded at our gate;
'Open,' cried the German squadrons; 'let us pass or meet your fate.
We are millions; dare deny us and Liège is but a name.'
But we chose to die in honor than to buy our lives in shame.
So we banked our eager fires, and we laid aside the sledge,
Recking only that our sires had endowed us with the pledge
To maintain an ally's honor, to uphold the Belgian code,
And we answered with our cannon, THAT LIÈGE WOULD HOLD
THE ROAD."

Brussels, the Capital

Half-way across Belgium, midway between Liège and Ostend, the capital of the kingdom invites us to enter its gates. Brussels had its beginning in a settlement of the sixth century which occupied an island in the marshy River Senne. The river, ever a troublesome stream, is now confined within viaducts, and the city has climbed the heights above its hidden banks. The dwellings of warrior tribes and the castles of the mighty Dukes of Brabant are supplanted by the substantial buildings of a center of present-day life. For



A WALLOON FARMER AND HIS DAUGHTER



A MILK WAGON
On a road in Flanders

the well-kept beauty of its streets and open spaces, for its air of solid content and well-contained vivacity, for its handsome store-houses of ancient and modern art, its massive but harmonious architecture, its tempting shops and markets, and the alluring grace of its medieval roofs and towers, Brussels exacts universal admiration. Fortunately, her fine streets and buildings escaped the vandalism that blighted or razed many other Belgian communities. There is not space here to narrate the tragedy of Brussels under enemy domination. Encouraged by a staunch-hearted King, the city is fast resuming its former activities. Many of the great families of the nation, resident in Brussels, have been impoverished. Treasure places have been sacked. There are indelible lines of grief on the faces one sees in the street. But the veil of mourning that so long enveloped the city is withdrawn to let in the sun of hope and renewed good fortune. Beleaguered Brussels will soon be herself again.

Of all places one goes to see, none has a greater appeal to the imagination than that rare old square in Brussels called the *Grand' Place*. It has been the scene of barbarous deeds of the Middle Ages; martyrs and heroes have met their death here; and knights and damsels, dukes and ladies have passed days in "skilful jousting" beneath its painted façades. Ranged about its four sides are the halls dedicated to Middle-Century guilds—the Hall of the Sea Captains, the Archers' Hall; at the corner of Butter Street, the Hall of the Bakers; the Hall of the Painters; the Hall of the Grease Merchants; the graceful House of the King, and the Weigh House. More elegant than these, with their gilded lace-like gables, slender pinnacles and suggestively romantic doorways, is the Gothic *Hôtel de Ville*, or City Hall, with a tower 370 feet high, and a history that goes back to the year 1400. A gracious picture, indeed, is this redolent square when Flemish peasant women drive in at dawn and under the flame-tinted spires unload their baskets of flowers and garden vegetables and their shining copper cans. When the market hour has passed, they go by the Street of the Mountain to worship in the twin-towered Cathedral of Ste. Gudule and St. Michael, which stands up impressively above the lower town.



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

"In the market-place of Bruges
Stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,
Still it watches o'er the town."

—Longfellow



"THE GREEN QUAY," BRUGES
The belfry rises at the right

In the quarter dominated by the cathedral is the Royal Palace, the official residence of the Court; and the majestic white Palace of Justice, "the largest architectural work of the nine-

teenth century," which cost ten million dollars to build and contains nearly 300 court rooms and apartments. The Conservatory of Music, in a neighboring street, has had many pupils and teachers whose names are familiar to all lovers of music—the violin masters, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, César Thomson, Ysaye (a native of Liège), and Alphonse Mailly, the organist.

Outside the limits of the city, beyond the canal that connects Brussels with the sea, is the extensive Park of Laeken and the established residence of the King and Queen. Another excursion out of Brussels takes us to the battlefield of Waterloo, where the forces of the English and the Prussians defeated the French, June 18, 1815, and made an end of the all-conquering career of the great Napoleon.

Malines, Antwerp, Ghent

On the road to Antwerp we digress a little to visit the very old Flemish town of Louvain (loo-van), whose name was early written into the history of the War through the ruthless destruction of the library of the University—two centuries ago the most distinguished seat of learning in Europe. The Town Hall, moreover, has always been given first place among all the ornately beautiful halls of the nation.



Malines (mah-leen), called Mechlin in Flemish, betrays wounds inflicted during three weeks' bombardment. It has wide fame for its lace and its cathedral pictures, and for its amazing clock tower. When it was begun in the year 1452, the architect of the tower intended to make it "the highest in Christendom"; but he never reached what we may call the height of his ambition. The square, unfinished structure rises magnificently 318 feet above the street, but does not approach by 200 feet the lofty tower of the Cathedral of Ulm, in the kingdom of Württemberg.

The site of Antwerp, fifty miles inland from the North Sea, on a wide curve of the Scheldt (skelt), has been coveted and assailed, built and rebuilt upon since the dawn of European civilization. No city has a more affluent history, nor one that contains gloomier chronicles of siege and warfare. Its wharves and its narrow streets, bulked by the overwatching citadel and the flamboyant tower of one

of the finest churches in Belgium, are teeming with wharf-mongers and brokers, dealers in diamonds and ivory, lace-makers, flower vendors, factory-workers. One sees many artists, too, for the Academy of Antwerp is attended by hundreds of students, attracted to the "city on the wharf" by the unequalled opportunities presented for the study of Flemish masters, ancient and modern, whose works are exhibited in the Cathedral of

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ROMBOLD,
MALINES (MECHLIN)

Height of the tower, 318 feet



THE WATERFRONT, ANTWERP
The Cathedral of Notre Dame in the center background

Notre Dame and in the vast galleries of the Royal Museum of Fine Arts.

In the sixteenth-century rooms of the master printers, Christopher Plantin and his son-in-law, John Moretus, we examine the yellowed manuscripts of aspiring authors of that day; presses and proof-sheets; wood-cut designs by Rubens, and the original shop where generations of printers turned out excellent books by grant of the Crown, including the precious and far renowned Polyglot Bible.

Of Ghent, "the City of Flowers," Maurice Maeterlinck its poet-son has written, "It is the soul of Flanders, at once venerable and young. In its streets the past and present elbow each other." The citizenry of Ghent, from remote times, have been reputed for their independence and impetuous resource to arms. Many of the branching canals which connected it with Bruges, Courtrai, Tournai, Antwerp and Brussels have now silted up, but a comparatively modern ship canal leading to the Scheldt and the sea gives the bustling old city communication with the ports of the world. Freed of the Germans, Ghent is once more treading the looms of industry. Once more tourists will come to look upon one of the chief glories of Flanders, a turreted stronghold of ninth-century foundation, with towers and buttresses, winding stairs, dungeons, donjon and banqueting hall associated with the exploits of crusading knights and the patrician counts of Flanders. The most precious example of primitive Flemish painting, "The Adoration of the Lamb," by the brothers Van Eyck, had for centuries hung in the noble Cathedral of St. Bavon, before it was sent by the Germans to adorn the Berlin Museum. Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, this masterpiece, with all others stolen by the enemy, becomes once more the property of the Belgians. Most attractive are the communities of white-coiffed, blue-garbed nuns who live in spotless little houses, and devote their lives to the making of fine lace and embroidery. And greatly revered by native Ghenters is the soaring belfry tower from which Freedom's alarms have so often rung out across the Flemish Plain.



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

Its store of irreplaceable manuscripts and books (230,000 in number) were wantonly burned by the Germans. The University, also destroyed, was revered for its association with the names of Erasmus, Justus Lipsius, and other renowned scholars



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THE SHORE AT OSTEND

In West Flanders

With the names of many places in the province of West Flanders, the despatches of war have acquainted us. Battered Audenarde; proud Ypres, held first by the Germans and then so long and so stubbornly by Haig's men; Dixmude; the Yser Canal that flowed crimson to the sea; Nieuport, Westende, Middelkerke, leveled like wheat before the mower; Ostend, whose leisurely crowds were scattered before the gray tidal wave that swept across

B E L G I U M

these lowlands, leaving a swath 70,000 acres broad of ruined farms and villages. It is proposed not to attempt the resurrection of the city of Ypres, but to leave as they are the shell-torn walls, the cluttered streets, and the wreck of the superb Cloth Hall, with its massive reach of wall and roof and belfry, as a place of pilgrimage in years to come. In the thirteenth century Ypres flourished as a cloth-weaving center, with a population of over 200,000. At the beginning of the World War it had about 18,000 inhabitants, most of whom were engaged in the making and marketing of Valenciennes lace.

No one that roams today the quaintly narrowed streets of Bruges, or stands upon its many bridges gazing upon the green of quiet waters, where swans drift and storied towers cast their shadows, would guess that traders from far Novgorod and the cities of Persia, from Spain and all the countries of Europe once animated its highways. Every ruler, every industry, every craft and art that contributed to the dowering of Bruges left upon it some well-graved mark, which Time has not erased. In the old quarters—and there are few new ones—there is scarcely a street that does not offer some reward to the sight-seeker—some fretted casement or sculptured entrance-way, some gracefully designed structure that has a special story of its own, and gives shelter to works of art beyond price. Rising benevolently above the great square is the quadrangular belfry tower, as lofty as it is historic, that Longfellow has made familiar to us all.



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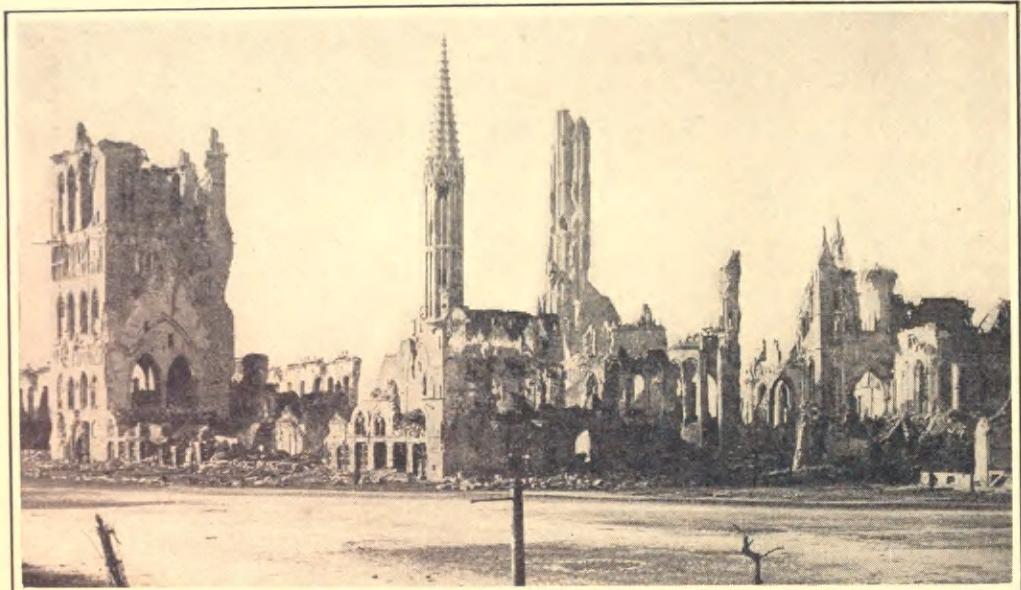
KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

- | | |
|---|--|
| THE SPELL OF BELGIUM - - - - - | By Isabel Anderson |
| THE SPELL OF FLANDERS - - - - - | By Edward N. Vose |
| BELGIUM OF THE BELGIANS - - - - - | By D. C. Boulger |
| THE BELGIANS AT HOME - - - - - | By Clive Holland |
| VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS - | Written and illustrated by George Wharton Edwards |
| THE HEART OF EUROPE - - - - - | By Ralph Cram |
| BELGIUM - - - - - | Text by Hugh Stokes; illustrations by Frank Brangwyn |
| BELGIUM - - - - - | By Brand Whitlock |
| BELGIUM, LAND OF ART - - - - - | By W. E. Griffis |
| CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN LITERATURE - - - - - | By Jethro Bithell |

* * * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER



Courtesy, Collier's Weekly

RUINS OF THE CLOTH HALL, CATHEDRAL, AND TOWN HALL, YPRES

Compare this picture with Gravure No. 1. Both were photographed from about the same spot. As may be seen, the devastation wrought by the War is almost complete. The main façade of the great Cloth Hall had a frontage of 433 feet; the square bell tower was 230 feet high.

From the earliest times the Belgae have been known as a hardy, courageous and determined people. Julius Caesar had as much trouble in his day in subduing them as the Kaiser had with their descendants in the first year of the World War. Caesar came into conflict with the Belgae when he was campaigning for the conquest of Gaul in 57 B. C., and it was only after long fighting that he crushed them. Even then they refused to remain in subjection. In a few years several of the Belgae tribes revolted, and had to be dealt with anew. When the Roman Empire was reorganized under Augustus, the Belgae were included in the province of Gallia Belgica, which extended from the west bank of the Rhine to the North Sea and south to Lake Constance.

★ ★ ★

Julius Caesar wrote, in his history of the Conquest of Gaul, "*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae;*" which, freely translated, means that "the Belgae were, all around, the bravest" of the races that the

Roman Conqueror met in the Gallic wars. Caesar was a man of cool, clear judgment, not averse to giving a doughty foe due credit, and several trying experiences in fierce encounters with the Belgae had afforded him a just measure of their fearless, intrepid qualities. His appraisal of their valor has had full confirmation in our day—with all the peoples of the earth, but the Huns, sympathetic witnesses.

★ ★ ★

The attitude of the nations toward "Belgium the Brave" has probably found no more glowing expression than in the eloquent tribute of Mr. Hugh Stokes, in his recent book on the Belgians. "To an indomitable race," he exclaims, "civilized mankind offers a silent homage. A new meaning has been given to the inspiration of patriotism. And, in showing us how death can be despised Belgium rises to a new life and an immortal glory among the nations."

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

Belgium Through the Ages



E have traveled from Flanders and its great cities into Brabant, gazing for a moment at Liège and the towns on the Meuse, briefly touching the Ardennes, Hainaut and the country around Tournai. The records of these ancient provinces are rich in tradition and incident. From the tapestries off the looms of Audenarde and Brussels peer all the fabulous heroes of antiquity. . . . So in printed word, with dropped stitches and many a gap in the story, may be discovered through the misty veil of time the roofs of Bruges; Jan van Artevelde inflaming the crowds beneath the Belfry of Ghent; all the Counts of Flanders and Dukes of Burgundy; Godfrey of Bouillon riding at the head of the Crusaders; Spanish captains and Austrian archdukes, Don John, Alva and Farnese; the frail steeple of Antwerp rising above a "kermesse" in the Place de Meir; the "Ommegang" passing in front of the King's House of Brussels; Justus Lipsius philosophizing before the Hôtel de Ville of Louvain; Wolsey enthroned beneath the five towers of Tournai, and Becket slaking his thirst at the village well of Loo. . . . These are the shadows on the frayed and worn hangings. Cities and men. Cities from which the magnificence has in many cases departed, men whose glory is in every case but a handful of ashes.

To the good citizen, as well as to the statesman, the story of Belgium presents innumerable problems, and teaches the sternest of lessons. Many of the difficulties remain to be solved. Centuries will not exhaust the retribution which must be exacted for the martyrdom of this heroic kingdom. A country may be devastated, but its history cannot be wiped from the chronicles.

Hugh Stokes, in "Belgium."

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APRIL 1, 1920

SERIAL NO. 200

THE MENTOR

SCANDINAVIAN
WRITERS

By
HOWARD W. COOK

DEPARTMENT OF
LITERATURE

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 4

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

The Scandinavian Languages

THE Scandinavian languages include the Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian dialects. The Icelandic or Old Norse, which was the common language of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in the ninth century, was carried into Iceland, where, to the present time, it has wonderfully retained its early characteristics. The written alphabet was called runic, and the letters, runes, of which the most ancient specimens are the inscriptions on rune stones, rings, and wooden tablets.

The Danish and Swedish may be called the New Norse languages; they began to assume a character distinct from the Old Norse about the beginning of the twelfth century. The Danish language is not confined to Denmark, but is used in the literature and by the cultivated society of Norway.

The Swedish is the most musical of the Scandinavian dialects, its pronunciation being remarkably soft and agreeable. Its character is more purely Norse than the Danish, which has been greatly affected by its contact with the German.

The Norwegian exists only in the form of dialects spoken by the peasantry. It is distinguished from the other two by a rich vocabulary of words peculiar to itself, and by its own pronunciation and peculiar construction; only literary cultivation is wanted to make it an independent language like the others.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

The vowels *a*, *e*, and *i* in the middle of words are pronounced much as in Italian.

aa = long *o*, as in post or pole.

e final is sounded, as in German; thus Louise, Merlë, etc.

d final is nearly always elided; thus Raastad = Røsta'.

g before *e* or *i* is hard; thus Ringëby, not Rinjëby.

j = the English *y*; thus Bojer = Boyer, Jens = Yens.

l before another consonant is sounded; thus, Hölm, not Home.

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MAY 19 1920

THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE
SERIAL NUMBER 200

SCANDINAVIAN WRITERS

By HOWARD W. COOK, *Author of "Our Poets of To-Day"*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

HANS ANDERSEN

HENRIK IBSEN

SELMA LAGERLÖF

MENTOR
GRAVURES

BJÖRNSTJERNE
BJÖRNSON

GEORG BRANDES

JOHAN BOJER



PORTRAIT OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



JUST as the literature of the ancient Greeks found its source in that classic and beautiful mythology that has come down to us today, so did the literature of Scandinavia find its beginning in a mythology that, to many, is as rich as that of Greece.

It was after the retreat of the ice cap, of the Glacial period, that settlement was begun in that part of the world which was later to be known as Scandinavia; the very geography of the country, with its rugged, irregular coast-line, made the selection of hardy gods a natural choice. Today Scandinavia is a name generally applied to Norway, Sweden and Denmark (including Iceland) and there, amidst fiords (fyords) that are famous the world over for their natural beauty, great timberlands, rich mineral deposits and fertile fields, were born those that became masters of Scandinavian literature, those that have faithfully and eloquently carried on in poems, tales, plays and novels the best of Scandinavian mythology. Rob Scandinavian literature of its mythology, or "sagas," and you will find that the productions of its early writers, and much that is most worth while in its moderns, melt away like the snows of Norway under the spring thaw.

Hans Christian Andersen dabbled in many forms of writing before he achieved immortal success with his fairy tales, born of the Scandinavian sagas.* "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils" would have been sorry adventures if Selma Lagerlöf, as a child, had never heard the legends of her native land told by the old folk at Marbacka Manor, Sunne, in the province of Värmland, Sweden. And this influence is felt even in reading the radical and modern Ibsen, particularly in that unusual piece of play writing, "The Wild Duck."

To study intelligently, therefore, these Northerners, with their love of soul introspection, which many of our English critics have noted, and as is exemplified today in the writings of Johan Bojer and so many of the other moderns, it is necessary to turn back to a brief survey of the folk-lore that forms the very solid foundation of Scandinavian romantic literature.

The mythology of Scandinavia abounds in tales of spirits, demons, elves, dwarfs, giants, swan-maidens and norns (fates). The nature gods are few, and most of the prominent ones are a part of folk-lore. The first conversion of the Northern Teutons to Christianity was about 1000 A. D., and their mythology, essentially national in character and spirit, shows its native sources at about that date.

High above all the other Northern gods sat Odin, like the Greek Zeus. He is pictured as an old man, powerful but kind. His opposite, or opposing force (a sort of Satan), is Loki. Then follow in lesser importance but on occasion equally significant, Thor, performer of valiant deeds; Balder, the fair; and Frigg, the goddess of the housewife. The highest seat of the gods was at the ash-tree, Yggdrasil (ig'-dra-sil). Under it was a beautiful hall that stood by a spring, and, out of it, came the three norns (or fate spirits), Urdhr (Has-Been), Verdhandi (Being), and Skuld (Will-Be). "These three write upon a shield the destiny of man."

These gods and their deeds furnished subjects for song and prose and play for a race, whose writers, as Professor Laurence Marcellus Larson says, "not only achieved recognition in their own lands but found a place in the competition for leadership in the world at large."

The Nobel Prize for Literature

In this competition for world leadership in literature a great impetus was given to writing as a fine art by the Swedish chemist and engineer, Alfred Bernhard Nobel. This man, who, among his other achievements numbered the invention of dynamite, amassed a fortune. The bulk of his estate he left, upon his death, for the establishment of five prizes, each worth about forty thousand dollars, to be awarded annually, without dis-



ESAIAS TEGNÉR

*Ancient Scandinavian legendary and historical narratives, related or sung by the early Northern bards.

tinction of nationality. This award has been conferred with almost continuous regularity, each year since the death of Nobel in 1896. The first prize is awarded for eminence in physical science; the second, chemistry; the third, physiology; the fourth, the most remarkable literary work, and the fifth for the greatest service to the cause of universal brotherhood.

Among these immortals of literary distinction sits Selma Lagerlöf of Sweden, the only woman that has, so far, won the Nobel Prize for Literature. Miss Lagerlöf is of a country that early took its stand for woman's suffrage, and boasts such a master mind in the field of feminist philosophy as that of the distinguished Ellen Key.

Ellen Key

Born at Sundsholm, Smaland, in Sweden, in 1849, the daughter of Emil Key (kay), politician, Ellen was educated at home, and, in her twentieth year, became secretary to her father, who was a member of the Riksdag, or parliament. As the writings of Selma Lagerlöf, with but few exceptions, are steeped in the romantic fantasy of her people, the writings of Ellen Key are almost the direct opposite. While other Scandinavian writers have made bold with much that is of a radical turn in politics, love and socialism, Miss Key has, without doubt, been the leader of them all.

As early as 1870 Ellen Key was a contributor to periodicals, on literary, historical and sociological subjects. When her father lost his fortune, the daughter became a school-teacher.

From 1899 to 1910 Ellen Key lived abroad, but the success of her books enabled her at length to make a home for herself in her home country.

Miss Key is known throughout the world as an ardent feminist, with views of love and marriage that startled the conventions some years ago, and exposed Miss Key to unwarranted abuse. This, however, was offset by the admiration of such thinkers as Maeterlinck, Bernard Shaw and Georg Brandes.

Her books have found their way into many tongues, and, in English, we have the following well-known titles: "The Century of the Child" (1909); "Love and Ethics" (1911); "The Morality of Woman" (1911); "The Woman Movement" (1912); "The Renaissance of Motherhood," and "The Younger Generation" (1914).

Aside from Miss Lagerlöf and Miss Key, those that do their reading only in the English language have had but few



BIRTHPLACE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,
ODENSE, DENMARK

opportunities to study the Scandinavian woman writer. In Denmark, the plays of Emma Gad hold a significant place in contemporary letters and the fiction of Sophie Elhan is ranked as worthy of consideration in contemporary writing of Sweden.

It would seem that, according to statistics, the modern Scandinavian chooses for his own reading, first the writings of Björnson, then Ibsen, Brandes and Knut Hamsun.

Björnson—*Best Seller!*

The Press Department of the Danish Legation at Washington is responsible for the figures that 3,000,000 copies of Björnson's books and 2,750,000 copies of Ibsen's works have been sold in Denmark and Norway. Dr. Brandes' books have had a Scandinavian circulation of 541,000 copies, and Knut Hamsun, whose realistic style of fiction has won him many followers among his countrymen, has enjoyed a sale of 578,000 copies.

Every American college offers some work on Ibsen, and, in America, practically every well read man and woman knows something of this playwright, whose plays gave Nazimova her dramatic start in the United States. Judged in their entirety, however, Scandinavian favorites are just beginning to be appreciated by American readers.



BJØRNSTJERNE BJØRNSON

With his friend, Edward Grieg, the eminent Norwegian composer, at the latter's home in Bergen, Norway. From a photograph taken shortly before the death of Grieg, in 1907

Tegnér, Swedish Poet

Esaias Tegnér, had he written no other thing than that remarkable piece of epic poetry, "Fridthjof's Saga" (frid-thiof's sah-ga) would deserve a place among the world's great poets. In this poem, which traverses all the human and spiritual emotions to which man is heir, Tegnér has exercised to the full his happy faculty for combining the popular and the classic in verse. "Fridthjof's Saga" has become the national poem of the Swedish people and has been translated into all European tongues. It has twenty-two different English translations.

Tegnér was born at Kyrkerud, Sweden, on November 13, 1782. His father's early death caused the son to take a position in the assessor's office as a clerk, but, early, it was discovered that the youth deserved better things. His greatest delight was to sit in his room reading Homer, and he had to be fairly dragged to the sleighing parties in which the others of his age delighted. He entered the University at Lund, and eventually

became an instructor there. The honors of professor and pastor became his, and finally that of bishop, when he retired from life in the little University town, and sought rural solitude in Vexo.

As uneventful as this brief synopsis of a great poet's life seems, it was rich with dreams, the dreams of a singer-priest who sang not so much of things ecclesiastical as romantic. He found in the old sagas material for a romantic cycle, and produced a picture of Viking love and life that will surely live as long as humanity itself.

"The lyric inspiration," says Dr. Brandes, of Tegnér, "early reveals itself as an innate tendency to enthusiasm for everything that stands out in bold relief from the gray and prosaic background of everyday life. All deeds of heroic valor; all brilliant honors, let them be gained as they may, attract him by their radiance."

It is difficult to transcribe even a small part of the beauty of Tegnér's massive "Saga," but the following extract will convey something of its theme and style:

"Ho, watchman, tell! How late may be the hour?
Will this dark night forever find no end?
A blood-stained moon peeps forth from clouds that lower,
In tearful mood the stars their presence lend,
As though in league with old-time, youthful power,
My mocking pulses through my veins the life blood send.
With ev'ry throb how boundless is the anguish,
Alas! my torn and bleeding heart must languish!"

A Danish Poet

It has been said that in Danish literature no writer is more beloved than the poet Oehlenschläger. A study of the literary training of the best known Scandinavian writers of today, and of an earlier period, shows the influence of this man upon their work.

According to Tegnér's own statement, he obtained the idea for his "Fridthjof" from Oehlenschläger's "Helge," and, in Denmark, it is said that the Danes have never been able to understand how the imitation became so much more famous than the original.

Just how Tegnér regarded this fellow-poet, and honoured him, is recorded as follows: "The students



HENRIK IBSEN



Photograph by Paul Thompson
GEORG BRANDES

at Lund had invited Oehlenschläger to be present at their commencement, and when Tegnér learned this, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity to crown Adam Oehlenschläger with one of the laurel wreaths designed for the magisters of the day. A Swedish idea, and a poetic one, too! Moreover, the idea of a noble, not vain poet! So far removed was Tegnér from every exaggerated effort to obtain recognition that it seemed to him quite natural to crown another as his master. He had finished his address and called upon the rector to confer the degrees of master of arts, when turning to Oehlenschläger, who stood by the high altar in the cathedral, he once more took up the word, and thus accosted the rector:

Ere you begin to distribute the laurels, hand one to me;
Not for myself, but for one through whom I to all would pay honor.
The Adam of skalds is here, the king of Northern poets,
Heir to the throne in poesy's realm, for the throne is Goethe's.

"And amid the din of kettle-drums, trumpets and cannons, he placed the wreath on Oehlenschläger's head. . . . It was a grand and a beautiful moment, and the remembrance of it has tended to fraternize the Northern people as little else could have done."

In comparison with Oehlenschläger, the poetry of Casper Johannes Boye is rather sentimental and falls short of the vigorous poetry of the former. Translators have found it pleasing in various other tongues, but Charles Wharton Stock, in his "Anthology of Swedish lyrics," chooses in the place of the poet Boye, Karl Mikael Bellman, the favorite of Selma Lagerlöf, as the master of light lyric verse.

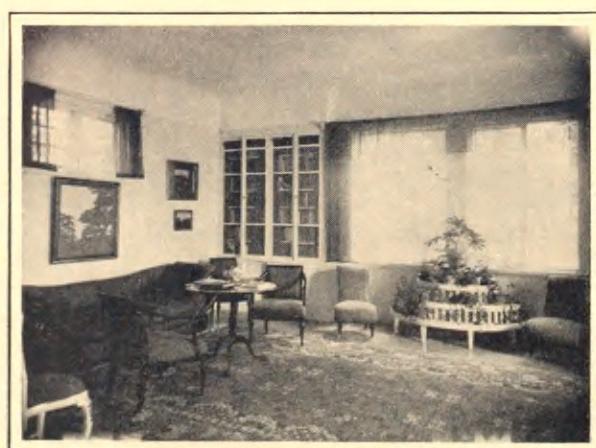
Karl Mikael Bellman was born in 1740. He was the greatest Swedish poet of his century, according to the major critics, if not of the entire literature. He composed his best work impromptu to music and many of these poems have appeared in English.

A Nobel Prize Poet

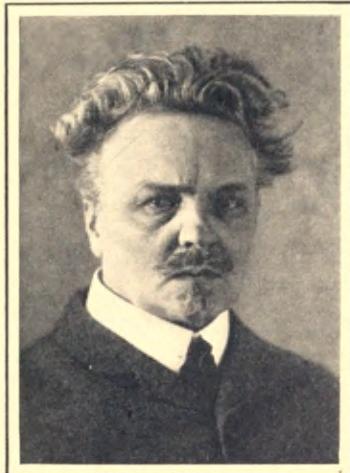
In 1916 the Nobel prize for literature was awarded to Verner von Heidenstam, an imaginative realist



ELLEN KEY



INTERIOR, ELLEN KEY'S HOME, SWEDEN



AUGUST STRINDBERG

of unusual powers. His poems seem to express the new aspiration toward nationality that is evidenced in so many of the leading writers of our day. Von Heidenstam is conceded to be the leading present-day poet of Sweden. The following, translated from "Fellow Citizens," is a good example of his art:

"As sure as we have a fatherland
We are heirs to it one with another,
By common right, in an equal band
The rich and his needy brother.
Let each have his voice, as we did of old
When a shield was the freeman's measure,
And not all be weighed like sacks of gold
By a merchant counting his treasure.
• • • • •

"Tis a shame to do as we oft have done—
Give strangers the highest places,
But beat our own doors with many a stone
And publish our own disgraces.
We are weary of bleeding by our own knife,
When the heart from the head we sever;
We would be as one folk with a single life,
Which we are, and shall be forever."

A Many-Sided Genius

Few writers have been the subject of more academic discussion, pro and con, than August Strindberg, "an extremely marked and many-sided genius."

While he should perhaps come under the discussion of the Scandinavian playwrights, his poetic efforts, no mean ones by the way, deserve consideration with the best of Scandinavia's poets.

Strindberg, declared by many to be "a mad poet," is really the founder of the modern realistic school in Sweden. His writings are, accordingly, often unbalanced, but, at times, reveal a fine sense of the true and the beautiful.

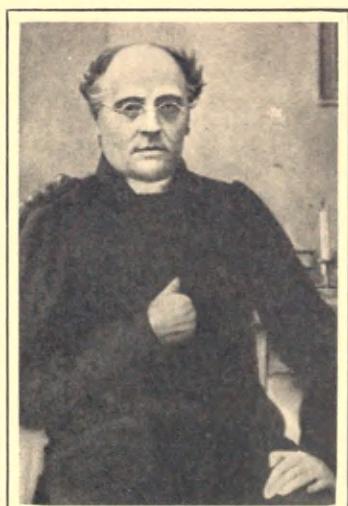
Some of his most unusual writings have been declared the work of genius. Others have been denounced as the wandering utterances of a madman. But was not this same madness attributed to the American, Edgar Allan Poe? It is difficult to discuss briefly the lasting quality of Strindberg's writing (he was born in 1849 and died in 1912), but the following poem, taken from many examples that have found their way into the English language, seems worthy of quotation, different as it is in tone from his plays, essays and novels.

SABBATH EVE

Mirror-still the bay, no breeze molesting,
Sailors drop the sail, the mill is resting.
Oxen to the verdant fields may fare now,
All things for the day of peace, prepare now.
• • • • •

Children's dolls are lying in disorder
Under tulip blossoms by the border.
In the grass a ball, well hid from spying,
In the water-butt a trumpet's lying.
• • • • •

While the warm June night, so softly drowses,
And no breeze the weather-vane arouses,
On the shore the waves are lightly sounding,
Where the swell of last week's storm is pounding.



JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG

Scandinavia may well be proud of her poets, and while we of the English-speaking tongue are inclined to look upon Scandinavian letters as productive mainly of play, tale or propaganda, there remains much for us to discover in the Northern poetry. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow found material for some of his longer poems in his study of Scandinavian poetry. His research among the poets of the North is discussed by him in his "Poets and Poetry of Europe"; and his famous "Children of the Lord's Supper" is a direct and beautiful translation of Esaias Tegnér's poem-plea for Prayer and Innocence to be Life's guides.

Some Playwrights of the North

Nearly all Scandinavian genius finds some outlet in play-writing form. Certain it is that every Scandinavian novelist has the sense of dramatic value highly developed in his works. Johan Bojer in "The Power of a Lie," and "Treacherous Ground" works to climaxes that would not be unsuitable for the moving picture "thriller." A similar method is used by Miss Lagerlöf in "Gosta Berling," and it is a well-known asset of the master playwright, Ibsen. From Hans Andersen to Bojer, the Scandinavian writer has produced, with telling effect, this dramatic gift, which is almost a national one. The theater has been the training school for many a Scandinavian fiction writer of note.

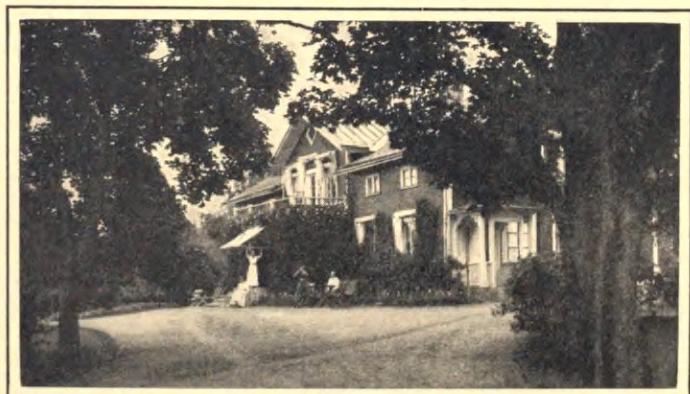
Hjalmar Bergstrom, the Danish playwright, has carried out these traditions in his internationally famed play, "Karen Borneman." When it was produced in 1907 such a storm of protest followed its wake that it had to be withdrawn. It was published in English in 1913, and reveals the work of an iconoclast (a destroyer of ideals) with a tendency towards humor of a rather coarse type.

The ban has since been lifted on this particular work, and "Lynggaard and Company" also has found its way into print for the edification of English readers.

Knut Hamsun, whose novels are so popular in his own country, has not so far been welcomed with a similar popularity in the United States. Several of his novels were published in America, but went begging for an audience. Hamsun also has written many successful plays, as has his predecessor, Björnstjerne Björnson (see Monograph Number 4). Mention also should be made of Hans Aanrud, Ernst Didring, and a dozen others. The limited translations of



SELMA LAGERLOF



THE HOME OF MISS LAGERLÖF
At Marbacka, Värmland, Sweden, where she was born

SCANDINAVIAN WRITERS



SELMA LAGERLÖF
On her farm

wonderful novel to be called 'Mistress Marie Grubbe, Interiors from the Seventeenth Century.'" The completed book was published in 1876. Ill health, however, prevented this gifted artist from ever becoming a prolific writer, and he died in 1885, leaving as a monument his "Marie Grubbe," a book that Brandes has called "one of the greatest masterpieces in Danish literature."

A Norwegian-American

Scandinavia has, in most instances, found America a willing and appreciative audience, but no writer from her land has done more towards promoting the good things in Scandinavian literature in the United States than Hjalmar Hjorth (hyalmar hyorth) Boyesen.

Born at Frederiksvärn, Norway, on September 23, 1848, Boyesen lived in his native land until his twenty-first birthday, when he sailed for America to become editor of *The Fremad-Scandinavian Journal*, and to take a professorship at Cornell University.

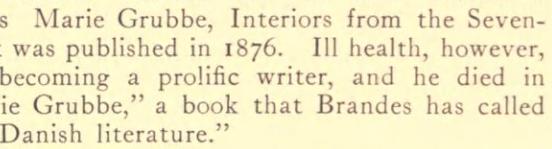
Boyesen's mastery of the English language became a delight to all with whom he came in contact, and he was soon a popular writer in both English prose and verse. Like Joseph Conrad, he became a master of his adopted language.

their work into English has prevented their becoming widely known beyond the borders of Scandinavia.

Jens Peter Jacobsen

As Georg Brandes found new paths for the critic, so Jens Jacobsen is accredited the honor of having been creative artist enough to mold his native language into a medium fit for modern ideas. Born in Jutland in 1847, he began at an early age to write poetry, to devour the writings of Hans Christian Andersen, and to prepare himself for the writing of that great novel, "Marie Grubbe."

In the spring of 1873, he wrote from Copenhagen to Edward Brandes (brother to Georg): "Just think, I get up every morning at eleven and go to the Royal Library, where I read old documents and letters, and lies, and descriptions of murder, adultery, corn rates, market prices, gardening, the siege of Copenhagen, divorce proceedings, christenings, estate registers, genealogies, and funeral sermons. All this is to become a



MISS LAGERLÖF
In her study at Marbacka

In 1880 a professorship at Columbia was accepted by Boyesen, and this he held until his death on October 4, 1895.

If one would know just how far a foreigner may go as a novelist in another language, he will do well to read "Gunnar, a Norse Romance" or "A Daughter of the Philistines," both from the pen of the rightly called Norwegian-American novelist, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. His essays on "Scandinavian Literature" and his collected poems under the title of "Idyls of Norway" are recommended for the beginner in Scandinavian study.

He was also author of several successful plays produced in New York and other American cities.

A Popular Epic Poet

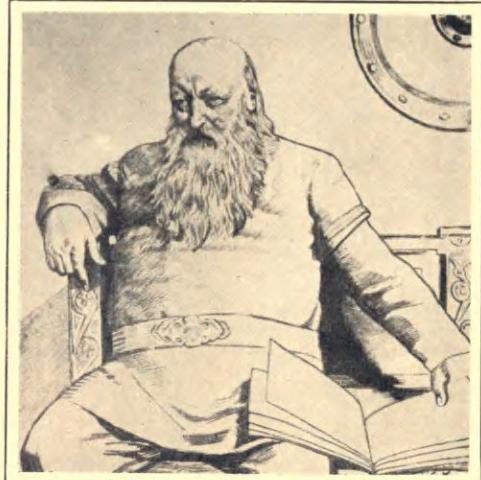
"I was allowed to read Tegnér and Runeberg and Andersen, though only twice each winter," says Selma Lagerlöf, in recounting the literary events of her childhood. "In that way, I came by my first big debt."

It would seem that much this same idea of indebtedness is held by most true sons and daughters of Sweden, for they know their Tegnér, Runeberg, Strindberg, and Lagerlöf even as we know our Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne—and should know our Whitman.

Runeberg's great national epic, "Fanrik Stals Sagner," contains some of the most beautiful poetry in modern literature, according to those that have made a study of his work. Many of this popular poet's works have become well known in English.

Mr. Stork gives us the following exquisite translation of Runeberg's "Tears":

When o'er the crested wood the sun
uprising,
Has made the valley dew-drops gleam,
a maiden
With tears of joy went forth to meet
her lover,
Who, looking in her eyes addressed her,
smiling:
"You wept at my departure; now return-
ing
I once again behold you weep. Kind
maiden,
What is the difference in these tears,
pray tell me?"



SNORRI STURLUSON (1178-1241)

Icelandic historian and statesman, and author of Norse annals and mythological prose. His narratives, based on chronicles, legend and tradition, are classics of the North, and have been translated into many languages



JOHANN SIGURJONSSON, PLAYWRIGHT

Born in 1890, he is the most notable of the modern Icelandic authors. His "Eyvind of the Hills" and "Hraun Farm" have won him a sympathetic hearing in Europe and America.

"Just the same difference," the maid said softly,
"As between evening dew and dew of morning;
One kind the sun lights up and then disperses;
The other hides in darkness all the night long."

Johan Ludvig Runeberg was born in 1804. His earliest writings were for newspapers, which he abandoned to become a teacher, poet and dramatist. He died in 1877.

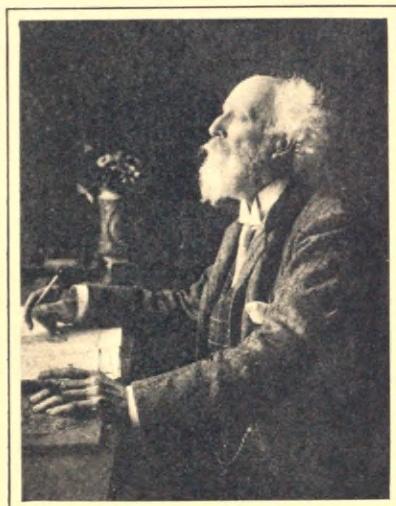
The Scandinavian Language in America

Not only has the Scandinavian novel and play taken its place with the best that has been written along these lines by the other nations of the world, but the language itself has been taught in American colleges since 1858, when New York University had the distinction of being the first American institution of learning to offer Scandinavian language in its course. The professorship was in charge of Paul G. Sinding.

The University of Wisconsin followed suit in 1869, and the study of Old Norse literature and Norse mythology flourished accordingly.

Today we are fortunate in possessing excellent translations of "Eddas" of Samund the Wise and Snorri; the legendary recitals of the *skalds*, or bards, and the immortal sagas of the heroic North.

It was Andersen who first drew us to the genius of the Scandinavian writer, and since his time, has come a procession of worthy successors—writers that give us the beauty of poetry in their prose, or again a flavor of modernity and scholarly research that stimulates thought. There is a broad human heart-beat in their novels that makes the whole world of readers akin.



HOLGER HENRIK DRACHMANN

Distinguished Danish poet and prose writer
(1846-1908)

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

ESSAYS ON SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE	- - - - -	By H. H. Boyesen
EMINENT AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*	- - - - -	By Georg Brandes
REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH	- - - - -	By Georg Brandes
THE STORY OF MY LIFE	- - - - -	By Hans Christian Andersen
HENRIK IBSEN	- - - - -	By Henrik Jaeger
SELMA LAGERLÖF—THE WOMAN, HER WORK, HER MESSAGE*	- -	By Harry E. Maule
JOHAN BOJER, A BIOGRAPHY	- - - - -	By Carl Gad
ANTHOLOGY OF SWEDISH LYRICS.	- - - - -	Translated by Charles Wharton Stork
"MARIE GRUBBE" (Contains biographical material)	- - - - -	By J. P. Jacobsen

* May be found in libraries, if out of print.

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

THE OPEN LETTER

"Dear Mentor: Please tell me if the title of a well-known play, 'The Man Who Came Back,' is correct English. Several members of my reading club have been discussing the question."

The title "The Man Who Came Back" is not proper, according to the highest standards of English in present-day use. The title should read, "The Man That Came Back." One should not say, "The man who did this" any more than, "The hat which hangs there." If anyone asked you, "Which hat do you want?" you should say in reply, "The hat that hangs there."

There are few periodicals or books in the English language in which there are not several examples of the improper use of "who," "which" and "that."

Mark Twain wrote good English, and knew the values of the pronouns. The title of one of his best stories is "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"—not "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg."

For guidance in the matter, one should keep in mind the following rule:

"That," when properly used, introduces something in a sentence *without which the antecedent is not fully defined*; whereas "which" and "who," when properly used, *introduce a new fact concerning the antecedent, or give a fuller definition of it.*

You should not, therefore, say "The man who came back," but "The man that came back," because "came back" defines the antecedent "man" and is nec-

essary in order to complete the statement concerning the man.

If, however, we *introduce a new fact concerning the antecedent*, we use "who" or "which." For example:

"This box, which looks like solid silver, is simply plated."

"That man, who seemed to you to be a stranger, is my brother."

The rule is a clear and simple enough guide in most cases, but sentences, occasionally, come to mind in which the choice of one or other of the three relative pronouns is a matter of nice judgment. As a general principle of usage, it is well to remember that "who" and "which" are *definite* pronouns, and "that" is *indefinite*. Therefore, don't over-work "who" and "which." Give our faithful, serv-

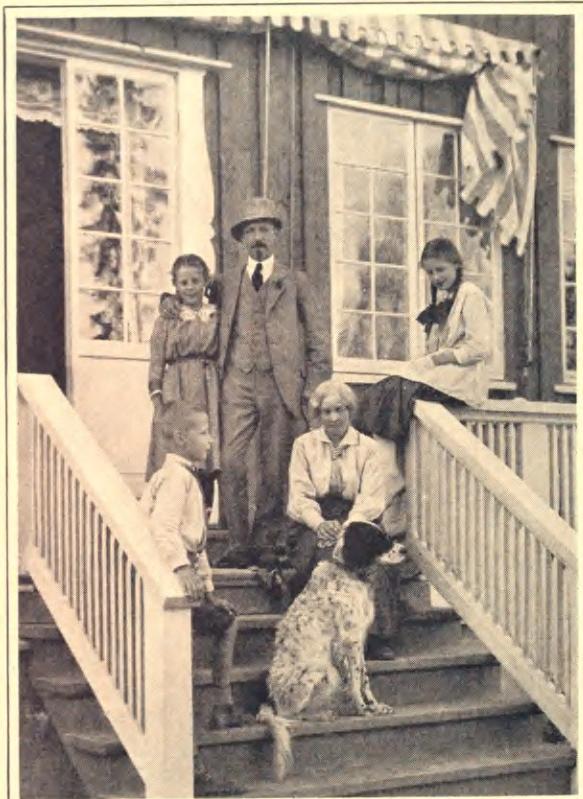
iceable pronoun "that" a place in the sun, and it will repay you in the smoothness with which your sentences will run.

* * *

Although it may seem whimsical, it is entirely grammatical to say that *that* that person used in writing is not *that* that he should have used. If, when you read this sentence, you lay stress on the "thats" that are in italics, you will see that it is correct; and, also, you will see that the pronoun "that" has possibilities unrealized by many of us.

W.S. Moffat

EDITOR



JOHAN BOJER AND FAMILY
Photographed at his home, Christiania, Norway

Scandinavian Influence on the English Race



T is curious that the progressive and expanding spirit that characterizes the English race should be so generally referred to their Anglo-Saxon blood, while the transcendent influence of the Scandinavian element is entirely overlooked. The so-called Anglo-Saxons were a mere handful of people in Holstein, where they may still be found in obscurity, the reluctant subjects of Denmark. During their period of dominion in England, the Anglo-Saxons, so far from showing themselves an enterprising people, were notoriously weak, slothful, and degenerate, overrun by the Danes and soon permanently subjected by the Normans. It is to the Danes and the Norwegians that we must look for the actual origin of the national character and institutions of the English people.

* * *

The Scandinavians were bold and independent. At home they elected their kings and decided everything by the general voice of the *Althing*, or open Parliament. They were the most daring of adventurers; their Vikings spread themselves along the shores of Europe, planting colonies; they subdued England, seized Normandy, besieged Paris, conquered a large portion of Belgium, and made extensive inroads into Spain. They made themselves masters of lower Italy and Sicily under Robert Guiscard, in the eleventh century; during the Crusades they ruled Antioch and Tiberias, under Tancred; and, in the same century, they marched across Germany, and established themselves in Switzerland, where the traditions of their arrival, and traces of their language still remain. In 861 they discovered Iceland, and soon after peopled it; thence they stretched still farther west, discovered Greenland, and, proceeding southward, towards the close of the tenth century they struck upon the shores of North America, it would appear, near the coast of Massachusetts. They seized on Novgorod, and became the founders of the Russian Empire, and of a line of Czars which became extinct only in 1598, when the Slavonic dynasty succeeded. From Russia they made their way to the Black Sea, and in 866 appeared before Constantinople, where their attacks were bought off only on the payment of large sums by the degenerate emperors. From 902 to the fall of the empire, the emperors retained a large bodyguard of Scandinavians, who, armed with double-edged battle-axes, were renowned through the world, under the name of Varengar, or the *Varingjar* of the old Icelandic sagas.

* * *

Such were the ancient Scandinavians. To this extraordinary people the English and their descendants alone bear any resemblance. In the English-speaking races the old Norse fire still burns, and manifests itself in the same love of martial daring and fame, the same indomitable seafaring spirit, the same passion for the discovery of new seas and new lands, and the same insatiable longing for great adventure.

These qualities, derived from stern and rugged Scandinavian ancestry, are reflected in the English love of romance and poetry, devotion to high ideals of life and achievement, and impelling instinct to give these ideals literary expression.

"I WISH OUR SCHOOL LESSONS COULD BE TAUGHT THROUGH THE MENTOR"

THAT is what one of our young women readers—Miss Zillah Hickox—writes me. So do I wish it, Miss Hickox—with all my heart. The schoolroom and the home reading circle are the two places where, above all, The Mentor wants to "live, move and have its being." Thousands of teachers throughout the country use The Mentor in their classrooms—to the delight as well as profit of the children, and that is the field of service that The Mentor wants most to fill. To make the pathways of knowledge a pleasure and an enticement to young people—could any service be finer or more worth while than that? We want no better word of appreciation from our teacher readers than the assurance that The Mentor is succeeding in that service. "Really," writes Miss Hickox, "I should like to write and thank you every time I read The Mentor. It is so entertaining and delightful in its information. I remember and absorb facts when I read The Mentor, while I hardly remember anything learned in dull school books. Oh, I'd part with a good many things before I'd give up my Mentor!"

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THE MENTOR

KOREA

By
E. M. NEWMAN

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY AND TRAVEL

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 5

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A LAND OF SILENCE

GOMPARSED with the Western world, with its indescribable hubbub, Korea is a land of the most reposeful silence. There are no harsh pavements over which horses are tugging their lives out, no jostling of carts or dray-wagons, no hateful clamor that forbids quiet conversation, but a repose that is inherent and eternally restful. The rattle of the ironing sticks is not nerve-racking, but rather serves as a soporific to put all the world to sleep. Apart from this, one hears nothing but the few calls and echoes of human voices. What a delightfully quiet land is Korea! In the very heart of its great city, Seoul, you might experiment at midday in the latest methods of rest-cure and have all the world to help you.

Among other restful national features are the roadways. They are not surveyed at right angles and fenced in with barbed-wire, but are left to go where they please, do as they like, and take care of themselves, just as suits them. Hence a Korean road will find the easiest possible way over a hill. It will narrow itself down to a few inches rather than pick a quarrel with a rock or hummock in the way, or again to please you it will widen out like a Western turnpike. To follow a Korean road is like reading one of Barrie's novels: you meet with surprises and delights all along the way.

James S. Gale, in "Korea in Transition."

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THE MENTOR . DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL
SERIAL NUMBER 201

KOREA AND ITS PEOPLE

By E. M. NEWMAN, *Lecturer and Traveler*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

SEOUL, CAPITAL
OF KOREA

KOREAN
THRONE ROOM

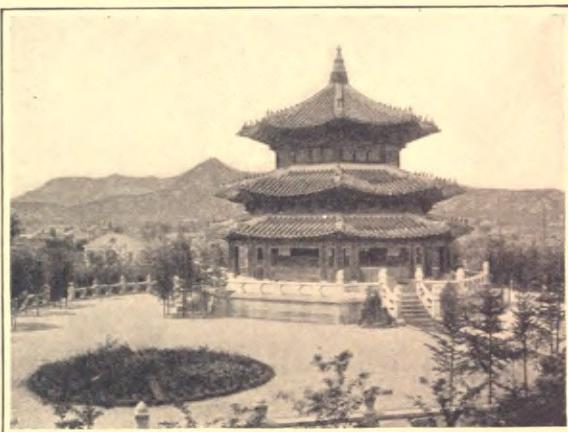
GROUP OF
KOREAN
VILLAGES

MENTOR
GRAVURES

KOREAN BRIDE
AND GROOM

LIVING ROOM IN
KOREAN HOME

THE VILLAGE
BLACKSMITH



A BEAUTY SPOT IN THE PUBLIC PARK, SEOUL

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The pictures in this number are reproduced, by special arrangement, from photographs by Mr. E. M. Newman.



HERE is a peculiar pathos in the extinction of a nation, and especially is this true when that nation is one whose history stretches back into the dim centuries, until it becomes lost in a labyrinth of myth and legend. Korea, as a nation, is passing. In the fifth century after Christ, it enjoyed a high state of civilization and was the source from which the half-savage tribes of Japan drew their first impetus toward culture. Twenty million people have now lost the right to study their own language. Freedom to travel, to express their opinions in press and public meetings, to pursue age-old customs—of these rights they have been deprived.

We are told by the Japanese that the Korean people are a degenerate nation; that they are incapable, intellectually inferior, and better off under Japanese rule than when they governed themselves. It is true that the Koreans have remained an extremely primitive people and, under the old rule, stagnation and decadence were evident; but whether these conditions could not have been eradicated, reforms introduced, and a better government established by the Koreans themselves, under wise control, is a question that arises. At the point of the sword, Korea has been forced to acquiesce in the virtual surrender of her independence.

"But," says one who has made a close study of Korean conditions, "under circumstances like these, the spirit of a nation never dies. It may sleep. Sometime it will awaken. In the dozen or so years that have elapsed since Japan assumed the protectorate of Korea she has done much for the physical, mental, and economic well-being of the people, more, indeed, than Korea accomplished for herself in her previous three thousand years of civilization, even with the aid of the wisdom and the capital of European and American advisers in the quarter of a century immediately preceding Japanese control. Yet the hatred of Korea for Japan is far greater now than it was in the Middle Ages that gave it birth."

Some Korean Customs

Koreans, like the Chinese, live in densely packed villages. Their houses are of mud, the roofs thatched and of straw; surrounding the villages are the farms of the inhabitants. They live in this way, because in former times it was considered safer to dwell in communities, rather than to be isolated on distant farms.

Everything is primitive; even the plow still used would be recognized by Elisha as similar to the one he left in the field when he went to Elijah. Should a fire break out in a village, the people whose house was burning would do all they could to extinguish the flames, while their neighbors would be seen standing on the roofs of their houses, each waving a pair of trousers to keep the fire spirit from coming their way.

Nearly everything is carried on a *jiggi*, a curious contrivance which is strapped to a man's back, enabling him to bear a heavy load; he thus comes into competition with a beast of burden. Another familiar character in the rural district is the water carrier, whose receptacles are large oil cans. He travels back and forth from the village well, carrying water to the homes.



A TYPICAL KOREAN CITIZEN

In everyday street garb. Note that he carries the cane and fan, indicating superior social position



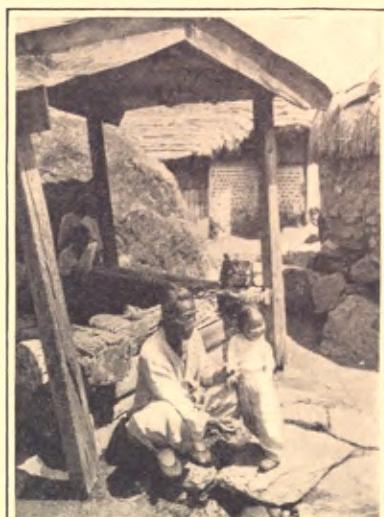
IN RURAL KOREA

Koreans do not drink cold water, nor are they consumers of tea and coffee. At meals they drink only hot water; and food for their ponies is always boiled and given to them just as hot as they can eat it. Even on a very warm day the little animals wade across a stream of cold clear water, never stopping to drink, waiting patiently until they reach an inn where they know all the hot water they want will be given to them.

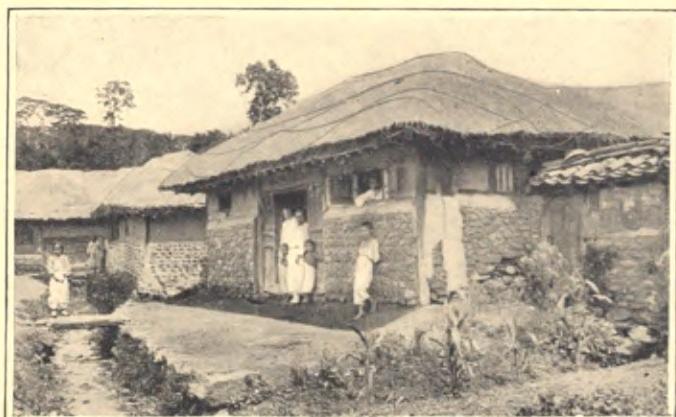
The same fire that cooks the food is also used in warming the rooms in which the family lives. This is true in August, as well as December, and adds no little discomfort to the tourist who travels off the beaten path in Korea. Poor as most of the natives are, they are a kindly, hospitable people. In manners and customs, we observe the effect of Chinese influence, and yet they lack the chief characteristic of the Chinese, that of thrift. The average Korean is lavish with his money, and, if his own funds are exhausted, he is just as liberal with his friends' wealth.

Under the old regime, because of official oppression and robbery, truth was a stranger among the simple folk; they saw no more moral wrong in a lie than we see in a mere grammatical error. "You're a liar!" they exclaim, as we say, "You don't say so!" or "How odd!" Since the Japanese came into power, the official system of extortion has been abolished, and the people no longer are forced to tell untruths about their personal affairs, in order to withstand unbearable oppression.

Rural life in Korea has changed but little throughout the centuries, and a material difference may hardly be expected until after several generations of Japanese rule. Things modern filter slowly through the conservative minds of the Koreans. Huge straw hats are worn by itinerant vendors to protect them from the sun as well as from the rain. These enormous hats are also worn by mourners. The Korean believes a death in his family implies that he



A VILLAGE WELL



A KOREAN FAMILY
At home in the country

has committed some sin, and that he is to blame if a relative dies. He therefore goes into mourning for a period of three years and wears a huge hat to hide his face, on the theory that it is not worthy to be seen. White is the color for mourning, and as most of the people are in mourning most of the time, white is most commonly seen.

Bathing is sometimes recommended by the village doctor. The village bathroom is usually in the open air in a stream of water. In all the world, there is probably no country more burdened with doctors than Korea, many of whom are women. As far as knowledge of anatomy is concerned, the average native doctor has never heard of such a thing; yet the way he can use rusty implements upon the bodies of his patients without killing them would lead one to believe that he was a past master in anatomical science.

As long as a boy wears his hair braided and hanging down his back, he is addressed in familiar speech; his age has nothing to do with the form of address; the style of his hair settles that. Every married man must wear a top-knot; in Korea, except where the Japanese have interfered with time-honored laws, there is no possibility of a married man passing himself off as single, for the top-knot tells his story. In a family circle the oldest boy takes precedence; he is never addressed familiarly by his younger brothers or sisters; the form of address always is, "My Honorable Elder Brother." He stands next to his father, and lords it over his mother from the time he has the power of speech to command her.

The favorite dish of the Korean, *kimchie*, requires thirteen different ingredients to make it properly. The principal ones are fish, oil and garlic. This mixture is never eaten the day that it is prepared—but is permitted to stand from a week to a month. They have no dinner bells in the country; in fact, they need none. When the odorous *kimchie* is placed on the table, the whole neighborhood knows that dinner is served.

A woman of Korean birth is nameless. As a child, she receives a title, to distinguish her from other members of the



A BAGGAGE CARRIER

On his back is a native contrivance called a *jiggi*



THE LAUNDRESS

The earthen water cask is seen at the left

family; but when she marries, she loses not only her name but even her identity. She is known only as the "wife of Mr. So-and-so." Her husband addresses her in the Korean equivalent of "Say!" or "Look here, you!" A Korean considers the birth of a daughter as a calamity. An old gentleman, meeting an American, was told that a baby had been born in his home. "A son?" inquired the old man. "No," replied the American, "a daughter!" Whereupon the old Korean's face took

on a deep expression of sympathy and he replied, "I am very sorry." Notwithstanding these curious social customs, we find among many Koreans a dignity in bearing and appearance that gives them a pleasing air of distinction.



ENGAGED

A young boy wears his hair turned up under a yellow straw hat, to signify that he is soon to enter the married state

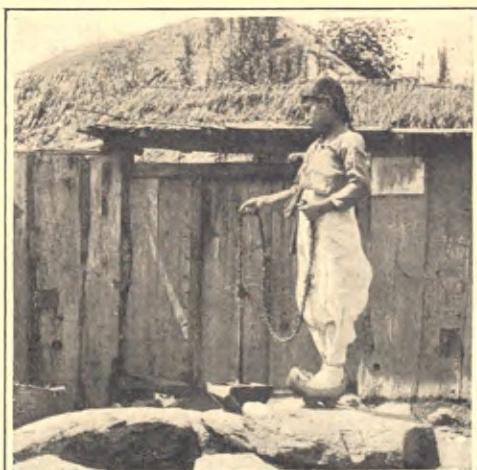
wood. Head coverings made of horsehair.

Wages are about on an average with the lowest current wage in Japan. To a man twenty-five cents is usually paid per day, and to a woman about twelve cents. Korean civilization, as we now find it, is a mixture of Chinese and Japanese methods. The people of this strange out-of-the-way country have retrograded rather than progressed. Many of them have become reconciled to Japanese rule; but all agree that wages average lower today than before the coming of the Japanese.

Korea is preeminently a country

Korean Workmen

As a workman, the Korean cannot compare in ability either with a Japanese or a Chinese. Korea produces few works of art; aside from chests of interesting workmanship, there is little in the country to tempt the stranger. Like the Japanese, the Korean carpenter pulls his knife toward him instead of pushing it away from his body, as would an American. We lead a horse into a stall; they back the horse into the stall. We back a horse into the shafts; they pull the shafts up to the horse. And so almost everything they do is just the reverse of the way it is done in most other countries. In place of leather, the cobbler makes his shoes of



A YOUTHFUL WATER CARRIER AT THE WELL

Observe the style of his shoes and the long braid of hair

of villages, as it contains but one large city of 200,000; and that is its capital. There are a few other cities, with a population of about 50,000; but other than these few populous centers, all Korea consists of small settlements. This is truly a land of mountains. Go where you will, look where you like, the mountains confront you. One is never out of sight of soaring peaks. If

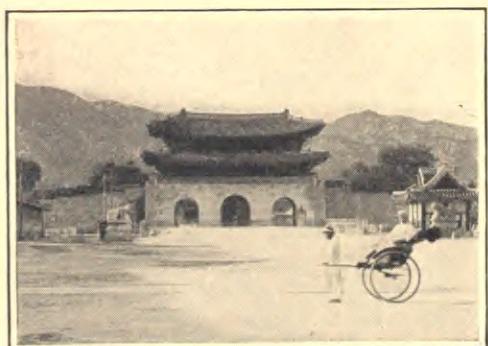
one could look down from an airplane, he would receive the impression that the mountains and hills of Korea had been sifted out of a great pepper-box, all over the face of the peninsula. Villages would be seen strung along all the rivers and waterways; but few chimneys would be in evidence, as very little manufacturing is done. Rice, soyo beans and cotton rank highest in production by the farmers. Efforts at growing other cereals have as yet met with but little success; but with modern farming implements, there is no reason why wheat and corn cannot be cultivated, as the climate of Korea, warm in summer and cold in winter, is well adapted to the growing of grains. Field-grown ginseng is one of the most valuable products, and is exported in considerable quantities. Tobacco is also cultivated with success.

Koreans are very proud of Seoul* (se-ul'), their ancient capital. Away down the corridors of time, when the Western world was unknown and unheard of, the peninsula of Korea was making history. But, alas, the Muse of History did not sing in those days in the Land of Morning Calm, and so much that we know or claim to know of this remote country is dependent on tradition.

Today Seoul is rapidly becoming westernized. Among its recent innovations is a splendid hotel, as well equipped as are the best hotels in the United States. Many of the streets have been widened. Sanitation has been introduced. Stone and brick are used in modern buildings designed in Western style. These are but a few



THE MAIN BUSINESS STREET, SEOUL



NORTH GATE, SEOUL

A native carriage in the foreground

*Also spelled Seul.



NEW POST OFFICE AND BANK
In the Korean capital

of the changes that confront the visitor. On a central square is a new post office, and, directly opposite, the new building of the Bank of Cho-sen. "Cho-sen," of ancient Chinese-Korean origin, is the name the Japanese have substituted for "Korea." The port of Seoul is Chemulpo, at the mouth of the Han River. Fusan, on Korea Strait, is the nearest port to Japan.

The system of education in Korea has been changed to conform with that of Japan. Where formerly few of the Koreans attended school, education is now compulsory. Only the Japanese language is taught. The children are not permitted to study their own language, or even to speak it anywhere near the schoolhouse. The educational development of Korean girls has worked wonders, both in their appearance and in their ambitions; where formerly there was indifference, today there is everywhere evident a desire for knowledge. Graceful and charming are the girls of high-class families; and, with the benefits of education, they will, in the future, exert a tremendous influence in the development of their people.

The Korean at Home

A Korean house is spacious and curiously constructed. Under the floor is a set of flues that distribute the heat from the kitchen to all the other rooms. It is to this system that the occupant must look for warmth to keep him and his family from freezing during the long winter nights. Every floor is plastered over with mud to prevent the smoke from coming into the room. Over the mud floor a covering is placed, but otherwise, like a Japanese home, the rooms are bare of furniture. As in Japan, there are sliding, rice-paper screens, from which a room of any size may be formed. Koreans use a block for a pillow; and in this respect are like both Chinese and Japanese. The attics of Korean households are filled with a curiously miscellaneous



THE CHO-SEN HOTEL, SEOUL

collection, for the same family occupies a house for centuries. Anyone that wants to enter a house may walk into the outer apartment. A guest-room is at the service of stranger and friend alike. The inner quarters are reserved for the women and male relatives.

The people of the educated class have most agreeable manners. A certain caste is generally observed. In the social scale, the official class stand highest; then come the farmers, and next to the farmers are the merchants. Lowest of all are the butchers; until recently they were not permitted to wear hats. This is, of course, due to the fact that, formerly, Koreans were Buddhists and did not eat meat. In Korea, clothes make the man. The fact that a gentleman carries a cane indicates that he enjoys a certain social standing. Add to the cane a fan, and he goes up just a little in the social scale. At home, his white hat is discarded and he wears instead a curious head-covering made of horsehair; its shape is also an evidence of caste; in fact, wearing apparel of every kind denotes the social standing of the individual.

The eldest son inherits the entire estate of his father, and he is supposed to provide for his mother, as well as for the other members of the family. As a rule, the system works out very well.

Through centuries of custom, the son realizes and accepts the responsibility that is thus thrust upon him. Primitive household methods are found even in the capital city, where housewives smooth the family linen by pounding it with "ironing sticks," instead of using heated flat-irons. Modern stoves for cooking are almost unknown; as a rule, the ovens are of mud and are placed in the courtyard.

Once in her lifetime a girl may have a tiger skin placed over the sedan chair



IN THE GARDENS OF THE EAST PALACE, SEOUL



AUDIENCE CHAMBER, EAST PALACE

Like the Throne Room of the former Emperor, this apartment is a striking example of Korean decorative art

in which she is carried; and that is on the day when she becomes a bride. The tiger skin thus placed is a token of nobility; this distinction is therefore granted only on her wedding day. The Korean mother, accustomed to hardships, has all the stoicism of the Spartans of ancient days. She remains unmoved even when her daughter, weeping piteously, is taken from her home to wed a man whom she does not know and has never seen. One often hears the cries of a child emanating from a passing sedan chair. If he inquires what is causing the commotion, he is told that it is only a bride being taken to her husband's home.

A park that has recently been added to the attractions of Seoul, has become a fashionable promenade and a playground for the children, and marks the first effort that has been made to furnish Koreans with a place for recreation. In this park one sees mere boys, eight or nine years of age, wearing a little straw hat to indicate that they are engaged to be married.

Even before annexation to Japan, there was in Seoul a Japanese quarter. The best shops are on the thoroughfares occupied by the Japanese. The Koreans make so little and depend so much on the Japanese that, aside from food, almost everything is purchased from Japanese shop-keepers. At an exposition recently held in Seoul, but five per cent. of the exhibits were Korean—the remainder were Japanese.

Two great thoroughfares intersect the capital city; one known as South Gate Street, the other as Bell, or East Gate Street. The Japanese have recently completed another broad avenue known as North Gate Street, which forms the entrance to the old North Palace, where formerly lived the Emperor of Korea.

Prince Yi, Senior, as the Japanese called the old emperor, was practically a prisoner in the palace.* In 1905, without the knowledge of the Japanese, Yi sent a commission to the Hague to protest against Japanese aggression; and for this he was compelled



THEATER AND SUMMER PAVILION, NORTH PALACE



PLEASURE GROUNDS OF THE EAST PALACE

*The ex-emperor died in 1919.

to abdicate in favor of his son. In 1895, the wife of the emperor, a gracious lady of cultivation, and skill in diplomatic affairs, was foully murdered by Japanese troops at the instigation of Count Miura, Japanese Resident in Seoul. The throne room of the one-time ruler is just inside the old North Gate. The platform upon which the throne stood is still on the dirt floor; the walls decorated in Korean style, are as brilliantly colored and as beautiful as ever; but the golden dragons on the ceiling no longer look down on courtly scenes; the throne room has been silent and deserted ever since the former emperor was forced to abdicate.

Within the walls surrounding the grounds of the North Palace are numerous buildings and pavilions, which at one time were used for summer and winter festivals. It is the intention of the Japanese Government to preserve these structures for historical reasons. Most interesting of all is the old summer pavilion where there was a theater; there His Majesty was accustomed to entertain his friends.

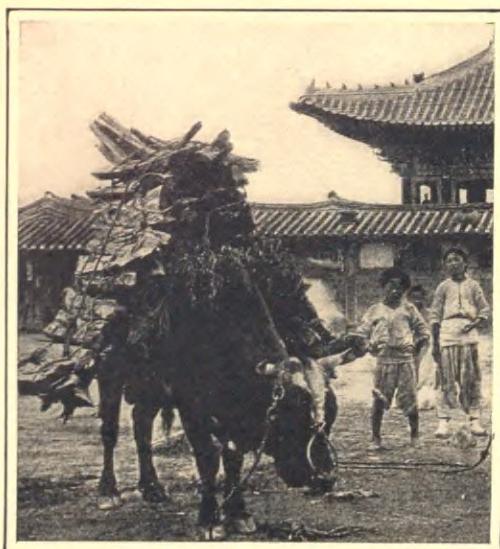
The real story of the passing of Korea is found in the grounds and buildings of the East Palace, where are now confined the young emperor and empress, called by the Japanese, "Prince and Princess Yi, Junior."

The grounds are spacious and the buildings beautiful. Within the walls, the royal pair still rule supreme. To their servants and retainers, all Koreans, they are still monarchs. Once outside the walls, they lose all royal rights and privileges. When I asked whether their Majesties were at liberty to go out when they pleased, my informant said, "Certainly!" But he did not tell me that whenever they left the grounds of the East Palace they were always attended by a guard of Japanese soldiers. An annual allowance of \$750,000, granted by the Japanese Government, enables the royal family to maintain the East Palace, and to employ about



From "The Passing of Korea"

A KOREAN LADY
In outdoor costume



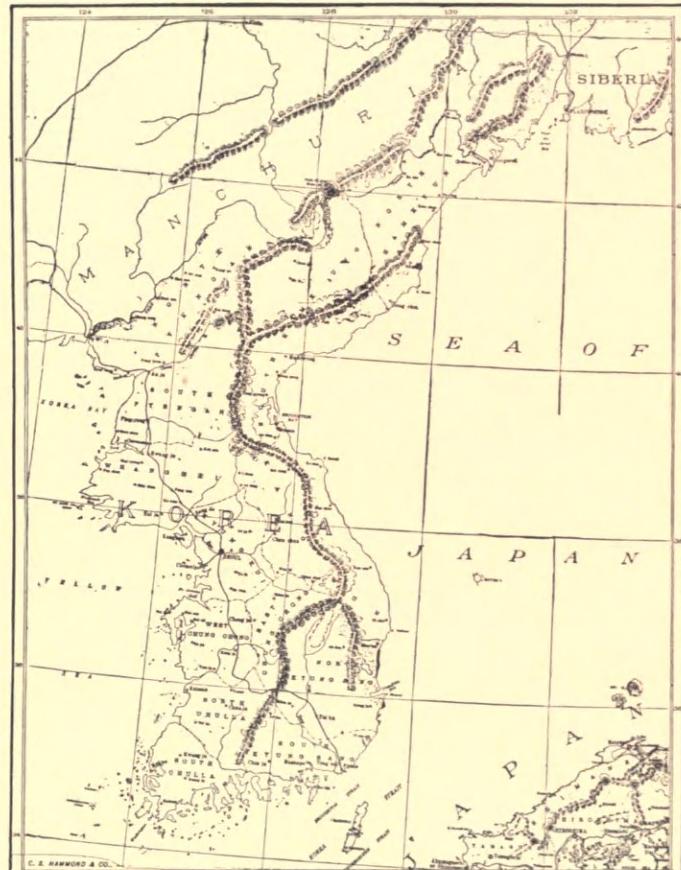
From "The Passing of Korea"

A BULLOCK CARRYING FIREWOOD
A familiar sight in Korean streets

K O R E A

four hundred servants. The living rooms are furnished in European style; the reception room is a combination of French, Japanese and Korean furnishings. There is also a billiard room, where the younger Prince Yi plays on an American billiard table. The throne room is a beautiful chamber where, beneath a canopy, the royal couple still sit in state when receiving their few loyal followers. It pleases them thus to play the part of sovereigns; but it is an idle game. Their kingdom has been taken from them, probably never to be restored. The former empress, an educated young woman, like her husband, has been forced to accept the bounty of the Japanese.

Korea, as a nation, is vanishing. The next generation will doubtless have Japanese customs, and one of the quaintest of all people will gradually be obliterated, on the very soil of their fathers.



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MAP OF KOREA

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

KOREA, THE HERMIT NATION	-	-	-	-	-	-	By William E. Griffis
KOREA AND HER NEIGHBORS	-	-	-	-	-	-	By Isabella Bird Bishop
IN KOREA WITH MARQUIS ITO	-	-	-	-	-	-	By George Trumbull Ladd
KOREA AND JAPAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	By Frank Elias
KOREA IN TRANSITION	-	-	-	-	-	-	By James S. Gale
KOREAN SKETCHES	-	-	-	-	-	-	By James S. Gale
THE PASSING OF KOREA*	-	-	-	-	-	-	By Homer Hulbert
STORY OF KOREA*	-	-	-	-	-	-	By J. H. Longford
See articles on Korea in the <i>Century Magazine</i> , February, 1920, and <i>Scribner's Magazine</i> , March, 1920.							

* Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

THE OPEN LETTER

What are we to think of the case of Korea? It is only within a short time that most of us have come to know about "The Hermit Nation." The testimony that we get from George Kennan and some other writers on conditions in the Far East, is that these simple survivors of ancient civilization appeared to be "lazy, ignorant, dishonest and lacking in thrift and ambition." That sounds bad for the humble Koreans, and inclines one to look favorably on the present-day domination and absorption of Korea by Japan.

★ ★ ★

But, as we say when we face a hasty conclusion: "Wait a minute!" A backward child should be watched over and helped along. That humane principle is as true of nations as of private families. A backward nation should have the care of a capable "Big-Brother-Nation" so that it can be taken in hand and put into step with the march of civilization. The right or the wrong of this civilizing process lies in how it is done. Is the nation that assumes this guardianship a brutal, overbearing bully, seeking only its own advantage in everything it does; or, is it a "Grandpa-Nation," prompted by principles of broad, human sympathy, and inspired by a sympathetic appreciation of the needs of the people that it has undertaken to guide and direct? So far as the evidence goes to show, the story of Korea under Japanese domination has been one of military tyranny, making for the complete extinction of Korean national character and institutions, and the establishment of all things Japanese in their stead. The thought in the Nipponese mind seems to be to make Korea thoroughly Japanese, so that Japan *can jump across the sea and plant a foot firmly on the mainland of Asia.*

Very shrewd, indeed—but a policy somewhat crafty for a member of an Ideal League of Nations.

★ ★ ★

How has Japan acquitted herself in her management of Korean affairs? Quickly, let us say that, in all matters that make for administrative efficiency, Japan has accomplished important, substantial re-

sults. In the reform and reorganization of governmental, judicial, financial, hygienic, commercial and agricultural conditions, and the improvement of building and transportation facilities, Japan has shown herself the forward-going nation that she is. But all these things are done for Japan, not for Korea. The attitude of Japan is as follows: "There shall be no more Korean history. You are now to be part of Japanese history. We give your Royal Family a nice little garden place to play in, but we will run and own your affairs. Your Royal Establishment has no more real standing than the quarters of a retired officer in an Old Soldiers' Home. We are the masters of Korea. We abolish Korean language from your schools. Korean history is excluded to make way for Japanese culture. You shall have no enlightenment except as Japan sees the light—and, in order that you may realize your position, we will make it clear to you by beating and bayoneting you, at times, for your own good. Harsh measures are needed to make simple people learn the lessons of civilization from conquering nations. To put it briefly—in the words of Mr. Dooley—"we mean to be a father to you if we have to break every bone in your bodies."

★ ★ ★

Now, if you were a small, backward nation, how would you like to have Japan for a *father*—especially if you were situated, geographically, so as to be necessary to the extension of Japan's power?

What is the answer? It seems to me that it lies in the Korean Declaration of Independence, which was issued at Seoul, and signed by 33 representatives of the various religions in Korea. In it we read the following sound, well tempered statement:

"To bind by force 20,000,000 resentful Koreans will mean not only loss of peace forever for this part of the Far East, but also will mean for the center of danger as well as safety the 400,000,000 of China, a suspicion of Japan, and an ever-deepening hatred. From this all the rest of the East will suffer. Today Korean independence would mean not only life and happiness for us, but also it would mean Japan's departure from an evil way and her exaltation to the place of true protector of the East, so that China, too, even in her dreams, would put all fear of Japan aside. This thought comes from no minor resentment, but from a large hope for the future."

W.S. Moffat

KOREA AND JAPAN

WILL Japan finally succeed in converting these Koreans into Japanese? Will she succeed in the long run in this process of denationalization and renationalization?

It would be effrontery for me to pass judgment on this question, and it is dangerous even to hazard a guess as to the outcome. Perhaps one ought not even to approach the problem in this didactic spirit. It is a moving spectacle, a vast drama, and it is perhaps for us, the spectators, not to forecast the outcome or to criticize, not to hiss the villain or applaud the hero, but to look—and learn. For what is now being tried in Korea, despite certain new circumstances, is no new thing under the sun. We have seen something like this before in Judea, in Persia, in Gaul, in Britain, in Ireland, India, Egypt, Alsace, and Poland.

Yet one cannot quite help guessing, and it is at least permissible to ask questions. And the one most significant and searching question seems to be this: Can you supersede a language, a civilization, and an ancient tradition in a compact, growing people like the Korean? In another thirty years the Korean population will probably be doubled and children will be born faster than they can be taught Japanese. The school equipment must be vastly increased indeed if a real change of tongues is to be accomplished, and even then the language spoken at home will be Korean. What language the business men use is not significant compared with what the peasants speak. Can the *deracination* of Korean nationality be accomplished, therefore, in fifty years or in a hundred or in two hundred? And time is an element in the problem. If Korea is to be a bulwark of Japan, it must be composed of loyal people. The chances are that with the growth of education, with new ideas of democracy and nationality seeping in from abroad, Korea, if it is to be forcibly Japanized, will be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Prussia, with a six-to-one population, failed to Prussianize Poland. Can Japan, with only a three-to-one ascendancy, Japanize Korea?

The crux of the problem will appear when, and if, Japan is in danger. Will the Koreans run to the Japanese colors? Will they enlist as the Scotch enlist under an English king or the Hanoverians under a king of Prussia? Or will they hold aloof? Or will they revolt?

The question is not for us to decide. It will depend in part at least upon Japan's wisdom and moderation, upon her prowess and luck. And it will also depend upon the direction in which the whole world moves in this pregnant century.

Walter E. Weyl, in *Harper's Magazine*.

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By
A. A. HOPKINS

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VOLUME 8
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ITIAN was the latest in life of the quartet of Great World Painters, the other three being Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael. As a painter pure and simple in the matter of presenting nature, in his mastery of color, in his sure, strong brush work, in his ability to keep a composition a unit, in fact, in all those things that go to make a purely pictorial effect, Titian stands alone. It is the dignity and grandeur of human existence that Titian presents to us—the grand, magnificent, sublimely sensuous. He builds up masses and spaces and forms in his pictures that have the grandeur and power of the mountain ranges. Titian does not appeal directly to our reasoning powers any more than does the vibrating blue of the sky, or a smiling meadow, or a glorious sunset, or towering mountain ranges; but he makes us feel the sublime in nature, and reaches our intellect through our feelings.

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THE MENTOR

DEPARTMENT OF ART

SERIAL NUMBER 202

TITIAN—His Life and Art

By A. A. HOPKINS, *Author and Art Critic*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

ASSUMPTION OF THE
VIRGIN

PESARO MADONNA

PORTRAIT OF
CHARLES V.

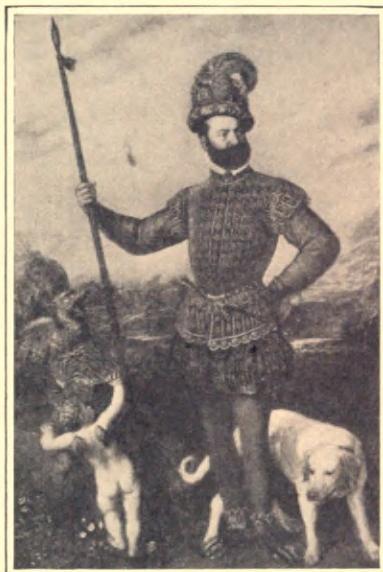


MENTOR
GRAVURES

PORTRAIT OF
PHILIP II.

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

MADONNA, CHILD
AND SAINTS



In the Cassel Gallery

PORTRAIT OF A HUNTER



BEFORE we consider the art of Titian it would, perhaps, be wise to glance for a moment at Venetian painting. Under the general term of "Venetian Painting," we generally include all the painters that lived and worked in that city. As a matter of fact, and a curious one also, none of the greatest of the Venetian painters was born in Venice, with the exception of the earlier masters, the three Bellinis (bel-lee'-nee), and Tintoretto. Paul Veronese (vay-ro-nay'-zeh) came from Verona, as his name indicates. Giorgione (jor-jo'-neh) was born at Castelfranco; Carpaccio (kahr-pah'-cho) was born at Istria; Cima (chee'-mah) was born at Conegliano (ko-nay-lee-ah'-no), and the great Titian (tish'-an) himself first saw the light in the little town of Pieve di Cadore (pee-ay-vay dee kah-do-ray).

Venice itself was a great city of merchants who held a vast proportion of the world's commerce in their grasp. It is little wonder, under these circumstances, that they looked after the creation of fortunes first, and that the buying of pictures was an after consideration—the fever for the

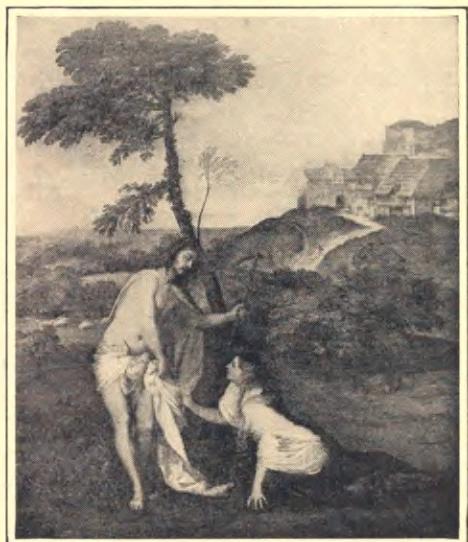
acquirement of wealth was at the highest pitch and left no person unsmirched. Even our beloved Titian was "very close" in money matters and made every cent tell. He tried to succeed Gentile (jen-tee'-leh) Bellini as "official painter," and accepted public money with not the slightest intention of giving any equivalent, if he could avoid it. He was probably no worse than others of his time who held sinecures; but they have not passed into history, artistic or otherwise.

Venetians of this period were, indeed, citizens of the world. They were most polished, most enlightened; the restraints of religion produced hardly a ripple in Venice. Every language was spoken in this great rendezvous through which passed a large part of the wealth of the world. Luxury was everywhere and money was necessary to maintain it, so it is little wonder that Titian strained every nerve to produce a prince's income, which he expended in a liberal manner, living in a fashionable locality and consorting with men of wealth. The deterioration in the Venetian Republic had begun, fostered by the discovery of America, the passage to India around the Cape of Good Hope, and the commercial awakening of Holland, England, and Spain. The first book printed in Italian came from Venice. The first newspaper in the world was started in Venice, and was sold for a minor coin called a *gazetta*, hence our name, "gazette." Lightly sketched, there are a few facts relating to Venetian painting to be noted before we consider the art of Titian—one of the greatest painters the world has ever produced.

The Art of Venice

The early Venetian painters produced works marked by great stiffness, and it was not until the time of the Bellini family, who antedated Titian, that the Venetian school was really founded. Jacopo Bellini and his sons, Gentile and Giovanni (jo-vahn'-nee), had many disciples and exerted a great influence both in Venice and on the mainland. As most of the painters who rose to fame and wealth in Venice were natives of the surrounding territory, it is difficult to say what is and what is not Venetian painting.

It should be remembered that the Venetian artists worked in one medium only, namely, painting. They did not dabble in sculpture, nor did



In the National Gallery, London

"TOUCH ME NOT"

St. John, Chapter 20:17—"Jesus saith unto her (Mary Magdalene) 'Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father'"

they construct buildings. This resulted in a larger product and a more uniform product. Fresco (painting on wet plaster with water color) was used to some extent even by Titian, but the sea was unkind to frescoes wherever painted in Venice, and, as a result, artists used the resistant oils, as paintings could be executed in the studio and easily transported to their resting place.

The Venetian school is quite properly rated as the first for color, and we naturally associate a certain amount of gaiety and joyousness with it, but, on the contrary, the general style is subdued and grave. The faces of the figures do not have the smiles of Leonardo da Vinci (lay-o-nahr'-do dah veen'-chee) or Raphael; they are pensive, often pathetic, and a grave and dignified mien pervades all the portraits. The Venetian style is eminently the decorative style involving arcades, porticos, balconies, staircases, rich silks and brocades. The Venetians never attained the purity and holiness of the Florentines, nor the sublimity of Michelangelo; but they realized the splendor and beauty of a material world. The Venetians were great realists. This riot of color came from the brilliant hues of Venice itself; the sky and the sea, and intercourse with the Orient.



In the Dresden Gallery

TRIBUTE MONEY



In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

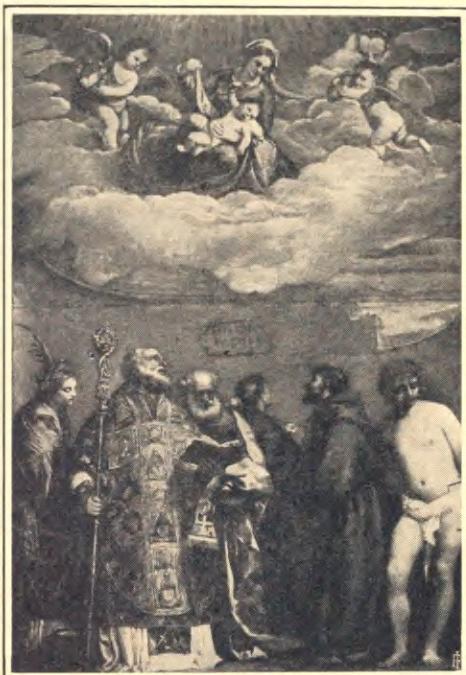
FLORA

The artists were fond of painting Cardinals and other bright-robed ecclesiastics, gayly-dressed nobles and public officials. In their representations the painters were worldly. There was no conflict between art and religion; there was no reaction against a previous excessive piety; for there was no previous piety that was very deep. It is facts like these that make the Venetian School seem so modern. Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and the other leading painters were men of the world, rich, pleasure-loving and urbane. They had no illusions about the saints they painted. The Venetians did not use the living model as much as they should have done, probably from motives of economy, and they were apt to correct their imagination ultimately with sketches from life. First, the masses were blocked out, then more

solid features were painted; this was followed by a sharp touching-up of the outlines; then a melting, as it were, of pigments with a soft brush; a thin coating of opaque color was added, and, finally, it was glazed with transparent color. Having briefly reviewed the setting and the state of the art of Titian's time, it is, perhaps, well to glance briefly at the salient features of his life.

Titian's Life

Titian was born in 1477, at Pieve di Cadore, in the Friulian Alps, seventy miles from Venice. The birthplace of Titian is especially important for its bearing on his future career, as the lofty peaks of the Dolomites (dol'-omites) and the rugged country profoundly influenced his landscape backgrounds. His family belonged to the petty nobility and his race was of ancient lineage. He was sent to Venice at the age of nine, and after some instruction in the shop of a mosaic worker he migrated to the studio of Gentile Bellini, from which he passed into that of Giovanni Bellini. It is probable that here he may have worked alongside Palma Vecchio (vek'-kee-o, "the elder"), Sebastian del Piombo, and the somewhat younger Giorgione of Castelfranco, whose wonderful talent left its mark on all who came in contact with him. For nearly twenty years Titian worked in the spirit of Giorgione, who fell a victim to the plague at the early age of thirty-two. Documentary evidence of Titian's early life does not exist, and we must trust to evidence of another sort to reconstruct this interesting period of his existence. It is to this time that we owe many of his charming Madonnas in the style of Giovanni Bellini. There was a ready market for them and the young artist thrived. One of these attractive pictures, painted about 1515, is a *Santa Conversazione* (Holy Conversation), at Dresden, which forms the subject of one of the monographs of the present issue of *The Mentor*. At this period Titian executed



In the Vatican Gallery, Rome

MADONNA AND SIX SAINTS



In the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice

LITTLE ANGELS

Detail of the "Assumption of the Virgin"

some frescoes; but the sea air has practically destroyed all traces of them except his St. Christopher in the Ducal Palace. He seems to have been very greedy for money; for he is found pulling all kinds of wires to secure employment by the State as a decorator of the Hall of Great Council, and as a recipient of a broker's patent of the Salt Office, a lucrative sinecure. Titian was appointed Official Painter of the States, painting each Doge or Duke; but gave as little value in return for his preferment as possible, until he was brought up with a round turn.

The span of Titian's life comprehended almost a century. He resided mostly in Venice, but found time to visit Rome, Augsburg, and all the other nearby cities of the mainland. He was always the gentleman, and always had courtly friends. It is said that he had a learned education; but this does not agree with the statement that he began his artistic career at or near ten years of age. He was on friendly terms with the foremost men of his time. He married a Venetian and had a daughter and two sons. One of the sons became a painter; the other was a sad scapegrace. In 1530 his wife died and his sister became his housekeeper. Titian lived luxuriously in a fashionable section of Venice overlooking the more distant lagoons and mountains, and here he entertained that most genial gossip, Vasari (vah-sah'-ree), who has written so entertainingly of him as a man and as an artist. Titian outlived nearly all his friends, and died of the plague, August 27, 1576. Though he succumbed to this dread disease, an exception was made in his favor and he was buried in the Church of the Frari, where he had exchanged a picture for a place of sepulcher. Immediately after his death thieves looted his house. Titian's school is a large one; but he personally taught very few, and the wonder is how he could have taught at all, his lifetime product was so great.

The Art of Titian

Color is the great characteristic of Venetian painting, and this is readily understood after visiting the city of lagoons. Under the brilliant sun and sky all things are brilliant, and it is little wonder that a goodly portion of the glorious color was arrested by the Venetian painters. Form is not lacking in the Venetian school; but it is relegated to second place and color prevails. Titian was a great



BIRTHPLACE OF TITIAN AT CADORE

colorist, not the greatest colorist the world has produced, but he is the greatest colorist the Venetian school ever saw. Above all, Titian was an all-around artist possessing so many qualities of excellence that his work stamps him one of the greatest masters of all time. He began his artistic career while a mere boy, as already stated; he worked on until age palsied his hand, and died—at the age of ninety-nine! For large symbolical compositions based on church history he cared very little, although he did paint them at times, and well. Though not a remarkable draughtsman, he was a competent one. He associated himself with a free and serene beauty which refused to be disturbed by the dull and commonplace side of life. It was life in the fullest power—the glorification of earthly existence which enabled Titian to liberate art for all time from the bonds of ecclesiastical dogma.

The art of Titian is admirably epitomized in the words of a modern fellow painter, as follows: "In taking his qualities—color, drawing, handling, movement, and composition into consideration, color comes first by right of his school, and here immediately we see that to call him the greatest of colorists is arbitrary. Veronese, in large compositions, more than equaled him in color-splendor; Giorgione at least equalled his color-depth, and no color could be more serenely golden than that of Bellini's Frari Madonna; but Titian had at once enough of golden strength, enough of depth, enough of *éclat*; his color, profound and powerful *per se* (of itself), impresses us more than that of the others, because he brought more of other qualities to enforce it. Color had been the gift of the Byzantines to the earliest Venetians, but with Giorgione and Titian a new element entered into



In the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice

PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

As it appeared for many years—slightly altered from the original plan



PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN

Restoration to original plan—as it is today

Italian painting—the element of freedom and robustness in the handling of pigment. In the fifteenth century each different portion of a picture was lovingly caressed for its own sake; in the sixteenth, detail was wholly subordinated to general effect, the free, sweeping, rapid handling of Titian and Veronese compelled the admiration of Vasari in spite of his Tuscan training, and changed the face of art; such work prepared the way for Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez (vay-lahs'-keth)."

Ruskin in his "Two Paths" gives some excellent side lights on this master. "There is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they. His intellectual sympathy was wide, so was that of his executive skill. He is indeed especially supreme as a colorist; but for the rest, the very greatness of the Master lies in there being no one quality predominant in him. Raphael's power is properly called 'Raphael-esque,' but Titian's power is simply the power of doing right. Whatever came before Titian, he did wholly as it *ought* to be done."

In composition Titian was unexcelled, and it is probable that, being in the front rank of popularity as an artist, and at all times pressed with orders, some of his works were slighted. Everything was grist to his mill—line, harmony, color, light, and almost above all except color,—landscape. His secular pictures, Venus, Diana, Danae, Bacchus, Ariadne, are sometimes confusing in composition; but not always, as, for example, his "Sacred and Profane Love," where the composition is admirably balanced. His religious pictures throw precedent to the winds; and he places his Madonna where he chooses. The effect is very modern, suggesting a late French painter, such as Bouguereau. Titian and Giorgione put landscape into art. There had been noble bits of



OLD WOMAN SELLING EGGS
Detail of the picture on opposite page



In the Church of San Marziale, Venice

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL

landscape in the works of the Umbrian painters, notably Perugino (pay-ru-jee-no), who passed this feeling for landscape on to Raphael; but it was reserved for the co-students, Giorgione and Titian, both men of the mountainside, to see and paint landscape and to make it play a dramatic part in the composition.

There is no doubt that Titian was fond of landscapes; but in all probability many of them perished, for his patrons wanted mythological pictures, or portraits, anything, in fact, except landscapes. Mountains and clouds had a great fascination for Titian, and his pictures frequently include such subjects. While he seldom painted the commonplace, he sometimes introduced a cottage or a farm. Numerous etchings and drawings show how fondly Titian would have given his time to painting landscapes if he had found a receptive public. Many of his allegorical pictures have charming landscape backgrounds which afford an attractive haven for the Venetian women he painted as Venus.

As a portrait painter Titian rises to great heights, especially in his portraits of men. For example, take the portraits of Charles V. and Philip II., shown in gravure in this number. Could more unprepossessing or forbidding subjects be offered to the painter's canvas? Yet how wonderful is the achievement. He never painted the poor or the down-trodden; he never combated any evils; he never preached a sermon; there is no uplift like that of the Pre-Raphaelites* in England; his people were all lords and ladies, and he painted them as they were,—noble, prosperous, sleek, well-fed,—a true "society" painter; but they were very real and true to life. Titian will ever be in the forefront as a master, and a master of masters of portrait painting. Turning to musical similes, Titian's art is of the organ, full, reedy, sonorous, combining all the chords in harmony.



In the Pitti Gallery, Florence

LA BELLA (The Beauty)

*A band of artists, comprising Ford Maddox Brown, Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, J. E. Millais and other noted English artists.



In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

PORTRAIT OF CATHERINE CORNARO

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS NUMBER

Our engraving of a hunter in the Cassel Gallery shows a man in the plumed cap of a Duke, a red striped doublet and red hose, standing in a hilly landscape. There is a dog and a winged cupid who raises aloft a plumed helmet. The identity of the subject is not known; possibly it is a Spaniard. This picture was executed about 1549-50.

"*Noli me Tangere*" (Touch me Not), in the National Gallery, London, dates from 1511-12. The landscape is to be remarked for its great beauty.

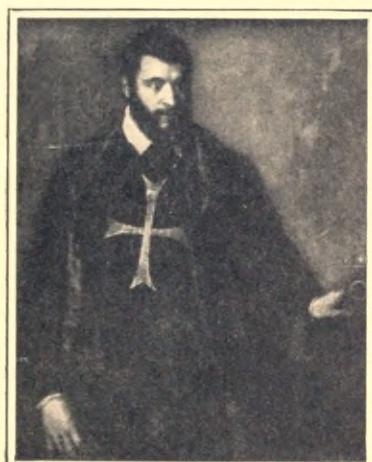
In the exquisitely painted "Tribute Money," in the Dresden Gallery, everything is strictly accurate. The coin, a Roman *denarius*, with the head of Tiberius on it, is of the time and correctly painted. Titian's great mastery of technic is admirably displayed here. The influence of Dürer may be traced in this picture.

Titian's "Flora," Uffizi (uf-feet'-see) Gallery, Florence, painted about 1515, will always be one of his most popular and charming portraits of women. A girl of, say, seventeen, pauses in her toilette for a moment of reflection, and here Titian has produced a portrait of almost photographic fidelity.

The altarpiece with the Virgin and Six Saints, in the Gallery of the Vatican, was finished in 1523, or thereabouts. The top portion with the dove was cut away to make a rectangular picture and has become lost.

The "Assumption of the Virgin" dates from about 1516-18, having been put in position in the latter year. This beautiful work is the subject of one of the monographs of this number of *The Mentor*.

"Presentation of the Virgin" (1534-1538), in the Academy at Venice, is a world-famous picture. We give two pictures of it on account of its curious history. Originally it was painted to occupy a space cut into by two doors. When the canvas was removed to another location the gaps of the upper part of the door were filled in with new canvas and painted up to the tone of the original. A simulated opening was shown at the side of the steps and the figures at the left were filled out. This act of vandalism has now been rectified and the picture has been restored to its original state. The timid Mary, in a blue dress and with a radiant halo, ascends the steps where the kindly High Priest awaits her at the top. From the windows and balconies spectators look down upon the ceremony that is being unfolded before them. The architectural masses are



In the Prado Gallery, Madrid

PORTRAIT OF A KNIGHT OF MALTA



In the Borghese Palace, Rome

THE THREE GRACES

perfectly balanced and the harmony of the colors is so fine and full that it can only be compared with a rich and elaborate orchestral score. In the gorgeous and robust realism of this painting we see the mature workmanship of the noblest representative of the Venetian school of color.

"Tobias and the Angel," or rather Archangel, in the Church of San Marziale, in Venice, is not an early work and is about of the period of "The Presentation of the Virgin." It was painted between 1534 and 1538. Those who wish to read the beautiful Story of Tobias will find it in the fourteenth chapter of the book of Tobit in the Apocrypha.

The portrait of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyrus, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. She wears a crown of gold studded with pearls surrounding a turban of silk. The clothing is rich and beautifully painted. This is the finest example of the portraits of Catherine Cornaro attributed to Titian.

Titian's "La Bella," in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, is probably a likeness of the Duchess Eleonora of Urbino. The picture was executed about 1535. It was taken to Paris in the time of Napoleon and the background was repainted. Every feature tells of high lineage and distinction, and the pose, the expression, and the dress are all noble.

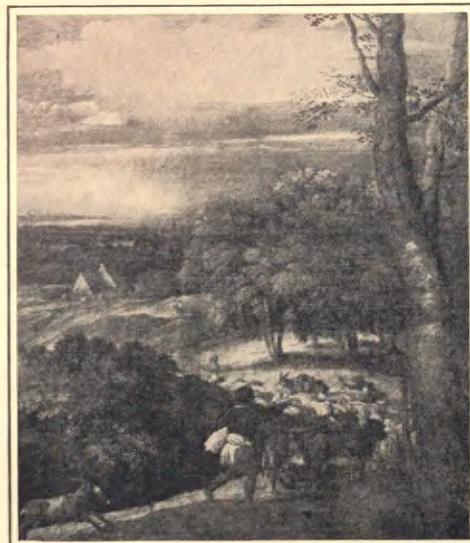
A picture of Titian's later period, "A Knight of Malta," is believed to date from 1550. It is not known whom it represents. A large Greek cross is embroidered on the vest. The painting of the black dress, which detaches itself from the lighter but still gloomy background, is excellent.

"The Three Graces" may be ascribed to the year 1568, or thereabouts. It is otherwise known as "Cupid and Venus," and "Education of Cupid."

The portrait of Titian's "Doctor Parma" is a masterly work. It is in the Vienna Gallery and is one of the noblest creations of its kind. It was painted about 1511.

The so-called "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese (bor-gay'-seh) Gallery, Rome, is one of the most charming of Titian's secular works. The picture was formerly known as "Two Maidens at a Fountain." It is the highest achievement of Titian's art at the end of his Giorgionesque period, and was evidently painted about 1512.

Two of Titian's portraits have already appeared as gravures in *The Mentor*. The portrait of Ariosto in the National Gallery, London, appeared in Serial Number 104; and the "Man with the Glove" in the Louvre, Paris, in Serial Number 90.



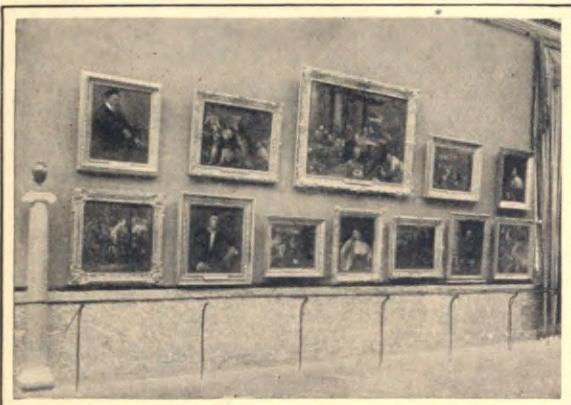
In Buckingham Palace, London

LANDSCAPE



In the Vienna Gallery

DOCTOR PARMA



Courtesy of *L'Illustration*

TITIAN PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Ruskin's statement: "When Titian looks at a human being he sees at a glance the whole nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of color, of passion, or of thought; saintliness and loveliness; fleshly body and spiritual power; grace and strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, he will see to the full, and so paint, that, when people come to look at what he has done, every one may, if he choose, find his own special pleasure in the work."

Titian Paintings in the Louvre

There are a number of Titian's masterpieces in the Louvre, Paris. These pictures have been for years scattered in different galleries of the museum, but, recently, they have been gathered into a single collection, of which the accompanying picture shows a part. Among these masterpieces we find Titian's "Entombment," considered the best picture ever painted of that subject. Also notable among the Titian pictures in this collection is that amazing portrait entitled "Man With a Glove." It is one of the best examples of Titian's art in portraiture, and it bears out John



In the Borghese Gallery, Rome

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

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T H E O P E N L E T T E R

We have briefly considered the art of Titian in the numbers of *The Mentor* devoted to "The Louvre" and "The National Gallery," and, now that we are giving up a *Mentor* especially to the great Master, it is well to recall some of the more important facts given in those numbers.

* * *

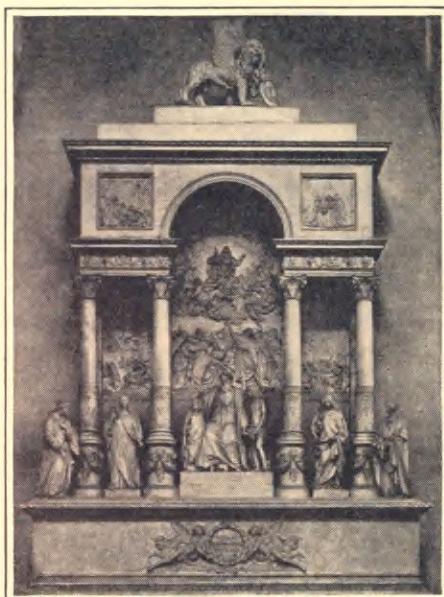
The life of Tiziano Vecelli, or Titian, came close to rounding out a full century. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it is accepted to be 1477. The reason for setting this birth-date is that Titian, four years before he died, referred to himself as an old man of 95 years of age. The contention has been made, however, that Titian did not really know just how old he was, and that he may have been born ten years later than 1477. Accepting that date, however, we find the century of Titian's life full of significant events in the history of the world. In 1477 the first dated English book was printed on the press of the first English printer, William Caxton. When Titian was a boy, Columbus discovered the New World. When he was in his young manhood, Charles V., King of Spain, was crowned Emperor of most of Europe. Then came the Reformation, with Luther as its leader, and, toward the end of the artist's life, the great revolt of the Netherlands, which freed them forever from the dominion of Spain.

* * *

Titian was the dominant figure in art during most of his long life. By princes and people alike he was honored and revered. When the King of Spain was told that a great fire was raging in his palace, he asked, first of all and most anxiously, if the great picture by Titian had been saved. They told him that it was saved.

"Then I can bear all other losses," said the King. When the King had become Emperor Charles V., he stood one day watching the Master paint, when one of the brushes fell to the floor. The Emperor stooped, lifted the brush, and, handing it back to the artist, exclaimed, "It becomes Caesar to serve Titian." It was in such honor and esteem that Charles V. held the great painter. "There are many princes," he said, "but there is only one Titian."

* * *



TOMB OF TITIAN, IN THE CHURCH OF THE FRARI, VENICE

It might have been expected that years of such ardent worship might turn the head of even the greatest of artists, and perhaps affect the quality of his work. Titian, however, had the serene confidence of supreme genius that is unaffected by adulation and praise, and uninfluenced by success. His style formed itself early in life, and he was famous before the age of thirty. Through the course of years, he built up a world of friends and admirers, and he was crowned with honors beyond number—but he never let up in his work. His art developed and ripened with time. The work of his brush revealed new strength and beauty as he matured—and he was still a powerful artist in advanced age, when most men fail in strength and vision. His later years were unhappy ones. His wife had died after only five years of married life. He lost his daughter, Lavinia, who had been his model for many beautiful pictures. His son, Pomponio, was a worthless profligate. His friends and companions passed away, leaving him lonesome and sad. Finally, he was stricken with the plague and died in 1575. He was buried with great honor in the Church of St. Maria dei Frari, for which he had painted his famous picture of the "Assumption."

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR



ITIAN'S fame is almost unique of its kind, for he was not only the most fashionable painter of his own day, but he may also be truly called the "painter's painter." Titian is usually styled a realist, but he was rather a naturalist, for realism, in its technical sense, is opposed to a poetical conception of nature. He was true in almost everything that he painted, if not in detail, at least in general effect. It is generally admitted that he has surpassed all others in color, and that few equaled him in his portraits. His chief characteristic is simplicity. He effectively concealed the means that he employed, and his works show no paint, or what is technically termed, the "palette." The colors that he used are known to have been few and common; it was the infinite changes that he rang upon them, the variety of surface that he extracted from them, which produced his marvelous effects.

* * *

There has been much discussion as to the technical means employed by Titian, and various theories have been given about his method of painting; but it is quite probable that Titian hardly knew himself how he produced his effects. He was in a sense entirely his own master, and he was too independent an artist to be fettered by rules and precepts; he decided upon what he wanted, and then went to work in the simplest and most direct way. He applied to his own use what he found good in others, but he did so for the sake of assimilation rather than for purposes of imitation. Most authorities say that Titian had three distinct manners, the first, hard and dry, resembling his master, Giovanni Bellini; the second, acquired from Giorgione, was more bold, and rich in color; the third was the result of his mature taste and judgment, and may be termed his own. In his earliest works the principal colors are the gayest a painter can use, red and green; in his later works, orange and blue.

From 'Károly's Guide to the Paintings of Venice.'

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THE MENTOR

THE STORY OF
CHEMISTRY

By
FLOYD L. DARROW

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VOLUME 8
NUMBER 7

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Discovery and Invention

There is a difference between discovery and invention. A discovery brings to light what existed before, but what was not known; an invention is the contrivance of something that did not exist before.

Many people, probably most people, think that, when a discovery is made, it comes all in a flash, as it were—that a new idea suddenly crops up, and its conception is a discovery. That may sometimes be the case.

We have all heard of the puzzle given to Archimedes; how he was asked to find out, without injuring it in the least, whether a certain crown consisted of silver or of gold; and by weighing it in the air and in water, he invented the method of taking specific gravity; for the crown when weighed in water lost weight equal to that of the water which it displaced. And he ran through the streets of Alexandria, crying, "Eureka! I have found it!"

His finding that the crown was of gold was a *discovery*; but he *invented* the method of determining the density of solids. Indeed, discoverers must generally be inventors; though inventors are not necessarily discoverers.

It is usually the case that discoveries have to be accompanied by inventions; the sequence is that to try any new thing, a piece of apparatus has to be devised which will effect the purpose—or perhaps an apparatus already known has to be altered—so that it may almost be said that invention and discovery go hand in hand.

Sir William Ramsay.

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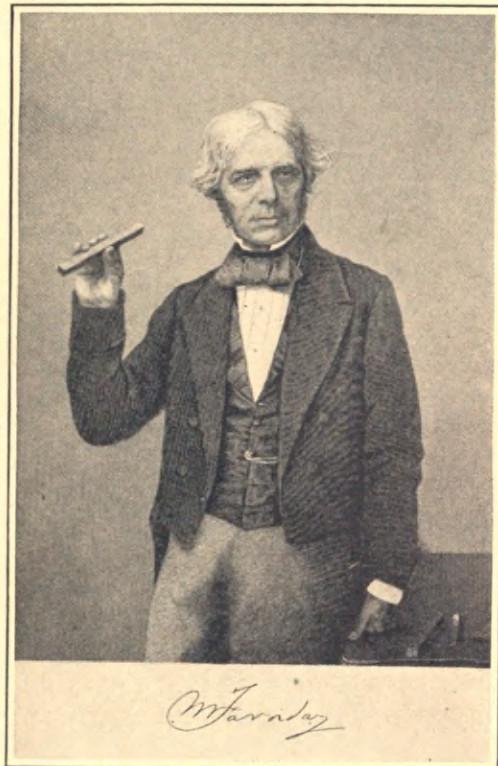
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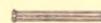
SIR MICHAEL FARADAY (1791-1867)

The first great physical chemist

THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY

By FLOYD L. DARROW

*Head of Science Department, Polytechnic
Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y.*



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THE ALCHEMIST, By Teniers

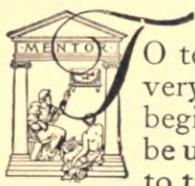
SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

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To tell the story of chemistry is to trace the material, and to a very large extent the intellectual, progress of the race from early beginnings to the present moment. For whether its activities be under the influence of the "ancient rule of thumb," or subject to the sway of the finger of modern science, chemistry has been the handmaid of industry and a mother of philosophical speculation.

The Egyptians, Phoenicians, Jews and other ancient peoples had a certain accidental and empirical* knowledge of applied chemistry. Indeed, the works of architecture, the weapons of warfare and the utensils of the domestic arts of those early civilizations would have been impossible without this knowledge. The metallurgy of the simple ores, viz.: gold, silver, copper, iron, lead and tin, was a highly perfected art. As the "bronze age" of primitive history bears testimony, a number of their alloys had been known for many centuries. The manufacture of glass

*Empirical knowledge is knowledge based on experience and observation rather than on scientific research.

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THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY

and its artificial coloring, tell us of the marvelous skill of these early workers. The preparation of soap, dyes and pigments, numerous medicines, oils and perfumes goes back to prehistoric times. A knowledge of fermentation, too, was one of the earliest possessions.

The Greeks contributed nothing to chemistry. Their deep aversion to experimentation, coupled with their genius for speculative philosophy, dealt a death blow to any scientific progress, and the pernicious influence of their early teachings had a withering effect all through the Middle Ages. Instead of proceeding from the known to the unknown and building their speculations upon personally acquired facts, the Greeks attempted to evolve the structure of a universe by intellectual processes alone. But their hypotheses were only guesses. Thus Democritus put forth a theory of the atoms, wonderfully similar to our modern view, but it had no relation to observed facts and was only a happy coincidence.

The long period of alchemy extending from the third century of our era to the middle of the sixteenth, and even in isolated instances to the closing decades of the nineteenth, prevented the beginnings of chemistry as a true science. Born in Egypt and carried by the Arabs into Spain and Central Europe, this false science swayed both church and state and numbered among its devotees such figures as Geber the Arabian, Basil Valentine, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Raymond Lully, Thomas Aquinas and many more. But the alchemists made little progress

towards explaining the chemical processes already known to the ancients. Scarcely any advance was made in the metallurgy of the ores. The art of dyeing remained stationary. A little progress was made in pottery and glass manufacture and a few new medicines came into use. There was some extension of the knowledge of artificially prepared compounds, but still the utmost confusion prevailed as to their real nature. Alchemy, however, represented one very great gain. It turned aside the current of pure speculation and gave a tremendous impulse to the actual working with substances. As a result great skill in manipulation was acquired and also a knowledge of fundamental chemical processes.



ROGER BACON (1214-1294)
Philosopher, Alchemist and originator
of experimental research



GEORG ERNST STAHL (1660-1734)
Father of the Phlogiston theory of
Combustion

Iatro Chemistry

Iatro, or medical chemistry, representing a transition period between the vagaries of alchemy and the beginnings of a rational chemistry, marks a great advance. This period centers about the picturesque figure of Paracelsus and extends from the first quarter of the sixteenth century to the middle of the following century. Paracelsus taught that "the object of chemistry is not to make gold but to prepare medicines." Retaining the three elements of the alchemists, mercury, sulphur and salt, he extended his conception to include animal and vegetable matter as well, and held that the health of the human organism depended upon the maintenance of a proper balance between these ingredients. Illness was due to a disturbance of this relation, and the patient might be restored to health by supplying the particular element of which there was a deficiency. Whether by accident or otherwise, Paracelsus became celebrated for many wonderful cures and was invited to occupy the chair of Medical Science at Basle, Switzerland, where, with great originality and an arrogance characteristic of the man, he promulgated his new ideas. Eventually driven from this position, he wandered about Europe preaching and practicing his doctrines until his death in wretched circumstances in 1541.

PARACELSIUS (1493-1541)
Father of medical chemistry and first
notable opponent of alchemy

into new and useful channels. The apothecary shops of Europe were transformed into research laboratories, in which, under the stimulus of preparing new medicines, many important discoveries were made. This was the heroic age of medical science and drugs of the most poisonous nature were freely used. Indeed, the poisonous properties of many of them were discovered in this way.

The Phlogiston Period

In Robert Boyle, seventh son of the Earl of Cork, chemistry found a real creative genius, who, breaking free from the fetters of Aristotle and Paracelsus, blazed a new path in the third, or Phlogiston, Period of the science. Unhampered by the superstitions of alchemy and the crudities

The great service rendered by iatro-chemistry consisted in turning chemical investigation

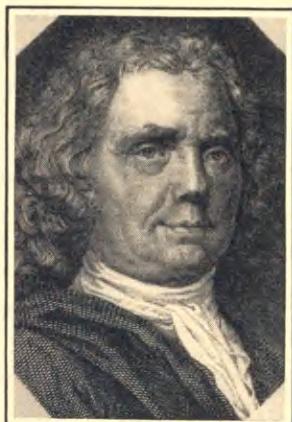


JOHN MAYOW (1643-1679)
He anticipated the discovery of oxygen
by a hundred years

THE STORY OF CHEMISTRY

of the iatro-chemists, Boyle recognized for the first time the undoubted existence of many elementary substances and numerous compound bodies. But above all he, first among chemists, boldly proclaimed that chemistry should be studied for its own sake, and not because of any possible aid to the alchemist or the physician. In his efforts to determine the real composition of bodies, he may rightfully be regarded as the father of analytical chemistry. Although he recognized that a metal upon being heated in the air gains weight, he did not find the key to the explanation of this fact, but believed in a fire stuff having weight, which was taken up in the process.

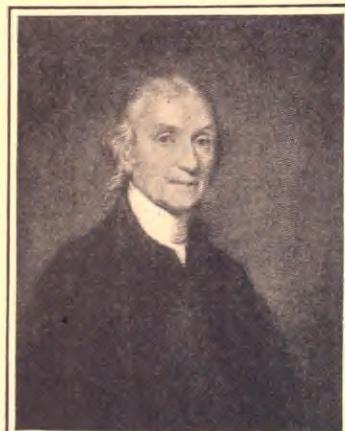
Man's first great conquest of Nature was demon-



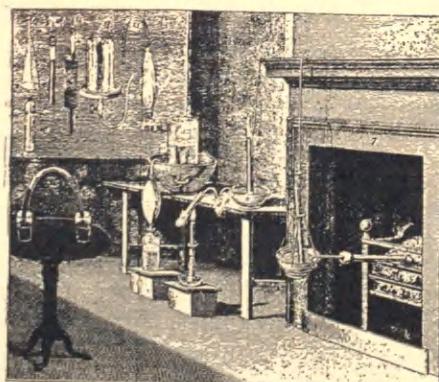
HERMANN BOERHAAVE
Famous Dutch chemist (1668-1738)

strated in his mastery of fire. Regarded with awe and superstition by primitive peoples, its explanation was always a perplexing problem. But the progress of modern chemistry was impossible until the mystery of combustion should be explained. Combustion enters so vitally into chemical processes that a knowledge of it is fundamental to their understanding. A man who came very close to arriving at a solution of this problem and who might have forwarded the progress of the science by one hundred years, had it not been for his early death, was John Mayow. His keen observation, recognizing in the air a substance which supports combustion, unites with metals and changes venous to arterial blood, thereby anticipated the discovery of oxygen.

Although it may be an incorrect one, the mind demands an explanation of observed phenomena, and, in his efforts to satisfy this demand, Georg Ernst Stahl established the famous *Phlogiston Theory* of combustion. Stahl, who was physician to the king of Prussia, put forth the idea that all combustible substances possess a common principle, which escapes during the process of burning. This imaginary substance he called *phlogiston*. Substances that almost entirely burn up like coal were nearly



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY (1733-1804)
Discoverer of oxygen



PRIESTLEY'S LABORATORY

pure phlogiston. Metals were not elements but compounds, (composed of more than one substance) and when they were heated in the air, phlogiston escaped. To restore the metal to its original state it was necessary that the *calx*, as the new product was called, should take back its lost phlogiston. This was accomplished by heating it with carbon. The necessity of air as a supporter of combustion was explained by saying that there must be something to absorb the phlogiston. The fact that a candle is soon extinguished, when confined in a small space, was regarded as due to the saturation of the air with phlogiston, so that it could take up no more.

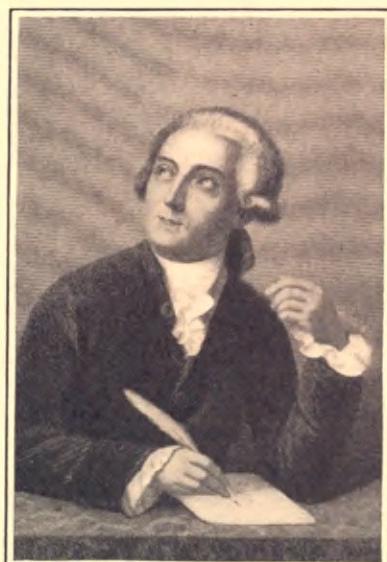
This was the first general principle enunciated in the history of chemistry, and it did seem to explain a large number of facts. For the first time it became possible to interpret and group a great variety of processes from one common viewpoint. And yet it was a false explanation. The chief difficulty encountered was the failure of the theory to explain the increase in weight resulting from the heating of a metal in the air. If phlogiston escaped, then the product should weigh less, not more, than the original metal. It was asserted, however, that phlogiston possessed the property of *levity*, or negative weight, and therefore with the loss of its buoyant effect a body should really weigh more. But no satisfactory explanation of combustion was given until Lavoisier appeared a half century later and, in a series of epoch-making experiments, put the phlogistonists to flight.

The Pneumatic Period

Immediately following the early phlogistonists and preceding the dawn of modern chemistry, there appeared a most brilliant group of chemical investigators, whose numerous discoveries greatly enriched the subject and laid the foundations for the present period. I refer to Black, Cavendish, Scheele and Priestley. This is pre-eminently the period of *pneumatic chemistry*, for their work had to do largely with gases.

Joseph Black, for many years professor of chemistry at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, carried out a now classic research on the gas carbon dioxide, which he called "fixed air." He obtained it in a great variety of ways, and his investigations afforded much ground for the subsequent overthrow of the phlogiston theory.

Henry Cavendish, fellow countryman and distinguished co-worker



ANTOINE LAURENT LAVOISIER
(1743-1794)
Father of modern chemistry

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with Black, was one of the most eccentric characters in the history of science. Possessed of great wealth, he lived the life of a recluse, shunning publicity, and devoting himself to the most accurate and painstaking research. And yet his investigations were all made for his own personal satisfaction, and not at all for the advancement of science. Cavendish discovered hydrogen, which he called inflammable air, and regarded it as pure phlogiston. He proved the composition of water and, with an accuracy scarcely excelled by the most improved of modern methods, determined the percentage composition of air. He produced nitric acid by passing electric sparks through air, and came very close to the discovery of the rare element, argon.

One of the most brilliant investigators of all time was Karl Wilhelm Scheele, the first great Swedish chemist. Hampered by poverty throughout his life, and carrying on his experiments in an apothecary shop, Scheele's one passion was the pursuit of truth. In one of his letters he wrote, "*It is the truth alone that we desire to know, and what joy there is in discovering it!*" Among Scheele's discoveries was that of oxygen, made at least two years before Priestley's independent discovery of the same substance, but not published until a later date. He also discovered chlorine, so important in bleaching, and the first of the poisonous gases used in the great war. He discovered and studied many inorganic compounds and perfected new methods of analysis. But, with the insight of true genius, he made a host of brilliant researches in the realm of organic chemistry, and he may be regarded as the virtual founder of this important branch of the subject. He was a pioneer in every field of chemistry, and his untimely death at the early age of forty-three was a distinct loss to the science.

The name of Joseph Priestley will forever be associated with the discovery of oxygen, which he accomplished on August 1, 1774, by heating red oxide of mercury with the aid of a twenty-inch burning glass. By profession Priestley was a minister, but he early became interested in the study of gases, and devoted much of his life to this pursuit. He called his



CLAUDE LOUIS BERTHOLLET
(1748-1822)

A co-worker with Lavoisier and discoverer of the important law of "mass action"



JOHN DALTON (1766-1844)
Propounder of the "Atomic Theory"

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JÖNS JAKOB BERZELIUS (1779-1848)
The "Czar of Chemistry" for half a century

new gas "dephlogisticated air," because of the great brilliancy with which it supported combustion (which means that the gas produced and maintained burning). A mouse placed in it became much more lively, and he himself was greatly invigorated from breathing the gas. Priestley discovered that plants would restore to phlogisticated air, or air robbed of its oxygen, the power to support combustion. He also investigated and analyzed many other gases.

But strange as it now seems, none of this group of experimenters perceived that they were laying the ground work for a new theory of combustion. With the exception of Black, each remained a staunch phlogistonist to the end.

The Birth of Modern Chemistry

With the investigations of the illustrious Antoine Laurent Lavoisier (lah'-vwah-see-ay) and his genius for interpretation of previously discovered facts, we have the birth of *modern chemistry*. Born into a family of wealth, and given every advantage of education, Lavoisier at an early age established a well equipped laboratory and turned his attention to science. To his everlasting credit he attacked the problems of chemistry with the balance, and sought to establish the quantitative relations of chemical reactions. The first classic proofs of the fundamental law of the conservation of matter, *i.e.*, that matter can neither be created nor destroyed, we owe to his brilliant demonstrations. First of these was his famous proof that water cannot be transformed into earth. In a sealed glass vessel, he boiled pure water for one hundred days and at the end of that time found that the vessel and contents had not changed in weight. Thus nothing had been gained from the fire. The empty vessel had lost in weight, but the sediment from the evaporated water exactly equaled this loss, showing that the apparent formation of earth was due to the solution of glass by the water.

But Lavoisier's most important contribution to chemistry and the foundation stone of subsequent progress was his accurate and brilliant explanation of combustion. Learning from Priestley of dephlogisticated air and its



ROBERT WILLIAM BUNSEN
(1811-1899)
The first to use the spectroscope in
chemical analysis

properties, he repeated Priestley's experiments, and, thereby, obtained the key to a number of previous observations. Lavoisier had heated a weighed quantity of tin in a sealed glass vessel, thus changing a portion of it into tin oxide. The vessel as a whole did not gain in weight, but, when Lavoisier opened it, air rushed in. This showed that the tin had united with something in the air. The increase in weight of the vessel and contents was now found to equal exactly the weight that had been gained by the tin. Therefore, Lavoisier rightly concluded that Priestley's newly discovered gas was the supporter of combustion and the cause of the increase in weight, when metals are heated in the air. Considering that this element is an essential constituent of all acids, he gave to it the name "oxygen," which means acid-former. Since this assumption, however, is not true, it proved a stumbling block for many years to a true knowledge of a number of elements. Lavoisier's *Elementary Chemistry*, containing his new ideas and a greatly extended list of elements and compounds, wrought a chemical revolution, and gave to the phlogiston theory its death blow. Having incurred the enmity of the Revolutionary Government, Lavoisier was guillotined in 1794, and chemistry lost the most conspicuous figure of the times.

Berthollet and Proust

The history of chemistry in the early years of the last century was marked by a keen controversy between two French chemists, Louis Berthollet (ber'-to-lay) and



JUSTUS VON LIEBIG (1803-1873)
Father of agricultural chemistry

Joseph Proust, which resulted in the establishment of the fundamental law of *Definite Proportions*. Berthollet, denying the existence of this law, contended that two elements do not combine in definite proportions to form compounds, but said there might be any number of compounds produced by the combination of the *same two* elements. After a series of most accurate researches, covering a period of eight years, Proust conclusively demonstrated the falsity of this assertion. Since then the truth of the statement—"The composition of a chemical compound never varies" (which is the law of definite proportions)—has been proved by a host of investigators.



LOUIS PASTEUR (1822-1895)
Pioneer investigator of fermentation and contagious diseases



LOUIS JOSEPH PROUST
(1755-1826)

Dalton and the Atomic Theory

Passing over Sir Humphry Davy, whose work has been discussed in another place, the next great figure is John Dalton, the father of the Atomic Theory. This theory is the most important and far-reaching generalization in the history of the science, and is, even at the present moment, the guiding principle of chemical investigation. The son of a poor weaver and early left to support himself, Dalton became a school teacher and an earnest student of the physical sciences. From his study of gases and the determination of the compositions of a number of them, Dalton came to the conclusion that *elements are made up of smallest particles called atoms, and that chemical compounds of the*

elements are formed by the union of these atoms in simple numerical proportions. This is the Atomic Theory. But the vast difference between this theory and that of the Greek philosopher, Democritus, rests upon the fact that Dalton came to his conclusions as the result of experimental work and not speculation. The theory helped to explain observed facts and led to the discovery of new ones. This is the supreme test of any hypothesis.

The Beginnings of Research

The foundation for the great researches of the last century had now been laid. A veritable paradise of chemical possibilities invited the investigator. New paths opened on every hand, and the atmosphere of Europe was alive with the spirit of scientific research. After the introduction of the atomic theory and an appreciation of the fact that, when the atoms enter into combination, they do so in proportion to certain definite relative weights, it became a matter of the utmost importance to determine these atomic numbers. No correlated knowledge of chemical compositions nor rational system of naming compounds could be possible without it. These numbers, too, are the most significant set of constants in the universe, and whatever the physicist may decide as to the ultimate particle of matter, for the chemist the atom will probably remain forever the practical working unit.

The great Swedish chemist, Jons Jakob Berzelius, took up this task as his life work, and



COUNT RUMFORD (1753-1814)
Born Benjamin Thompson, Woburn,
Mass. Founder of the Royal Institution,
London, and of the Rumford chair of
Physics, Harvard University

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with an unsurpassed zeal for accuracy and thoroughness enriched the science as hardly any other man has ever done. He did not confine himself to the determination of atomic weights alone, but developed every important branch of the subject. For nearly half a century he was the czar of chemistry. A wonderful teacher, he drew to his simple laboratories in Stockholm many who were to be great leaders in the years to follow. Not always correct in his assumptions, he was a creative genius of the first rank, and chemists will never forget the debt they owe him.

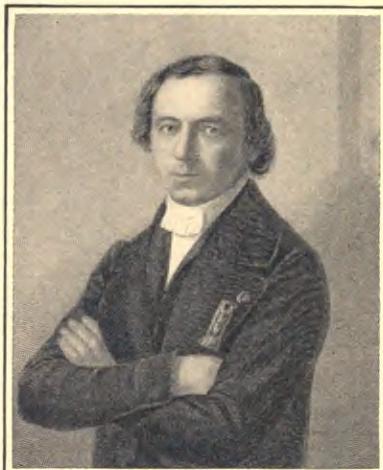
Great Chemists of the Last Century

Among the contemporaries of Berzelius was Gay Lussac, a brilliant French chemist, who discovered iodine and formulated the law of the combining volumes of gases. Two great German chemists, whose work extended for a quarter of a century beyond that of Berzelius, were Justus Liebig and Friedrich Wöhler. Liebig was a pioneer in the fields of physiological and agricultural chemistry, and, as a teacher, he was the first to give systematic laboratory instruction. Possessed of tremendous energy himself, he imparted his enthusiasm to his pupils, among whom he numbered the greatest chemists of the last century. Wöhler in 1828 made one of the most epoch-making discoveries of all time. He effected the first artificial preparation of an organic compound, and forever destroyed the belief that the production of such compounds is dependent upon a "vital force." He opened up the rich field of synthetic chemistry and did most important work in it. The life-long friendship of these two men is one of the most beautiful incidents in the history of the science.

Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, together with Kirchoff, in 1854 perfected the spectroscope, an instrument that not only affords the chemist his most delicate means of detecting elements, but also enables him to analyze the stars. Faraday, the pupil of Davy and his successor in the Royal Institution, was the first great physical chemist. He liquefied the first gases and formulated the fundamental relation between electricity and chemical action. In his laboratory may still be seen the small bottle of benzene, which was the first coal tar product ever extracted, and constitutes him the forerunner of a mighty industry. Dumas, a great French chemist, contributed much to theoretical and analytical chemistry, while his fellow-countryman, Louis Pasteur, has done immortal work on the chemistry of fermentation and the allied subject of contagious diseases. Kekulé and Van't Hoff, with their new theories of the constitution of carbon compounds, wrought a revolution in the domain of organic chemistry. Arrhenius, a distinguished Swedish chemist, has given us an electrolytic hypothesis of chemical action, scarcely less important and farreaching than Dalton's conception of the atoms.

The Periodic Law

But even with all this, the elements and their compounds had not been welded into a coherent system. No fundamental principle seemed to govern their relationships. There were aggregations of isolated facts but no law of harmony. Then came the Russian Mendeléeff and the German Lothar Meyer, who, independently of each other, discovered that, back of this seeming chaos, law and order reigned supreme. There was a system, and they had found the key. Their great generalization is known as the Periodic Law. They found that, if the elements are arranged in the order of



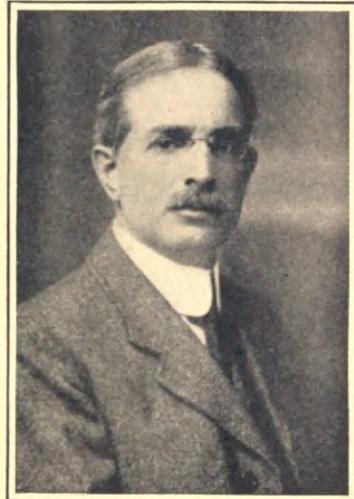
JEAN BAPTISTE ANDRE DUMAS
(1800-1884)

A great French chemist and a pioneer in organic chemistry

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their atomic weights, natural periods result of approximately eight elements in each, and, here is the remarkable fact, the members of any particular period repeat in order the properties of the elements in the preceding period. In the language of Robert Kennedy Duncan, "Just as the pendulum returns again in its swing, just as the moon returns in its orbit, just as the advancing year ever brings the rose of spring, so do the properties of the elements periodically recur as the weights of the atoms rise." There were a few exceptions to the law, and a number of blank spaces in the table, but no one could doubt that back of this system stood a plan. One more step had been taken in unraveling the mysteries of the universe. The veil was drawn aside, and men seemed to catch a glimpse of the eternal purposes of the Great Architect.

So great was Mendeléeff's faith in this law that he predicted the discovery of three new elements to fit certain blank spaces in the table. Not only have these elements been discovered, but their properties are practically identical with those foretold by the great Russian chemist. Since then the discovery of other elements, as radium and the rare gases of the atmosphere, have been made, but they all take their natural places in accordance with their atomic weights. For the first time a general principle was seen to run throughout chemical phenomena and bind them into an intelligible system.



THEODORE WILLIAM RICHARDS

Professor of Chemistry at Harvard
and the most accurate investigator in the
field of atomic weights

A New Era in Chemistry

Within the last few decades the application of these great principles to the solution of chemical problems has ushered in a "new era in chemistry." The accidental knowledge of the Ancients grew into a system, and the system has become an organized science. Our new knowledge of radio-activity is giving us a deeper insight into the mysteries of the electrons and that vast realm of chemical activity within the atoms themselves. There appears to be little doubt that the electrons, those infinitely small particles which seem to compose the atoms of all elements, represent the primal stuff from which this universe has sprung and into which it may revert. That chemists will some day be able to control the activities of these electrons, is confidently believed, and the world would not be surprised at any moment to learn that the dream of the alchemist has at last come true.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY

By Ernest von Meyer

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY

By F. J. Moore

THE STORY OF ALCHEMY

By M. M. P. Muir

NEW ERA IN CHEMISTRY

By H. C. Jones

ESSAYS IN HISTORICAL CHEMISTRY

By Sir Edward Thorpe

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE

By Robert K. Duncan

MODERN CHEMISTRY AND ITS WONDERS

By Geoffrey Martin

* * * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

THE OPEN LETTER

What is the meaning of the word "Chemistry," and what was its origin? We are told that *Chemia* is the ancient name for Egypt and that, since the art of working over metals in an endeavor to produce gold and silver—the art of "alchemy"—was practised first in Egypt, the term "Science of Chemistry" may have been used originally to mean the "Science of Egypt." *Chemia* also means "black and hidden," referring no doubt to the black soil of Egypt. Considering the word in this sense it seems possible that "chemistry" may have meant "black or hidden art." We find one authority noting that *chemia* means "black" and also that the first step in the ancient alchemist's experiments in changing metals was a process of *blackening*, the writer concluding from this that *chemia* may, at first, have simply meant the substance employed in blackening the metal—which was the so-called "philosopher's stone." He further states that ancient Arabic writers used the term *al kimiyyâ* to indicate, not the art itself, but a substance employed in the art. The Arabs got the word from Egypt when they over-ran that country in the seventh century. The Arabs appropriated the mystic processes of the Egyptians, and gave the name *alchemy* to the art of making gold and silver out of baser metals. The prefix *al* is the Arabic for *the*, and we still have it preserved in such chemical terms as alcohol and alkali.

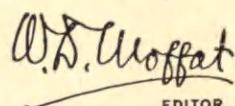
★ ★ ★

Today we live in the age of creative chemistry. The great forces of Nature are yielding up their secrets, and the chemist and the physicist are harnessing them to the performance of the world's work. Chemistry is the mightiest resource both of peace and war. There is no industry which does not have its chemical problems and scarcely a phase of human activity which chemistry does not touch. Like the wizard that he is, the chemist fabricates substitutes for basic materials such as cotton, copper, rubber and wool. In his furnaces he obtains temperatures rivaling those of the sun and with each new advance he makes fresh conquests. The Great War was simply a tremendous contest between chemical

forces. From the poisonous gases, the high explosives, the armor plate and the big guns, to the healing drugs of the hospitals and the fertilizers for the production of food stuffs, it was all a matter of chemistry. More to be dreaded than Germany's armies were the chemists in the laboratories. But now that peace has come the problems of the chemist are none the less great. With the energy of the alchemist, but the genius of true insight, he is applying himself to their solution and achievements surpassing anything yet done are doubtless within his grasp.

★ ★ ★

We have had our troubles during the last six months—a nine weeks' printers' strike during which not a word of *Mentor* material could be put on a press, then labor trouble that took the form, in one instance, of a deliberate and mischievous mixing-up of *Mentor* text and pictures, and, finally, delays and difficulties in postal service and transportation. We have worked our way through the "briars of distress" and are, at length, on the highway again, and on our regular publishing schedule. For a good-natured patience beyond parallel, I believe, in periodical publishing, I want to thank *The Mentor* members from the bottom of my heart. The best asset *The Mentor* has—and it is a priceless one—is the good will of its readers. It has meant everything to us during these months of sore trial. Letter upon letter has come in, with an anxious call for missing *Mentors* and *Mentors* a month late, and, in so many of these letters, there has been the considerate clause: "I suppose it's the printers' strike. I'm sorry—but I do want my *Mentor*." One cry from far-off Seattle struck home with an appeal that ought to move the heart even of a union printer. "I want my *Mentor*," a young reader wrote, "I have been like a child wandering alone in the dark without it." The most cheering thing in our work is the fact, made clear in the mail every day, that *The Mentor* is regarded, not simply as a bit of entertaining literature but as a *necessity* in the development and improvement of one's self.


W.B. Moffat
EDITOR

THE END OF ALCHEMY



ALCHEMY, among scientific men—at least in England—came to an end with a tragedy. James Price, a distinguished amateur chemist of the 18th century, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of England, imagined that he had succeeded in compounding a powder that would convert mercury or any other of the baser metals into gold or silver. This amazing claim, coming after years of alchemy experiments and failures, created, naturally, a tremendous sensation. Mr. Price was a man of repute—not a quack—and when he communicated his discovery to his scientific friends, a discussion followed that made it necessary for him to demonstrate without delay by making gold in the presence of a select assembly of men of rank and science. Mr. Price's experiments, seven in number, were commenced on the 6th of May, 1782, and ended on the 25th. In all these experiments gold and silver were apparently produced. Some of the gold was presented to George III, King of England, who received it with gracious appreciation. The University of Oxford bestowed a degree upon Price; and his work, containing an account of his experiments, ran through two editions in the course of a few months. Then came a fierce conflict in the press, and, finally, the Royal Society felt it necessary to call upon Price, as a Fellow of the Society, to prove to his associates that he could really make gold. Publicity seemed to overwhelm Price to such an extent that he lost confidence, and, for a long time, he tried, in various ways, to evade the test. He declined to renew his experiments on the ground that, although he had made a valuable discovery, it was not of practical value, since the cost of manufacturing gold in this manner was greater than the value of the gold obtained; that it would cost 17 pounds sterling to make only one ounce of gold.

His excuses, however, were of no avail. Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, pointed out to Price that his own honor, and the honor of the leading scientific society of the world, were implicated. Price was forced, finally, to make some more of the precious powder so as to satisfy the Royal Society. He asked to be permitted to go to his laboratory at Guildford for a few days to prepare for the great test. He left London in January, 1783, and, when he arrived at Guildford, he closed himself in his laboratory, where his first employment was to distil a quantity of laurel-water in a mysterious way. Then he commenced the preparation of his magic powder.

After six months he invited the members of the Royal Society to meet him at his laboratory. By that time sentiment had gone strongly against Price. Three members alone accepted the invitation. Price received them with cordiality, though he seemed to feel acutely the want of confidence implied by there being so few. When the time had come to begin the experiment, he stepped quickly to one side for a moment, raised the flask of laurel-water, bowed to his friends, and swallowed the contents. His visitors, seeing an immediate and shocking change in his appearance, called for medical assistance—but it was too late. The laurel-water had been distilled with one of the quickest and deadliest of poisons ever known, and in a few seconds the unfortunate man was dead.

It can never be fully ascertained whether he was himself deceived, or whether he wilfully deceived others; but Alchemy in England thus ended in a sensational and tragic manner.

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DEPARTMENT OF

THE MENTOR NOVA SCOTIA

By
RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY AND TRAVEL

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 8

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

THE PICTURESQUE PROVINCE

NO part of the entire peninsula of Nova Scotia is more than thirty miles from the sea. The surface of the country is undulating, though not mountainous, the highest ridge not being 1,200 feet in height. The picturesqueness of the Province is chiefly attributable to its numerous and beautiful lakes, its harbors dotted with islands, its rivers and streams, and a pleasing variety of highland and valley. The seaward coast of the Province has been likened to a granite wall, indented by innumerable bays, fiords, and inlets. Wide and sandy beaches sweep gradually towards the firm soil, from headland to headland; quaint and quiet fishing villages and hamlets underlie the rocks, sentinelled by countless islands along the coast.

If the Atlantic shore is seemingly sterile and iron-bound, it is far otherwise with the interior. The peach and the grape ripen in the open air, and the growth of maize and root crops might well excite the envy of a farmer in Perthshire or Elgin. Where the surface is not fertile, the riches are beneath, in the form of coal, iron, gypsum, and other minerals (including gold). Then when we get on the "Fundy side" of the peninsula, we meet the broad alluvial plains, intersected by tortuous rivers. This is the land of the monstrous Fundy tides, whose high-mounting, foaming "bore," or tidal wave, sweeps irresistibly shoreward, making the smallest creeks fill like turbulent rivers, but met and baffled along the low-lying shore by the dikes that were first reared by the Norman peasants three centuries ago, reclaiming the rich marshland from the salt tide. Here is situated, too, that "hundred miles of apple blossoms," otherwise known as the Annapolis Valley, sheltered between the North and South Mountains, and the famous marshes of Tantramar.

"Every town, every county," remarks a Nova Scotia writer, "cherishes traditions of its old families, its first settlers; of the adventurous sea-captain, whose life reads like one of Smollett's novels; the man who settled half a county; the founder of the first academy; the loyalist who lost all for his flag." There is no province in Canada where memories of the past are sweeter, where yesterday has a magic that today can never impart.

From "Nova Scotia," by Beckles Willson.

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THE MENTOR . DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL
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RUINS OF THE GRAND BATTERY OF THE FORTRESS OF LOUISBOURG

Erected in 1720 by the French on the coast of Cape Breton (25 miles from Sydney). Destroyed by the English in 1758

NOVA SCOTIA

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD, *Author and Traveler*

MENTOR GRAVURES

FORT ANNE, ANNAPOLIS • THE WILLOWS OF GRAND PRÉ • LAKE BRAS D'OR
DIGBY BASIN • IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA • BIRTHPLACE OF JUDGE HALIBURTON



If you would read history that is romance, and poetry that is history, turn back the yellowed pages of the story of Nova Scotia. Nowhere are legend and fact more closely united; nowhere have tradition and history a fairer foothold than on the oddly-contoured peninsula that swings so sturdily out from the continent to meet the westward waves. On crest and harbor edge, island and prairie, we who run the length and breadth of this ancient haunt of romance may read the epic of discovery; the hardihood of medieval sea-fishers; the heroism of the first home-makers north of the Gulf of Mexico; the ceaseless struggle of savages against white men, of French against English; the dispersion of the Acadian farm-folk, whose tale Longfellow has told in immortal measure.

The land, so richly dowered with memories of brave deeds and stirring episodes, shares its history with the sea. It opens for the ocean's ingress numberless harbor mouths, and lures the deep to its very heart. Except for a narrow span connecting the "mayflower province" with New Brunswick and the continent, Nova Scotia would be, not a peninsula, but an island, three hundred and sixty miles long, with a nearly uniform width of sixty-five miles. Cape Breton, which is not a promontory, but gets its name from one, has become a pair of islands, instead of a single sea-lapped entity, by the cutting of a short canal at St. Peter's, on the



THE MOUTH OF THE GASPÉREAU RIVER

About a mile below the village of Grand Pré. Here the evicted Acadians were placed on board vessels that carried them away from their native meadows in the fall and winter of 1755. Longfellow placed the cottage of "Evangeline" near this point

southern shore. At the center of the "Isle of the Cape," which forms the upper part of the province, a huge, many-armed bay is set like a radiant blue jewel amid the prongs of out-thrust woods and pastures.

A Thousand Years Ago

One of the first land-falls achieved by doughty Icelanders was the coast of Nova Scotia. Said Leif, son of Eric Red of Brattahild, when he looked upon this strand in the year 1000, "We shall give it a name according to its kind;" and called it "Markland," meaning woodland.

Five centuries went by, during which no venturesome sail loomed off the sandy shores of the aboriginal domain. Columbus' flotilla sailed to the south; he saw not even the edge of the continent. Cabot put foot on Norse-named Markland, and claimed it for England. A century of discovery and exploration followed in his wake, and an increasing number of mariners—French, English, Portuguese—carried to Europe reports of the amazing wealth of the fisheries off the new-found continent. The banks off Markland—known to seafarers of the sixteenth century as the "Land of the Bretons"—were alive with fishing-boats, seeking cod.

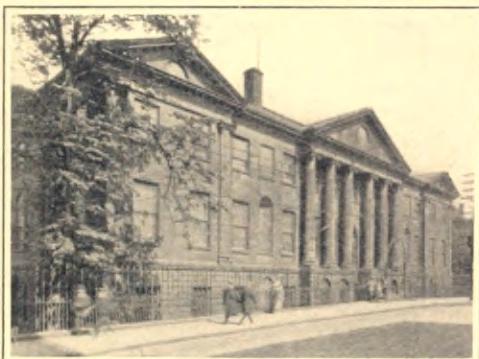
The Micmac Indians, of Algonquin stock, found this part of the continent so plentifully endowed that they bestowed a name signifying admiration—*Akade*, "a place that is good," or, freely translated, "a land of plenty." In their language, *wobe-akade* meant—still means—"a place where swans abound"; *segubun-akade*, "ground-nut place." When the French arrived they adopted as the name of the whole peninsula, and a portion of the continent to the west, the Indian term, which they spelled "*Acadie*." The place of the ground-nuts became "Shubenacadie," and so remains, like many another French name given three centuries ago. The immigrants that tilled the farmlands were called "Acadians," and this name, which suggests so much of romance, clings to those of French descent who dwell in great numbers to this day within the bounds of Nova Scotia.

Not only was the coast of Nova Scotia one of the first to be discovered on the continent, but her inland shores were, with one exception, the first in North America to give shelter to white men.* It was in 1605 that Sieur de Monts (monz) and his compatriots, having abandoned a winter camp on an island at the mouth of the St. Croix River, laid out a village guarded by an island fort, about six miles from the present site of Annapolis. In 1643 a fort was erected further up the shore of Annapolis Basin, and about it grew a French settlement. The village and fort of Port Royal were absorbed by the British in 1710, and renamed in honor of Queen Anne.

Nova Scotia came by the fifth of its names when the French had been temporarily dispossessed of their lands, and Sir William Alexander had secured from his king, in 1621, the right to colonize the peninsula. As

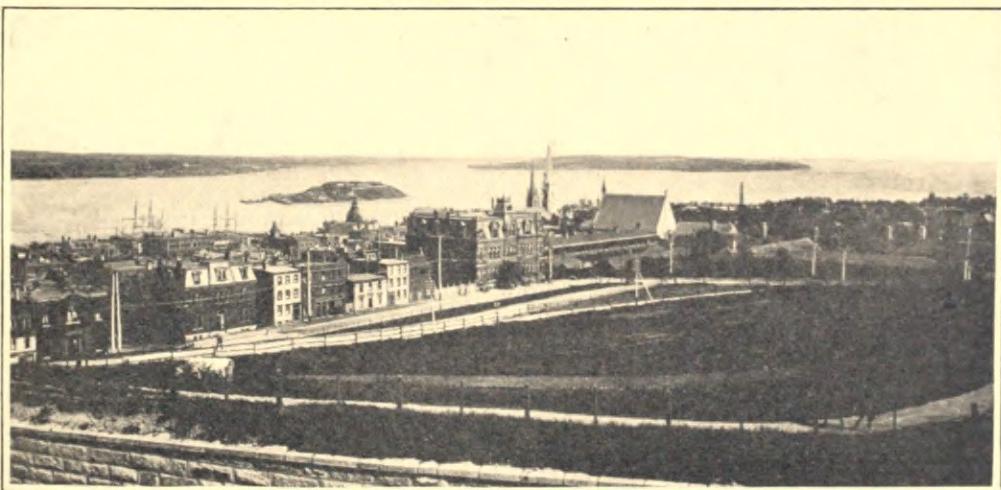
there had been a New France, a New Spain, and a New England, so the aspiring Scotch desired to affix upon the maps of the coveted territory the name, New Scotland, or, in the Latin of the original charter, *Nova Scotia*.

The French, crowded out of Acadia, ruled as lords of Cape Breton, the "Royal Isle," until the downfall in 1758 of the "Gibraltar of America," the supposedly unconquerable fortress of Louisbourg. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were definitively reunited in 1820, and in 1867 they became, unwillingly be it said, a part of the Confederation of Canada.



PROVINCIAL BUILDING, HALIFAX

Completed in 1818, it contains the Legislative Halls, a rare old library, and portraits of celebrated Nova Scotians by Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. In the adjoining yard is a memorial statue of Joseph Howe, a predominating figure in Provincial history



HALIFAX HARBOR FROM CITADEL HILL

*The site of St. Augustine, Florida, was chosen by Menendez in 1565

Halifax, the Capital

One of the most enduring things the British accomplished in Nova Scotia was the founding, in 1749, of the garrison city of Halifax. Even then, the armored heights of the capital warned off menacing French and Indians. When Charles Dickens sailed into the imposing harbor of Halifax a century later, en route to Boston, he looked, as may we, "on a town built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress." Since the catastrophe of 1917, which swept clear whole sections of drab wooden buildings, Halifax has donned a more becoming dress. Rows of dingy, down-at-heel streets have been supplanted by brighter, more substantial thoroughfares. Halifax and its friends are cheered by the change. A century ago, when he was contributing the "Sayings of Sam Slick" to Joe Howe's *Nova Scotian*, Judge Haliburton alluded to the capital as "a modern wooden ruin." A generation later, Charles Dudley Warner naïvely described it as "a city of great private virtue, whose banks are sound." The air of decorum somewhat oppressively worn by the gray old city, "warden of the honour of the North," is relieved by the scarlet coats and jaunty caps of regular-army Canadians from the garrison.

The hilly streets of Halifax are so many steps leading to the citadel. From this commanding summit there is a famous view of historic Dartmouth; of the harbor and its fortified islands; of North West Arm and Bedford Basin—the encircling inlets whose wooded charms, like those of Pleasant Park, go far to offset a lack in municipal beauty. On the borders of a suburb there is a green acre where rows of nameless headstones mark the resting-place of unidentified victims of the *Titanic* disaster, brought hither by rescue ships. A vast modern work has been completed on the waterfront by the national Government at a cost of \$20,000,000. New piers, quays and terminals—marine and rail—affect traffic conditions in the city and province, and in the country at large. Halifax is the Atlantic port of the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The road connecting the seaboard with what was then called Upper and Lower Canada was laid in the early seventies. When summoned to surrender their rights as a seclusive and individual government, and join the Confederation, the Nova Scotians demanded this concession as a recompense. In



THE WELL AND THE WILLOWS

All that remains of the French village of Grand Pré, put to the torch by Winslow's order

their protest against the Act that united eastern and central Canada, the people were led by the greatest of Haligonians, Joe Howe, orator, journalist and patriot, whose name is a tradition throughout province and Dominion.

The Tides of Fundy

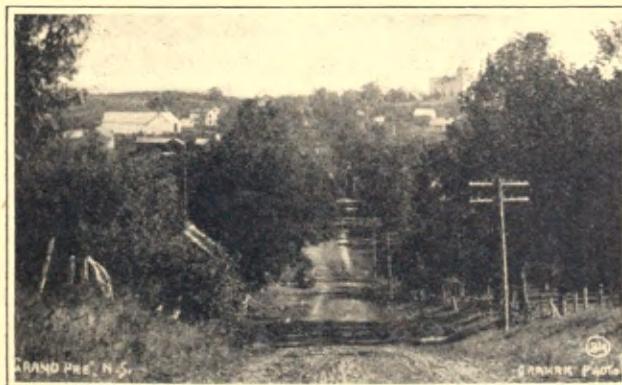
At the town of Windsor, on the banks of the "inconstant Avon," we enter the realm of the Fundy tides. The Avon River drains into Minas Basin, an arm of the Bay of Fundy. Two hundred miles distant from the mouth of the notorious inlet, the river rises twice a day forty to fifty feet, and, ebbing, leaves the bed exposed—a crimson gash that only the returning tide can close. From Yarmouth to Truro, Nova Scotia, and Moncton, New Brunswick, the "fluvial bore" provides alternating scenes of plenty and desolation. As an American humorist remarked on the occasion of a visit about half a century back, "The Avon would have been a charming river if there had been a drop of water in it. I never knew before how much water adds to a river."

Looking at a map of the Bay, it is easy to understand the cause of the enormous rise and fall of the double tides of Fundy. Every twelve hours the Atlantic tide sets from Cape Sable, at the southeastermost point of the peninsula, and invades the broad-mouthed Bay at the rate of two to three miles an hour. Pouring through a portal sixty miles wide, the vast

body of water forces its way through a passage that gradually contracts in width and, at the upper end, divides into two narrow arms: Chignecto Bay and Minas Channel and Basin. So swift is the rush of the tidal flood that boys digging bait on the ruddy bed of tide-deserted streams are often perched high on a pier, an hour or two later, angling for sea trout.



THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANTERS
Grand Pré. Erected over a hundred years ago on the edge of an apple orchard



THE PRESENT-DAY VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ
Occupied by people of English and Scotch ancestry

Besides its tides and its ruined fort, an English stronghold during the struggle for the Minas country, Windsor has distinction as the birthplace of Thomas Haliburton, whose position as "the first American humorist" has been sustained by critics of both hemispheres. As a youth, the author of "Sam Slick the Clockmaker" attended King's College, which received its charter from George the Third. Founded in Windsor in 1794, this is the oldest university in the British colonies. Many of its alumni have filled honorable positions in the Dominion and Empire. In February, 1920, the venerable seat of learning suffered the loss by fire of most of the buildings that had for so long occupied the shady height above the town.

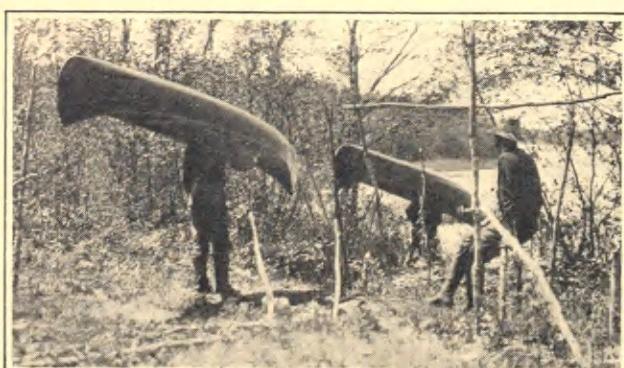
The Acadian Prairie-Land

As we continue along the Minas shore, we gaze on fields from which mists of memory rise, like exhalations of a phantom past. At Horton's Landing we search the level marshland for the roof "with oaken beams" that sheltered the girl Evangeline. In the cove, watched by a single tree, we see in imagination grim ships riding the tide; hear

"Voices of women and of men, and the crying of children
The stir and noise of embarking."

The road followed by the banished Acadians leads back over a rise to the meadow that for all time will remain a place apart, fenced in, made sacrosanct, by the magic lines of Longfellow. The village he described vanished a century and a half ago. The field by the roadside is empty now, except for the crooked French willows that marked the edge of the settlement and the well that served the householders of Grand Pré. But we can still trace the outline of the Chapel of St. Charles, where fathers and sons were detained on that sorry day in September, 1755. Search discloses, also, the foundation of the priest's house, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow stayed while he carried out the orders despatched from Boston by his superior officer. General Lawrence commanded that the whole country be cleared of the Neutrals, and that they be

"placed on vessels assembled in the Basin of Minas" and sent to the various American colonies to whom allotments of them had been assigned. If the Acadians resisted, Winslow was not only to compel them to embark, but was to deprive "those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses, and destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."* When Winslow had executed the business of assembling the Acadian



A CANOE "CARRY" OR PORTAGE
In the interior of the peninsula

*From the original orders and correspondence relative to the removal of the Neutral French from Nova Scotia, Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.



ON THE BANKS OF LAKE KEDGE.
MAKOOGEE

Distant 35 miles by motor-road from Annapolis

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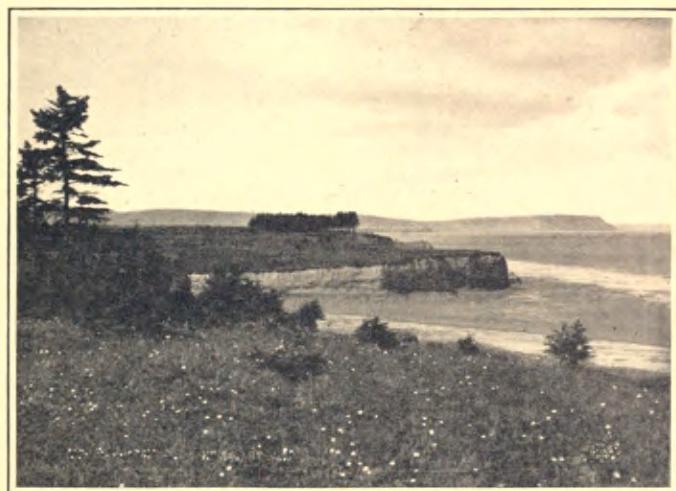
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inhabitants of the Districts of Minas and Annapolis Royal, they were to be shipped away at the rate of "two persons to each ton." Lawrence addressed letters to governors of the Atlantic and Southern colonies, urging them to dispose of their allotments of exiles "in such manner as may best answer in preventing their reunion."

Beneath the boughs of the village trees met in daily intercourse a people "doomed to be snatched from the hearth and dispersed to the four winds." If sod and willows might speak! Here the Acadian *habitants*, "a simple and ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, having few wants and those of the rudest," gathered to exchange warnings of Indian raids; to whisper on a winter day of the massacre of English soldiers quartered in Grand Pré; to rehearse the counsels of the priest concerning the *Neutrals'* behavior toward the English, toward the French; to ponder oft-times upon the meaning of mysterious movements of the troops of their oppressors. Those were years of complexity. Little wonder that the sum of their confusion was disaster.

After the Acadians were expelled, their lands were taken over by English and Scotch settlers, and a village rose above the plain, the first village having been destroyed by fire. Prim cottages now climb the road from the railway station of Grand Pré between tall rows of Normandy poplars. At the top of the hill is a century-old Covenanter church. Its spire surveys the prairie, two miles wide by three miles long, which French artisans reclaimed by draining the sea water and raising dikes composed of tree trunks crossed lattice-wise and stopped with clay. The meadows behind the dikes yield three to four tons of hay to the acre, and, at the harvest, are dotted by curious ricks, raised high above an accident of tide.



CAPE BLOMIDON

As it looks from the Kingsport side of Minas Basin

Mounting toward Wolfville, we look down upon ranks of apple trees, entwined by the silver length of the "stilly Gaspereau," and offset by squares of green and yellow fields, spotted with white houses and spacious barns—a view peculiarly Nova Scotian in its tranquil plenitude. Most visitors to the Land of Evangeline make their headquarters at one or the other of the pleasant inns of Wolfville, and drive through the valley, or by way of Evangeline Beach, to Grand Pré. One of the first students to enroll at Acadia University, in Wolfville, was Charles Tupper, once apprenticed to the village cobbler, and afterwards hailed as the founder of the Canadian Dominion.

A road second only to the Grand Pré drive for vistas of pastoral beauty winds out through Kentville and Canning, or by way of the orchards of Starr's Point, and ascends the slope of "North Mountain." The beauty of the prospect from the top of this elongated barrier, that stretches without interruption from Blomidon to Digby, is beyond exaggeration. Six rivers contribute the opulence of their valleys; from a tower on the edge of "Look-Off" we see into five counties. Beyond the radiant floor of the Cornwallis Valley is the wide blue haze of Minas water, and the red buttress of Cape Blomidon—a promontory charged with glowing crystals, and with legends of Glooscap, god of the Micmacs, whose might shaped Blomidon, where his dwelling-



CHETICAMP HARBOR

A fishing port on the northwest shore of Cape Breton Island. Here most of the settlers are of Acadian descent

place was. A little steamer crosses according to the tide, each day at a different hour, from Wolfville and Kingsport to Parrsboro. Partridge Island, like Blomidon, is renowned for its lashing tides, its stores of semi-precious stones, and deeds of Glooscap. The "back country" of this remote region is rich in coal mines and forests, and forms the widest part of the Nova Scotia peninsula.

Storied Annapolis

If you would hear quaint tales of gay doings in the stockade of Port Royal, when the Knights of the Order of Good Times held sway, of thrilling attack and repulse that stirred this country-side a century and a half before the American Revolution, linger awhile in Annapolis, at the shrine of Canada. Romance you will find, too, buried in the graveyard nestled against the outworks of Fort Anne, where lies Gregoria Reiez, a Spanish girl, who was for awhile beloved by the Duke of Wellington. More than one cupboard—ah, those Annapolis cupboards, overflowing with precious wares!—boasts a piece of glass or silver that served the Iron Duke when he dined with his favorite in her fine London house.

Annapolis is a convenient starting-point for excursions into the lake-strewn wilderness of central Nova Scotia. Kedgemakoogee, Rossignol, Ponhook, Maligeark and Sherbrooke are the largest lakes, but there are others too numerous to count, and nearly everyone is the source of a creek or a river.

Digby and its neighbor towns on Annapolis Basin and St. Mary Bay, sheltered from the Bay of Fundy by North Mountain and Digby Neck, are chiefly engaged in deep-sea fishing. Raising cherries and making things pleasant for summer visitors are secondary occupations. Thousands of tons of fish are cured every year on the Digby "flakes." Through the gap in North Mountain, called in inelegant Nova Scotian, Digby Gut, the *Acadie* found her way considerably over three centuries ago, bearing the founders of French power in North America.

On the shores of St. Mary Bay, and most populous in the communal territory of Clare, live the descendants of Acadians "who wandered back to their native land" when peace reigned again in Nova Scotia, at the signing of the Treaty of Paris (1763). One hears in the Clare District the French accent of the seventeenth century, and forms of speech long obsolete in France. The Acadians of Clare and the Pubnico region, east of Yarmouth, are a serious, unemotional race, who live their lives quite apart from neighbors of Scotch and English ancestry. Only the priest is addressed as "Monsieur"; all others in the village are known by their Christian names. The men farm, fish, build boats. The women keep their plain little houses clean, and help in the gardens. They wear a black kerchief on the head, which gives them a rather dolorous appearance. Their songs, their poems and their

books frequently refer to the banishment of the Acadians, and their wanderings in "the land of strangers."

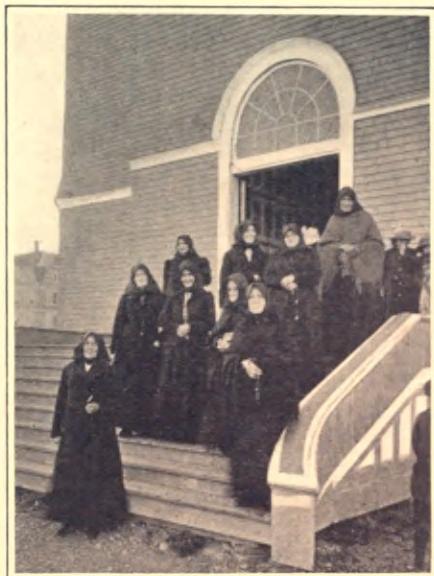
Yarmouth and the East Coast

Yarmouth has an English flavor, explained by its shipping, its ship-building industries, its colony of ship captains, and the hawthorne hedges that inclose lawns, green as England's. Lumber and lobsters and millions of "pounds" of sail duck are the town's most profitable exports. One of the most inviting places of southeast Nova Scotia is the old town of Shelburne, originally settled in 1783 by Tory refugees from the Thirteen Colonies. To the north is Port Mouton, the first harbor entered by De Monts, Champlain and their companions in 1604. Liverpool, founded on Plymouth Rock stock, is a base for the gold-mining region of the interior. Gold was first discovered by a moose-hunter in the early sixties. There are now more than twenty-five mines in operation, most of them in the upper part of the peninsula.

Bridgewater, a comely town with a most likeable disposition, presides over the country watered by the historic La Have River. Nearby, on the coast, is Lunenburg, the home port of dozens of big fishing schooners. It is also the center of a revived flax and wool-weaving industry, inaugurated by descendants of Hanoverian colonists who took up a grant here in 1751. Not to be outdone by other communities on the North American coast, Chester folk assert the presence of a treasure pit on an island four miles out in the harbor, which was chosen by "that estimable scoundrel," Captain Kidd, for the concealment of plunder.



THE COAST NEAR YARMOUTH
Southern Nova Scotia



ACADIAN WOMEN

Church Point, District of Clare, near Weymouth. Their ancestors were among those that returned to Nova Scotia after the exile, about the year 1763

Traversing a region beautified by the great sea bays of Mahone and St. Margaret, and by the verdant height of Aspotogan, we come again to Halifax. The coast above the capital is deeply fringed with tiny harbors, whose communication with the world is entirely by water. The railroad takes its way far to the west and goes by Truro and New Glasgow—diverging to Pictou, with a story all its own—by the leafy village of Antigonish, dignified by the towers of a Scotch Catholic college, and through "the finest diversified farm country in Nova Scotia" to the Strait of Canso.

Across this channel, which links the Atlantic with the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a very poem of an island, with a unique and engaging history.

Cape Breton Island

Cape Breton Island was first mentioned in the narrative of Sylvester Nyet, a master mariner of Bristol, who visited and wrote a description of America in 1594. A hundred years later a French commissary inscribed flowery pages in praise of this "very beautiful island on the coast of Acadie." Indeed, Cape Breton is all one could ask of an island—and more than most of us would think to ask. Mortals would have deemed it enough to grant purple highlands and lush vales, deep gorges musical with the speech of rivers, and villages unspoiled as the field flowers that grow in these wild upland gardens. Enough to have bulwarked the coast with brilliant-hued headlands that rise sheer above ocean and gulf; to have scalloped the seashore with such harbors as Sydney Bay, the Bay of St. Ann, Ingonish, sentinelized by sea-misted Cape Smoky, Aspy Bay, and the great bight of St. Lawrence that hollows out the uppermost tip of the island. But a gift beyond these Nature bestowed on this exceptional island. Opening the coast a little, a few miles above the city of Sydney, she let the ocean in, let it

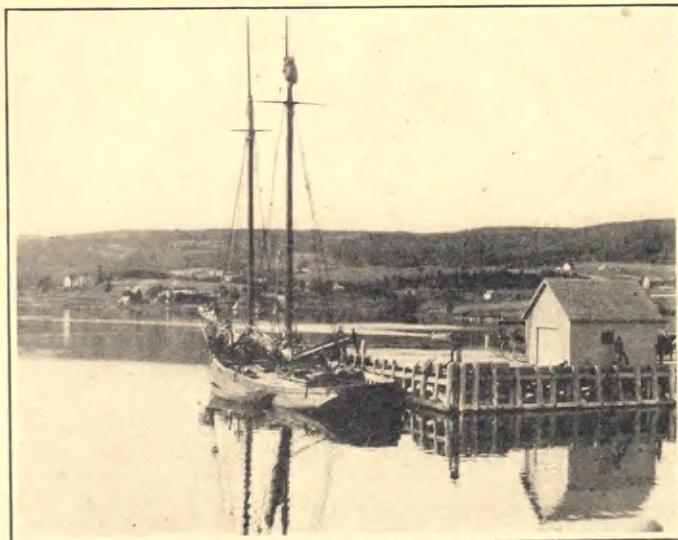
"ramify the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote farms and settlements the flavor of salt and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea."

The most celebrated village in Cape Breton, thanks to the pen of Charles Dudley Warner, is Baddeck. The "clean-looking village of white wooden houses" lies on a distant inlet of Lake Bras d'Or (brah dore), the sea within an island which, originally, the French probably called *Bras d'Eau* (arm of water). You go to Baddeck expecting to



THE VALE OF THE MARGAREE RIVER

Cape Breton. The Margaree and its forks are famous for their salmon pools



THE HARBOR OF INGONISH

On the Atlantic Coast of Cape Breton

N O V A S C O T I A

find it a little different from any place in Nova Scotia, or in Canada, or on the continent, and are not disappointed. Baddeck has an air. You are conscious of it, but you can't define it—any more than you can define the perfection of the Bras d'Or climate, or understand the stern old gentlemen that gather in tight little knots to discuss—whatever it is Baddeck discusses . . . crops, or "the fishing," or last Sunday's sermon—all in Gaelic.

On the outer edge of the island there are other Scotch villages where customs long since discarded in Old Scotland are still observed; where an auto-machine of any kind is still a matter of curiosity to guttural groups of Big Johns and Rodericks. Huge men they are, these Cape Breton crofters. The "Argyll Highlanders," a body of militia from Inverness County, have an average height of nearly six feet, and ninety-eight per cent. of them speak Gaelic.

In hospitable communities far to the north of the coal fields of Inverness and the beauteous valley of the Margaree River, French—of a sort—is the familiar speech in cottage and store. The spinning wheel is a domestic implement in daily employ; floors are covered with "hooked rugs"; the inhabitants dance and marry in the Acadian way; and a tremendous church is always the most prominent object on the horizon.

One would prefer to dream a little longer on the Margaree, or on the remote shores of Cheticamp and Grand Etang harbors; but there is a very practical visit to be paid on the other side of the island, to the coal mines of Sydney harbor. Four million tons are taken annually from the Sydney beds. The metropolis of Cape Breton is a super-Pittsburgh: it mines its own coal, manufactures immense quantities of iron and steel, and has, besides, a harbor of superb dimensions from which to ship its products.

"A splendid country," say we with Sam Slick. "The Lord never made the beat of it. . . . Indented everywhere with harbors, surrounded with fisheries, prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant and healthy. If that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity—that's all."



WHEN THE FUNDY TIDE COMES IN

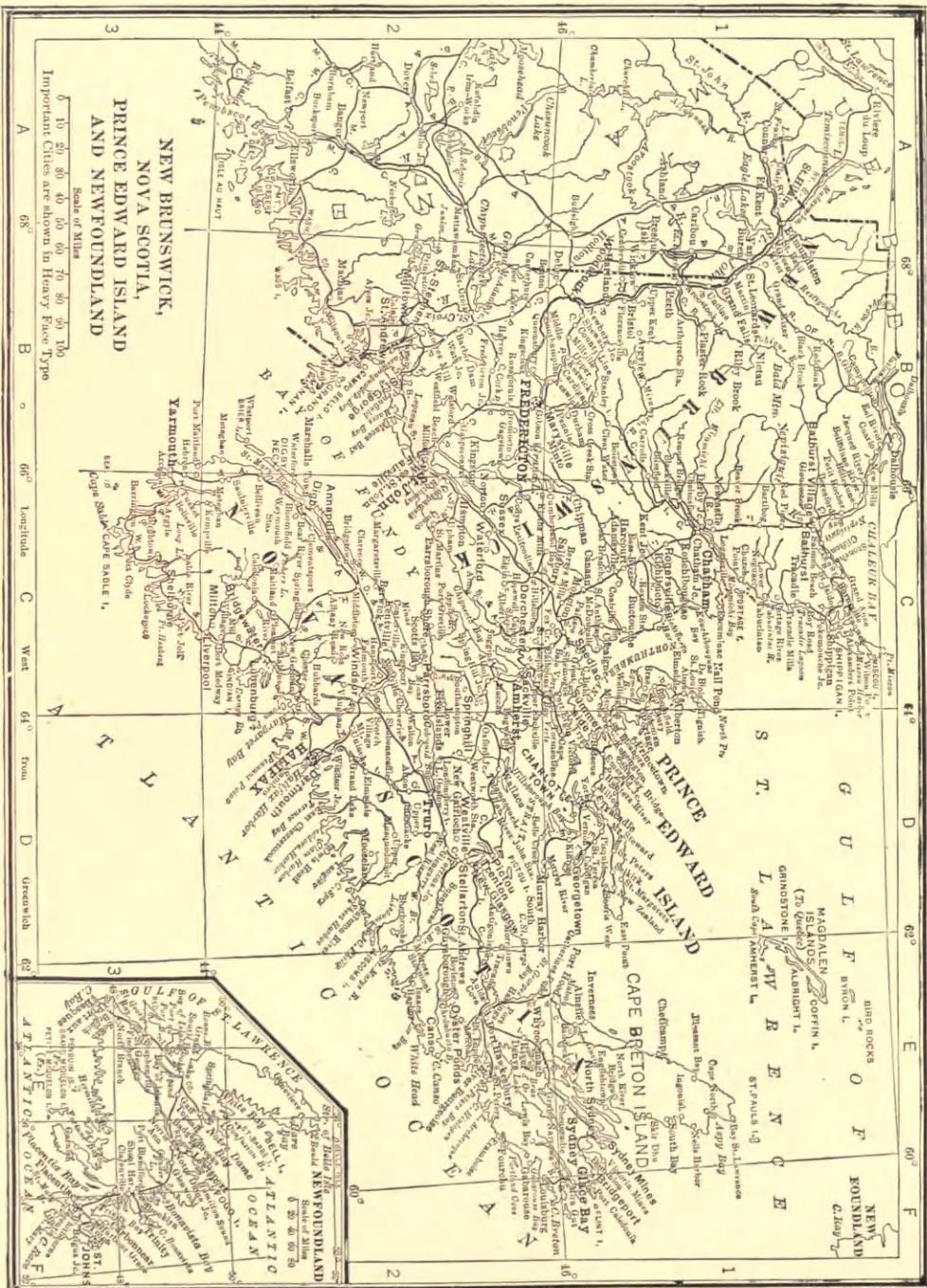
SUPPLEMENTARY READING

NOVA SCOTIA*	By Beckles Willson
THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES	By Ruth Kedzie Wood
DOWN NORTH AND UP ALONG	By Margaret Morley
EVANGELINE	By Henry W. Longfellow
BADDECK, AND THAT SORT OF THING	By Charles Dudley Warner

* Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

N O V A S C O T I A M A P



Courtesy of L. L. Pontes Engraving Co., New York

THE OPEN LETTER

To many, Nova Scotia is known as the Land of Evangeline. This is one of the curious things in literature and life. A country or a place comes to be known by the name of a literary work that is not native to the soil, and that was produced by a writer who was a stranger to the country in which the scenes are placed. Why the Land of Evangeline? There never was an Acadian maid by the name of Evangeline, or, at least there never was any Longfellow's Evangeline—and the poet, who tells the beautiful story, never saw Grand Pré—never even set foot in Nova Scotia. The first lines of the poem betray this fact:

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

There are forests in Nova Scotia, but none that might have been called an ancient, primeval forest—at least anywhere near Grand Pré. The meadows that Longfellow pictures as stretching away to the eastward from the village are actually toward the north. But what does all this avail? The readers of Longfellow have their Land of Evangeline, and it is a land of pure, exalted romance. The Nova Scotians have their land of New Scotland, and it is a land of rare, pastoral beauty, abounding in rich orchards, and presenting sturdy rock-fronts to the sea. And they have tides such as roll upon no other shores in the world.

* * *

When we ask a Nova Scotian for the music and painting of his native land, he may point to the sea and the picturesque coast—the inspiring scenery is there, but, as yet, there is no native art; when we ask him for poetry and romance he may point to the blossoming orchards and rolling meadows, and quote the lines of an American poet who never saw them; when we

ask him for prose literature, he may point to Judge Haliburton, who immortalized, not a type of Nova Scotian character, but the Yankee, "Sam Slick"; when we ask him for history, he may recall past events in which the important figures were men of France. When we ask him, however, for natural wonders, he can point to the tides that sweep through the Bay of Fundy—they are essentially Nova Scotian.

* * *

The amazing tides of Fundy are not produced by special currents flowing into the Bay, but by special natural obstructions that make it difficult for the sea to enter. The "bores" that pour in and out so fast and furious are the result of the efforts of a rude, impetuous sea to force its waters through a channel too narrow for them. The Bay of Fundy has an average breadth of 35 miles, and it extends 180 miles from northeast to southwest. The ocean has to fulfil its tidal obligations throughout that long narrow stretch, coming and going both ways, *on time*. The time schedule must be kept, or there would be cosmic chaos. As a result, there is a rise and fall of nearly 60 feet—a roaring tide that has to be reckoned with seriously by all those that go down to the sea in ships. It is an amazing spectacle of contrasting, wet and dry conditions. At some hours the Bay is a vast, expansive flood; at others the shores are wide stretches of mud flats and contributing rivulets, completely dry. Twice a day, immense neutral shores, which are neither land nor sea, change into deep gulfs; and ships that had been stranded for hours, rise and float, with sails spread, while towns that had been lost for a time in the interior of the land, find themselves situated on peninsulas invested by the sea.

O.S. Moffat

EDITOR

THE MENTOR

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DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

Makers of Modern
American Poetry
(Women)

By
HOWARD W. COOK

DEPARTMENT OF
LITERATURE

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 9

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Modern Poetic Tendencies

WE are now in the midst of one of those tremendous spiritual upheavals when the thought of man, grown more powerful and introspective bursts forth in poetry. And the quality of that poetry is human, racy and vigorous; it is not only closer to the soil but nearer to the soul. Our poets have shaken themselves free, first of all from the pontifical rhetoric, the tag-end moralizing of our literary doctors and doctrinaires. And as they have rid themselves of the tradition of didacticism, they are growing clear of the tradition of routine romanticism. By that I do not mean that our poets are any the less genuinely romantic. They are more so. For they are getting their romance out of themselves and their lives (like Herrick and Villon and Heine) rather than out of books of cloudy and classical legendry. Their eyes do not fail to catch the glamor of the old tales, but they turn with creative desire to more recent and less shopworn loveliness.

Poetry has swung back to actuality, to heartiness and lusterhood. And, most of all, it has returned to democracy. Formerly the most exclusive and aristocratic of the arts, appreciated and fostered only by little *salons* and erudite groups, poetry has suddenly swung away from its self-imposed strictures and is expressing itself in the terms of democracy. This democracy is two-fold: a democracy of the spirit and a democracy of speech. Our poets are coming back to the oldest and most stirring tongue; they are using a language that is the language of the people. They have rediscovered the beauty, the dignity, I might almost say the divine core, of the casual and commonplace.

It was Whitman, more than any other single element, who broke the fetters of the present-day poet and opened the doors of America to him.

From "The New Era in American Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer.

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SERIAL NUMBER 205



MARGARET WIDDEMER

Makers of Modern American Poetry (WOMEN)

By HOWARD WILLARD COOK
Author of "Our Poets of Today"



MENTOR GRAVURES

AMY LOWELL

SARA TEASDALE

ALICE BROWN

EDITH M. THOMAS

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY



HERE has been much of rare, fine merit accomplished by the women writers of contemporary American poetry. Indeed, few poets of the male sex have achieved a greater audience than the facile and revolutionary Miss Lowell or the lyric-voiced Mrs. Filsinger (Sara Teasdale). There is a wide span of years between these poets and their sisters of the nineteenth century—represented by Julia Ward Howe, the Cary Sisters, Louise Chandler Moulton, Helen Hunt Jackson, Julia C. R. Dorr, Edna Dean Proctor and others—and there is also a wide divergence in spirit and form of expression between those that make our "New Poetry" and the singers of the past. It is the chief purpose of the present article to consider especially the women whose work is of this day, but in doing this, it is only just to pay tribute to the pioneer women who were the first to strike Apollo's lyre in America.

The name of Julia Ward Howe is immortal by virtue of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; while Phoebe Cary's spiritual muse lives in such lines as "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er."

Marie White Lowell's "The Morning Glory," Elizabeth Stoddard's "Last Days," Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr's "Earth! Art Thou Not

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

Weary?" Rose Terry Cooke's "Lise," Elizabeth Clementine Kinney's "The Quakeress Bride," and Louise Chandler Moulton's "Hic Jacet," all live on today—fair examples of a period of poetry in which we find many compositions of lyric quality sometimes lavish with sentiment. A spirit links those former poetesses with some of the singers of today, though the latter offer a new order of verse, fresh and novel in theme and meter. We find the poetic spirit of yesterday and today linked in such utterances as those of the two extraordinary, youthful and short-lived geniuses—Anne Reeve Aldrich and Emily Dickinson. The following lines of Miss Aldrich's might have been written by one of our present-day poetesses.

Well, my heart, we have been happy;
Let us snatch that from the wreck of things.
But when the forest is choked with ashes,
While still the flame round its old nest flashes,
'Tis a brave bird sits on a charred limb and sings!



Photo by Mary H. Northend

JULIA WARD HOWE
From a photograph taken at her summer home during the last year of her life

Sara Teasdale and Margaret Widdemer

In the writings of our living American women poets are found the combined qualities of metrical and free verse,* radical and conservative. To Sara Teasdale and Margaret Widdemer the Poetry Society prizes of 1918-1919 were awarded by Columbia University. As both of these poets find their complete means of expression in lyric form† it may be assumed

that, after all, the old forms are best loved by the majority of poetry readers. The honor conferred upon Miss Widdemer came as the result of the publication of her book of verse, "The Old Road to Paradise," a fine, imaginative work, notable for literary values and heart quality.

Margaret Widdemer was born in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was educated at home. She is a novelist as well as a poet, her best known novels being "The Wishing-Ring Man" and "You're Only Young Once." A volume of published verse appeared under the title "Factories and Other Poems." She is now the wife of Robert Haven Schauffler, well known as the author of verse and prose.



RUTH MCENERY STUART

For years a popular writer of poems of Southern life and character, full of tender sentiment and humor

*According to its generally accepted meaning, *vers libre* (verse libre—free verse) is poetry written without regard to meter—combining truth, beauty and music in a free form of verse.

†Lyric verse is that form of poetry whose object is to give expression to personal thought and emotion; poetry of sentiment. It is graceful and rhythmic in meter and conforms to regular metric rules. Much lyric verse is set to music.

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

A Teacher Poet

Katherine Lee Bates is another poet who finds the old form of verse to her liking, and has written her delightful nature poems as well as her more recent poems of war in a similar vein. Born in the little seafaring town of Falmouth, Mass., Miss Bates early began to revel in poetry reading. Later, in her sophomore year at Wellesley College, a poem she had written was accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"Ever since that time," says Miss Bates, "I have been looking forward to a period in my life when I shall be free to devote the best of my strength and the most of my time to poetry. That period has never come, as I have been all my years a very busy teacher, doing a good deal of incidental writing, studies on special subjects,—for example, American Literature and the English Religious Drama,—and editions of English Classics. But I am still expecting, and shall continue to expect until I reach the Amaranth Meadows, a holiday all of my own on Parnassus."

"A Song of Riches" is a charming example of Miss Bates' earlier verse.

What will you give to a barefoot lass,
Morning with breath like wine?
Wade, bare feet! In my wide morass
Starry marigolds shine.

Alms, sweet Noon, for a barefoot lass,
With her laughing looks aglow!
Run, bare feet! In my fragrant grass
Golden buttercups blow.

Gift, a gift for a barefoot lass,
O twilight hour of dreams!
Rest, bare feet, by my lake of glass,
Where the mirrored sunset gleams.

Homeward the weary merchants pass,
With the gold bedimmed by care.
Little they wis that the barefoot lass
Is the only millionaire.

One of the most important factors in contemporary American poetry is Harriet Monroe, who, as founder and editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, has done much toward fostering the spirit, so necessary in young poets, that thrives upon the sight of its own printed thought, expressed in verse.

Aside from her editorial duties, Miss Monroe counts to her credit, "Valeria and other Poems," "The Columbian Ode," "John Wellborn Root—a Memoir," "The Passing Show" and "You and I." Her "Love Song" runs:

I love my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

In 1917, together with Alice Corbin Henderson, Miss Monroe edited "The New Poetry, An Anthology," one of the most valuable books of its kind.



MARGARET WIDDEMER

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

Miss Monroe was born in Chicago. She was graduated from the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D. C., in 1891, and was invited by the Committee on Ceremonies of the Chicago Exposition to write the dedicatory poem for its opening in 1893.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

For more than twenty years Jessie B. Rittenhouse has devoted her life to the criticism of modern poetry and to the various movements looking to the advancement of poetic appreciation in America.

As a pioneer in the poetry movement, Miss Rittenhouse published in 1904 "The Younger American Poets," a volume of criticism devoted to the work of the poets of twenty years ago. This book had to create its own field, as at that time, poetry was regarded—with a few exceptions—as "a drug on the market," and not a popular literary product. It not only made its field, but turned the first furrow for what has followed. It is in use at the Sorbonne (Paris), the University of Tokio, the college at The Hague, and other foreign institutions, as well as in most of our own colleges. Following its publication, Miss Rittenhouse came to New York and during the next ten years did most of the criticism of poetry for *The New York Times Review of Books*, and various other newspapers and periodicals, lectured in universities and before clubs on poetry, and, in the office of perpetual Secretary of the Poetry Society of America, hewed the way for our present-day poetic renaissance.

While Miss Rittenhouse has been so busily engaged in behalf of our American poets, her poetic muse has had little chance to express itself in creative work, but during 1917 and 1918 Miss Rittenhouse wrote the delightful verses that make up "The Door of Dreams."

Such stanzas as "The Hour" show the quality of Miss Rittenhouse's work:

You loved me for an hour
Of all your careless days
And then you went forgetting
Down your old ways.

How could you know that Time would work
A magic deed for me
And fix that single hour
For my eternity!

"Sunbonnet" Verses

"My sunbonnet sort of verses, describing old-timey people and places, with as much of the charm such subjects always had for me as I could get into my pen, had for several years a fair sale in a number of well known magazines," says Sarah Cleghorn. Miss Cleghorn became interested in helping to right various social wrongs, and her accumulated indignation found expression through a very different sort of medium from her old-fashioned rhymes. She declares that she loves free verse no better than rhymed, but believes it more candid.



HARRIET MONROE
Poetess and editor of the magazine,
Poetry



KATHARINE LEE BATES

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

Miss Cleghorn is of Scotch and New England parentage and has lived almost all of her life in the village of Manchester, Vermont, where she was born in 1885.

Anna Hempstead Branch was awarded the first of *The Century* prizes to be given college graduates in a "best poem" contest. This prize-winning poem, "The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell," gave Miss Branch a place of merit among American poets.

Miss Branch was born at New London, Connecticut. Her works include, "The Heart of the Road," "The Shoes that Danced," "Nimrod and Other Poems," and "Rose of the Wind."

Olive Tilford Dargan was awarded a \$500 prize by the Southern Society of New York for the best book by a Southern writer. She was born in Grayson County, Kentucky, and taught school in Arkansas, Mexico, Texas and Canada until her marriage. Next to writing poems and dramas, her chief interest lies in farming. She makes her home in Almond, N. C., where inspiration is furnished for many of her exquisite nature studies.

William Stanley Braithwaite,* some few years ago, gave prominent mention in his annual anthology to Eunice Tietjens, whose work in verse was then beginning to attract the attention of a discerning audience. Her first volume of verse, "Profiles from China," was published in 1917.

Mrs. Tietjens was born in Chicago in 1884. After having studied in Paris, Dresden and Geneva, she returned to the city of her birth, where she makes her home.

Poetry of Optimism

Mrs. Florence Earle Coates makes us feel, much more than do many of her contemporaries, how suggestive are the things that lie beyond the printed page. So clearly indicative of her whole attitude as a poet is the "Song of Life," that we quote it intact:

Maiden of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-kirtled, winged, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet—lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that today endears
And benumbs the heart tomorrow—
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife—
Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Nor deny me death!

"The gentle spirit reflected in these lines runs through all of Mrs. Coates' work," writes an appreciative critic. Mrs. Coates is not only a cultivated poet, with marked skill in composition, but a sensitive soul vibrating to the finer chords of life. "Her songs," writes Henry Van Dyke, "are tuned with an exquisite cadence, touched with an appealing grace."

While the name of Amelia Josephine Burr has for many years been associated with the best in American poetry, it is in "The Silver Trumpet" that the old



JESSIE RITTENHOUSE

*Critic, author and poet.

SARAH CLEGHORN

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY



FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Revolutionary spirit of America finds birth once more in a new war verse of compelling merit. "Old feelings love old forms, and Miss Burr, never much prone to capering or simpering innovation, has spoken reverently and simply in the speech and intonation of the fathers," says *The Nation*.

Amelia Burr was born in New York in 1878 and received her education at Hunter College. She lives at Englewood, New Jersey. Among her publications are "The Point of Life and Plays in the Market-Place," "Life and Living," "A Dealer in Empires," "Afterglow," "The Roadside Fire," "In Deep Places." She also has edited "Sylvander and Clarinda," and "The Love Letters of Robert Burns and Agnes McLehose."

For Discriminating Poetry Lovers

In the four published books of Lizette Woodworth Reese there is verse much beloved and admired by discriminating lovers of poetry. Born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1856, and educated in Baltimore, Miss Reese follows the profession of teaching, but has found opportunity for writing such fragrant poems as "Arraignment," and such a flawless sonnet as "Tears":

When I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—

I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

There is a rare whimsical quality in the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose "Renascence," written at the age of nineteen, brought her name to the fore among contemporary poets. Witness these qualities in "The Penitent":

I had a little Sorrow,
Born of a little Sin,
I found a room all damp with gloom
And shut us all within;
And, "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
"And, Little Sin, pray God to die,
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!"

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went in that room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My little Sorrow would not weep,
My little Sin would go to sleep—
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!



THEODOSIA GARRISON

So up I got in anger
And took a book I had,
And put a ribbon on my hair
To please a passing lad.
And, "One thing there's no getting by—
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why,
I might as well be glad!"

Aline Kilmer's Poetry

The poetry of Joyce Kilmer, who gave his life in the World War, has been read and is being read throughout the world to-day. In a quiet little volume, "Candles That Burn," his widow "sings tenderly to the children that she now seems to love with an even keener devotion since their father, Sergeant Kilmer, was killed in France."

There is technic in Mrs. Kilmer's writing, and the danger of becoming oversentimental is never apparent in her verse. Rare sympathy is shown in "The Hall Bedroom":

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

"In the long border on the right
I shall plant larkspur first," she thinks.
"Peonies and chrysanthemums
And then sweet-scented maiden pinks.

"The border on the left shall hold
Nothing but masses of white phlox.
Forget-me-nots shall edge this one,
The one across be edged with box.

"The sun-dial in the centre stands
There morning-glories bright shall twine.
And in the strip at either end
Shall grow great clumps of columbine.

"There is no garden in the world
So beautiful as mine," she dreams.
Rising, she walks the little space
To where her narrow window gleams.

She gazes through the dingy pane
To where the street is noisy still,
And tends with pitiable care
A tulip on the window-sill.



LIZETTE WOODWORTH
REESE

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

Admirers of Theodore Roosevelt will find a certain special interest in Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's book, "Service and Sacrifice," sonnets of fine quality that are "not mere lines written on the occasion of his death, but real poetry gushing from a bereaved heart." Mrs. Robinson gives us this story of her work:

"My early love of poetry was much encouraged by my father, Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. He used to read a great deal with me, and was very fond of having me read to him, and I have now the little volume of the series called "Little Classics" which we took when we went on some long, lovely drive at Oyster Bay, when we lived there as children. We would picnic in some remote spot, and then bring out the little volume and read aloud to each other. When I was about ten or eleven, my parents were abroad, and I was in Dresden. I think my agony of home sickness was the cause of my first effort in rhyme, called 'The Lament of an American Child in a German Family.' Later, at the age of twelve or thirteen, a number of young girls and myself formed a club for which we wrote, and I think our efforts gave us facility—I always wrote verses for the club. I never thought of publishing till about 1910, when a friend who was reading a poem I had written, 'The Call of the Brotherhood,' asked me why I had never published. She finally persuaded me to send that poem, and a sonnet called 'Awakening' to Scribner's. I refused to affix my name, as I felt that, being the sister of ex-President Roosevelt, that might insensibly have some weight with a publisher, and I did not want my poems published at all unless on their own merit. They were both accepted, and later, as Mr. Scribner wanted the name of the author, I was willing to give it.

"The following summer Mr. Scribner asked me if I would like to collect my things, and have them published in book form. This I did and Scribner's published my first volume, 'The Call of Brotherhood,' in October, 1912, and the second volume, 'One Woman to Another,' in 1914, and now 'Service and Sacrifice' in 1919."

Mrs. Robinson's nature poems present a kind and sympathetic analysis; the last stanza from "The Path that Leads Nowhere" shows the tone of the entire poem:



AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
 Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the struggling and the striving,
 But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
 Joy and Beauty are its goal,—
On the path that leads to Nowhere
 I have sometimes found my soul!

A critic has declared Babette Deutsch's sonnets like cameos, intensive, clear cut pictures, as shown in the following poetic vision of two old men at chess:

The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.

This little poem is from "Banners," Miss Deutsch's first book, which reveals in its pages much promise for the future of its author.



ALICE DUER MILLER
Poetess and playwright, author
of "Come Out of the Kitchen"
and other plays

A Boston Poet

Louise Imogen Guiney was born in Boston in 1861, the daughter of the late General Patrick Robert Guiney. Her works include the following titles: "Songs at the Start," "The White Sail," "A Roadside Harp," "The Martyr's Idol, and Shorter Poems."

In "Sanctuary" the characteristic charm of Miss Guiney's verse is found:

High above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your dagged thunders play,
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall:
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind.
Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees sip, or the new-weaned lamb;
With golden barberry-wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
With bud red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.

The first volume of poetry published by Helen Hay Whitney (1898) was "at once approved for its artistic perfection, impassioned lyrical expression, and suggestion of reserved dramatic force." Subsequent volumes, eight or nine in all, have confirmed this impression of her work. Mrs. Whitney, who makes her home on Long Island, N. Y., is a daughter of the late John Hay.

Ina Coolbrith, born in Illinois of New England parentage, but for many years a resident of California, has found time, in the midst of her busy life as a librarian, to do much



ALINE KILMER

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

excellent literary work. Poems from her versatile pen have won just praise at home and abroad. One of the most prolific and popular women poets of today is Mrs. Theodosia Garrison Faulks, whose home is in Elizabeth, N. J. In the volumes entitled, "The Joy O' Life," "The Earth Cry," "The Dreamers," we hear at their clearest "the heartening, characteristic notes" of this gifted maker of verse.

Mary McNeil Fenollosa has painted with a poet's pen the color and imagery of Japan—a country in which she was long a resident. Her muse has best expression in such poems as "Full Moon Over Sunidagawa," "Exiled," "To a Japanese Nightingale," and "Miyoko San."

Snare me the soul of a dragon-fly,
The jeweled heart of a dew-tipped spray,
A star's quick eye,
Or the scarlet cry
Of a lonely wing on a dawn-lit bay.
Then add the gleam of a golden fan,
And I will paint you Miyoko San.

Mary Carolyn Davies

It was not until 1918 that Mary Carolyn Davies' first book, "The Drums in Our Street," was published, although the poetry of this talented woman had appeared in all the leading American magazines and anthologies. Of all the books of verse published during and at the conclusion of the World War, few finer thoughts found poetic expression than in these poems, of which, as one critic remarked, there is scarcely a line that has not a fresh beauty of expression as well as a touch of emotion.

One of her most appealing poems is this one, called "Peace":

When all the war is made and done,
And in our town I stand once more,
From other homes I'll seek out one
And knock upon its door.

And I will wait there patiently
Until I hear your step, and then
As the worn door swings back, will see
Your face look out again.

And that is all peace means to me—
Some day to walk up past the store,
And past the corner chestnut tree,
And knock upon your door.



ZOE AKINS

Poetess and playwright, author of "Déclassée" and other plays

A Group of Lyricists

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Grace Fallow Norton, Grace Hazard Conkling, Angela Morgan,—all lyricists, are "in their frankness, their directness of expression, their use of a distinctly national idiom, definitely American singers, not tuneful echoes of melodists overseas." The author of "A New Era in American Verse" praises the essentially dramatic quality of Zoe Akins' work. Miss Akins, a successful writer of plays, is one of a group of American poets whose names are associated with literary accomplishments other than the writing of verse. Another of the group is Josephine Dodge Daskam, whose "Songs of Iseult Deserter" are called by Jessie Rittenhouse, "lyrics worthy of any hand."

Each new year of the twentieth century brings forward some new singer—some fresh voice to carry on in her own way the heritage of those that have gone before.

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

The Imagist Poets

No one is better qualified than Miss Amy Lowell to express the spirit of the group of modern poets known as "Imagists." The following paragraphs, containing a statement of the principles of the Imagist School, have been selected from Miss Amy Lowell's important and interesting critical work, "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry":

"I suppose few literary movements have been so little understood as Imagism.... To call a certain kind of writing 'a school,' and give it a name, is merely a convenient method of designating it, when we wish to speak of it. We have adopted the same method in regard to distinguishing persons. We say John Smith and James Brown, because it is simpler than to say: six feet tall, blue eyes, straight nose—or the reverse of these attributes. Imagist verse is verse which is written in conformity with certain tenets voluntarily adopted by the poets as being those by which they consider the best poetry to be produced. They may be right or they may be wrong, but this is their belief.

"Imagism, then, is a particular school, springing up within a larger, more comprehensive movement. This movement has as yet received no convenient designation. We, who are of it, naturally have not the proper perspective to see it in all its historic significance. But we can safely claim it to be a 'renaissance,' a re-birth of the spirit of truth and beauty. It means a rediscovery of beauty in our modern world, and the originality and honesty to affirm that beauty in whatever manner is native to the poet.

"The movement is yet in its infancy. Other poets will come, and, perchance, perfect where these have given the tools. Other writers, forgetting the stormy times in which this movement had its birth, will inherit in plenitude and calm that for which these have fought. Then our native flowers will bloom into a great garden, to be again conventionalized to a pleasanter of stone statues and mathematical parterres, awaiting a new change which shall displace it. This is the perpetually recurring history of literature, and of the world."



MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Mrs. Douglas Robinson is the sister of
Theodore Roosevelt

Principles of Imagism

Miss Lowell sets down the following list of tenets to which the Imagist poets have mutually agreed. As Miss Lowell states, this does not mean that the poets have pledged themselves to these principles as to a creed, but simply that they have all found themselves in accord with these simple rules:

1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the *exact* word, not the nearly-exact, nor the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms—as the expression of new moods—and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not insist upon "free-verse" as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as for a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of a poet may often be better expressed in free-verse than in conventional forms. In poetry a new cadence means a new idea.

MAKERS OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject. It is not good art to write badly of aeroplanes and automobiles, nor is it necessarily bad art to write well about the past. We believe passionately in the artistic value of modern life, but we wish to point out that there is nothing so uninspiring nor so old-fashioned as an aeroplane of the year 1911.

4. To present an image (hence the name: "Imagist"). We are not a school of painters, but we believe that poetry should render particulars exactly and not deal in vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous. It is for this reason that we oppose the cosmic poet, who seems to us to shirk the real difficulties of his art.

5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.

6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the very essence of poetry.

* * * * *

There is nothing new under the sun; even the word "renaissance" means a re-birth not a new birth, and of this the Imagists were well aware. Their short creed was preceded by the following paragraph:

"These principles are not new; they have fallen into desuetude. They are the essentials of all great poetry, indeed of all great literature."

It is not primarily on account of their forms, as is commonly supposed, that the Imagist poets represent a changed point of view; it is because of their reactions toward the world in which they live.

Professor Dowden, in an article on Heinrich Heine, says: "He swam with the current of romantic art, and he headed round and swam more vigorously against the current, so anticipating the movement of realism which was to meet and turn the tide; but Heine's ideal of art, at once realistic and romantic, is still unattained."

"At once realistic and romantic," this would seem to be the goal toward which the New Movement in Modern American Poetry is aiming.



OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

OUR POETS OF TODAY - - - - -	By Howard Willard Cook
TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY - - - - -	By Amy Lowell
THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY - - - - -	By Louis Untermeyer
AMERICAN POETRY - - - - -	By Percy H. Boynton
PRESENT-DAY AMERICAN POETRY - - - - -	By Harry H. Peckham
THE NEW POETRY, AN ANTHOLOGY - - - - -	By Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson
AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY - - - - -	By Edmund Clarence Stedman
ANTHOLOGIES OF MAGAZINE VERSE - - - - -	By William Stanley Braithwaite

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

The present generation is witnessing a renascence of verse. We are told that the poetry of the day is much read and discussed. If that is true, it is well, for many years have elapsed since poetry—with a few notable exceptions—held a prominent place in the public heart, and in the publisher's catalogue. At the close of the last century a few larks rose to the sky, and a few nightingales sang in the trees, but they sang, apparently, because it was natural for them to sing, and because the sky and trees invited their souls—and not with thoughts of royalties, for publishers found little profit in verse, at least in lyric verse. One of the most prolific of the American poets of thirty years ago observed, at that time, to a publishing friend, "We writers of lyric verse are nothing but space-filers for you. Our best songs simply serve to make the pages of your magazine come out even." During those years much good poetry was written, but many a strain of purest lyric beauty "wasted its sweetness on the desert air," and the names of many true poets were known only to the lovers of verse. And now, today, the air is so vocal with song birds that it taxes the critical ornithologist to collect and classify them. Publishers tell us that poetry pays. This may be regarded as a hopeful sign of better literary times; but, wait—let us consider the matter further.

★ ★ ★

We hear much of "new forms" of verse, and we are told that there is a "new spirit" in the poetry of the day. But what significance have the words "new" and "old" in poetry? What is the time value of verse? Is a sonnet sweeter that is fresh from the poet's pen than one that has sung its way through the years into many thousand hearts? Is a poem more wonderful because it has a new-fangled meter? Are we to follow fashion in verse as we do in dress, and mould our emotions, as we cut our clothes, according to the latest models? Is it true that there is really a great hunger, today, for good poetry—an eager outreach for a fuller understanding of the truths that only poetic intuition can unveil; or, are many simply taking up poetry as a novel diversion, and assuming an interest in new

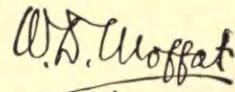
verse as they do in the new dances? Do they read the new poetry because they understand it and love it, or simply that they may talk about "the latest thing in verse"? There is a good deal in the making of some of our modern poetry, and in the attitude of some readers of it, that makes us wonder whether the best interests of literature are being served by either poet or reader. For that reason it is an important duty for a publication like *The Mentor* to select for consideration the work of a number of the best women poets of the present day. We are not concerned with poetry as a fashion of the hour. The fame of the singers that we celebrate in this number of *The Mentor* rests not on the fact that their songs are new, or "the latest thing," but that their flight is exalted, and that their strains are fresh and sweet—in brief, that their verses give us what we always look for in poetry, a tonic for the soul. If poetry be not this, let it be ever so clever in meter, ever so "modern" in spirit and thought, it is dead sea fruit for us. Let special literary cults cry "lo! here" and "lo! there" over certain modern, feverish poetical products. We know that there is no salt in them for our souls.

★ ★ ★

I'd rather understand a bit of poetry than be puzzled by it; I'd rather be uplifted than depressed by it; I'd rather find a natural joy in lyric beauty than force myself to accept a wilful, wayward meter; I'd rather open my heart to a sincere, eloquent message from a sensitive soul than struggle through vague verses for truths that the writers do not seem to have fully grasped themselves; I'd rather find joy in the radiance of pure poetry than brood in the shadows of metrical vagaries.

★ ★ ★

Let us dwell on the examples of modern verse that we have given here, and ask ourselves whether the beauty that they unfold is a thing of time. These modern women poets of ours—these and many others like them, just budding under the warmth of inspiration—fill our hearts with hope, for they have written, not for today nor tomorrow, but for the eternal truth as they see it.


A. S. Moffat
EDITOR

THOSE I DO NOT KNOW

"Every man's imagination has its friends."—*Emerson.*

Friendship has smiled on me. I have proud store
And varied wealth of love the years have heaped;
And I should be content, not seeking more,
Like a late gleaner in a field long reaped.

Sometimes in my small room, still and alone,
I rove my thoughts around the world—here—there—
Where'er are any whom my love has known,
And who for me have more than idle care.

Then, windows seem to open into space,
And my light thought slips through with dreaming ease
And has its glimpse of each beloved face,
And what the passing moment's task, it sees.

'Tis not enough, this visionary quest—
This tender spying on known friends afar,
Who do not heed they have me for a guest;
But other visitings for Fancy are!

Yes, sometimes, in the quiet of this room—
The world shut out—a whole world comes to me,
A garden place of souls that richly bloom,
Where I to choose some rarest flowers am free.

I little understand it, but my thought
To those imagined ones outreaches so;
I seem their ways and features to have caught—
I have such love for *those I do not know!*

They whom I never saw, and may not see—
I am bereaved of them, as though, once mine,
A jealous Fate had stolen them from me,
And loss I never had makes me repine!

Who are these friends, unmet in Time, unknown?
Are they the friends of That which friends my soul?
And do our ways a common centre own,
Wherof their cloudless eyes pierce to the goal?

Then they and I must some time surely greet—
We who on earth no common language had,
And change good mornings on some heavenly street . . .
And I and they shall be exceeding glad!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

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THE MENTOR

Ulysses S. Grant

By
HAMLIN GARLAND

DEPARTMENT OF
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VOLUME 8
NUMBER 10

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The Genius of Grant

In all his career as a soldier, Grant never lost courage or equanimity. With a million men, for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neither depressed by disasters nor elated by success. Gentle at heart, never boasting, always modest—Grant came of the old self-contained stock, men of a simple force of being, which allied his genius to the great elemental forces of Nature—silent, invisible, irresistible.

When his work was done, this dreadful man of blood was tender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive Chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose.

There are men who regard Grant as only a man of luck. Surely he was! Is it not luck through such an ancestry to have had conferred upon him such a body, such a disposition, such greatness of soul, such patriotism unalloyed by ambition, such military genius, such an indomitable will, and such a capacity for handling armies?

For four years and more this man of continuous Luck, across a rugged continent, in the face of armies of men as brave as his own, performed every function of strategy in grand war that Jomini attributes to Napoleon and his greatest marshals, and Napier to Wellington. Whether Grant could have conducted a successful retreat will never be known. He was never defeated.

From Eulogy on General Grant, delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, at Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22nd, 1885.

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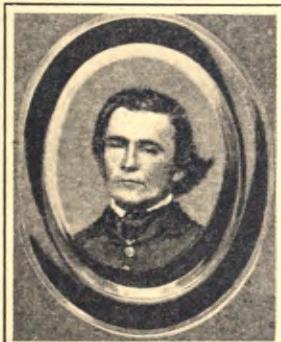
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CAPTAIN GRANT

From a miniature daguerreotype given by Grant to his wife when he was stationed at Sacket's Harbor, New York, 1849, and worn by her on a wristlet

CAVALRY GROUP, GRANT MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
The National Memorial, opposite the Capitol, has for its chief features a heroic bronze equestrian of General Grant and two groups—"Cavalry" and "Artillery"

GENERAL GRANT

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Grant, His Life and Character," "Main-Traveled Roads," et cetera



MENTOR GRAVURES:—BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT
GRANT AS SECOND LIEUTENANT • GRANT THE COM-
MANDER • PRESIDENT GRANT • GRANT MONUMENT,
CHICAGO • GRANT'S TOMB, NEW YORK.

N the spring of 1861 Grant, a retired captain of the regular army, was living in Galena, a small town in northwestern Illinois, employed as a clerk in a leather store of which his brothers Orville and Simpson were the managers. He was at this time a powerful, square-shouldered young man of middle height, with a quiet contained glance. His speech was noticeably concise and dignified. He was only thirty-eight years of age, but his sedate manner, and a full brown beard, made him seem middle-aged. Few people knew him. His pay was about fifty dollars a month; but he had the hope of becoming a partner in the business.

Grant's wife belonged to a St. Louis family, and his home for several years after leaving the army, and before settling in Galena, had been near the Dent homestead on the Gravois Creek road. This fact should be emphasized. His experiences in Missouri enabled him to understand the Southern feeling, and in the discussions of the slavery question, which took place almost daily in the Grant store, he was able to state the case of those whose ownership of negroes was an embarrassment and a burden. He understood also the martial spirit of the South, and was able to predict a long and savage struggle. He said: "If they ever get at it they will make a strong fight."

No one ever heard him laugh aloud; but he had a quizzical smile that was attractive. Although the obscurest man in Galena, he was well liked. In spite of his poverty there was an unassailable dignity about him, and those who really came to know him considered him an excellent citizen, a man of rare good sense, whose comments were valuable.

Colonel Grant

That he did not entirely undervalue himself is evident, for when he was offered a captaincy in the first volunteer regiment, he declined it modestly but firmly, "No, I cannot accept a captaincy; I am a West Point graduate; the Government educated me; I was retired as a captain and I am fitted to command a regiment; not many men are fitted to command a regiment, but I am quite certain that I have the knowledge and the experience to do so; I intend to apply for a colonel's commission."

It is important to record that Captain Grant began his struggle for a colonel's commission without the slightest aid from anybody. He had no friends in Illinois and no influential social connections anywhere. He had no political associate or advocate, and when he went to Springfield, the governor and his aides paid very little attention to him. So far as can be discovered, the first public recognition of his ability was when, on his return from his unsuccessful visit to the state capitol, Houghton, editor of the *Galena Gazette*, said: "We are now in want of just such soldiers as Captain Grant, and we hope the Government will invite him to some higher command; he is the soul of honor and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant."

From this it will be evident that Ulysses Grant *earned* his colonelcy



Photograph copyrighted by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE COTTAGE IN WHICH GRANT WAS BORN
Point Pleasant, Ohio. Removed to the state capital,
Columbus, for preservation

G E N E R A L G R A N T

and all he got from the very start; everything was against him. In later days, after he had shown himself a man of power, many advocates rushed to claim the credit of having advanced his fortune; but the truth is he gained his promotion by his own efforts.

Appearance and Character

Grant's appearance was against him. He was plain, quiet, of medium stature, and quite without military bearing. His resignation from the army in 1854 was called a forced resignation by those disposed to evil gossip. It would be hard to find a man with fewer external aids to preferment than Ulysses Grant in 1861.

It was only by proving himself a man of action, of decision, and of military genius, that he passed from the command of a regiment to that of a brigade; and it was while brigadier-general in Missouri that he made out and sent to the department in Washington a plan of campaign that drew Lincoln's attention to him; but in truth it was not until after the surrender of Fort Donelson, when, as "Unconditional Surrender Grant," he had become a national figure, that boastful advocates arose to claim the honor of having discovered and commended him.

He was a restless leader; for him a victory was but the starting point of another campaign: No sooner was Donelson won than he started to follow up his disorganized enemy—that was his way. He began at once to move into the territory which his capture of the defenses at the mouths of the Cumberland and the Tennessee had opened to his armies, and had not Halleck, his divisional commander, practically placed him under arrest for proceeding out of his district without orders he would have carried out his plan and would have captured Kentucky and Tennessee. Furthermore, it is safe to say that, with Grant in unhampered command, the battle of Shiloh would not have been fought at that point, nor in the same disastrous fashion. The army was not placed as he would have placed it, and the Confederates were not met as he would have met them.



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers
HOUSE AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO

Where Grant lived during most of his boyhood



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF
GENERAL GRANT

Military Trials and Triumphs

This was a dark period in Grant's career. For several months he was not only forced to trail after Halleck, but Lincoln himself lost faith in him. The advance of the western armies halted; Halleck felt his way along, too timid to attack. A striking instance of retributory justice is seen in the fact that the men who did so much to check Grant and thwart his plans at this time are remembered now only as his annoyances. All those who claimed to have made him, as well as those who labored to destroy him, are forgotten by everybody but the historian, while Grant's fame looms ever larger in the perspective of American history. No zealous critic can now depreciate his work.

In spite of the jealous machination of rival political generals, and though hampered and weakened by Halleck, Grant at last obtained from Lincoln the command of his army, and carried through the Vicksburg campaign, one of the most brilliant exploits in military history. The noblest part of this amazing victory was the consideration he showed when Pemberton, his defeated foe, surrendered his sword and his army. Grant checked all cheering on the part of the Federal troops, and, when he entered the captured city, it was in such a modest and unmilitary fashion that few of the citizens of Vicksburg knew of his passing.

Many of the Southern generals were the great Northerner's friends. He had known them at West Point; some of them, like Longstreet and Buckner, were his classmates. He had no wish to humiliate them. He had no anger, no vindictiveness in his nature. He met his conquered antagonist with such singular modesty that it was said of him, "He is the last man to be distinguished by an outsider as the commander-in-chief."

A stranger always had difficulty in identifying him among his staff officers, so inconspicuous was his manner and his dress.

Just as in the case of his promotion at Donelson, so, after Vicksburg, men rose to claim the credit for the campaign; some of the officers on his staff were open in their pretensions; but Grant only smiled. He had a singular habit of listening to everyone's plans, and then of carrying out



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS

Lieutenant Grant lived here while stationed at the post near St. Louis



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

"WHITE HAVEN"

The homestead of Colonel Dent, near St. Louis, where Grant courted Miss Julia

his own; so far as his countenance was the index, one advisor's opinion was as good as another's. He held no military council, and his ability to remain silent was phenomenal. He began to be spoken of as "the silent general"; his men, with a note of affection, called him "the old man," although he was only forty-one. They admired him, not merely because they believed in his military genius, but because he shared all their hardships. He was a homely man, neighborly, plain spoken, a warrior who loved his men and hated war.



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT
Born Julia Dent

his work as a quartermaster with the armies in Mexico, his skill as a horseman, his personal fearlessness, his life in northern barracks, his resignation from the army in California, his stay among slave holders in Missouri, his coming to Galena,—all these are but part of a vast design—preparatory stages to the great work he was to do as Lincoln's commander-in-chief.

General after general had led the Northern armies in Virginia to defeat, till defeat had become a habit with them, and conquering a habit of the Confederates. To cure this habit Lincoln called Grant to the supreme command of the Federal forces. He too had become convinced that Grant was the man of destiny.

"I don't know what to think of Grant," he said after their first

The Man of Destiny

Grant grew with circumstance. His powers expanded swiftly with experience. As he moved on to the larger stage of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge he advanced in the same modest yet fateful fashion that had marked everything he had done up to this date. His influence at Chattanooga was almost miraculous. He brought order out of chaos in the army. He fed the starving troops. He unified the command. He met every test. He fought his battles through. The man who, as a clerk in a leather store two years before, had sold bristles and bought hides, now took his place with the great commanders of the world.

What was the magic in this silent, self-contained, low-voiced, unassuming soldier? Just this; when given a piece of work to do he carried it out so ably, so single-heartedly, so completely, and so expeditiously, that his superiors were almost forced to entrust still larger command to him. When he made a movement he made it understandingly. He was master of every situation.

He was a man of destiny. He was to be! Everything in his history falls in line. His happy, adventurous youth,



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

"HARDSCRABBLE"

The log farmhouse built by Grant, nine miles from St. Louis. The retired captain lived here with his family for three years following the completion of the house in 1855. It was removed to St. Louis in 1904, and exhibited during the World's Fair

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meeting. "He is the quietest little fellow you ever saw. About the only evidence you have that he is in any place is that he makes things git!" A little later he added, "I don't know Grant's plan, and I don't want to know it; thank God I've got a general at last."

It was in this way that Ulysses Grant became the commander in the Wilderness campaign. No great general ever lived with a keener hatred of bloodshed. He loathed war, but he had the will, the resolution, and the genius of the leader who looks away and beyond the killing of men to the good to be attained. "The enemy must be defeated, and the only way to defeat him is to fight him with full strength and unhesitating resolution," that was his creed.

All night long after the first battle of the Wilderness he sat in the light of the camp fire, his face knotted with sympathetic pain, groaning now and again with pity as he thought of his fallen soldiers; but, when the morning came, he ordered an advance!

One of the young officers who saw him that day has left a vivid description of him. "The word was passed along the line, 'Grant is in front!' As we came to a point in the road opposite where Grant was, the order was given, 'Shoulder arms, eyes right'; but it was not necessary; every eye was turned in that direction, eager to see the great commander.

"He was sitting on a low stump, his coat unbuttoned, his uniform worn, and careless in its arrangement. He wore a soft hat without a cord; his shoulder straps were soiled and tarnished, and his trousers, turned up at the bottom, were splashed with Virginia red mud; but the feature that caught our eyes was his remarkable glance, which once seen, in those days, was never forgotten.

"His face was turned squarely toward us, but his eyes seemed to look through us and beyond us. There was, on his face, that indescribably grim look which no portrait could convey, and no pen adequately describe. He was the incarnation of war."



GRANT AS BRIGADIER-GENERAL
During the first year of the Civil War



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

U. S. GRANT

In 1865, at the age of 43

Grant The Conqueror

With regard to this final relentless campaign in Virginia we have the competent testimony of Generals Lee and Longstreet that Grant was master of the situation, for once when a group of Confederate officers were criticizing the maneuvers of their great antagonist, Lee quietly interposed, "I think, gentlemen, that General Grant has managed his affairs very well." Longstreet went further yet and said, "Grant is a great soldier; it is only fair to admit that we had the advantage of the inside lines, and a knowledge of the territory; and could concentrate our troops at any point at any time."

Not only was Grant a fighter; he was able to move his armies swiftly and in order. I have read in the official records of the War Office the original telegrams which Lee sent to his subordinates in this campaign, wherein he inquires very anxiously, "Where is Grant? Can't you find Grant?"—messages which proved conclusively that Grant had

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withdrawn his vast army so skilfully, so silently and so swiftly that Lee had lost touch with him. He could handle an army like Napoleon; and, deeper than this military skill, was an indomitable soul; he could not be whipped.

Day by day, week by week, he continued his sidelong advance. "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he said grimly, and the whole nation thrilled with the stark power of that phrase. Yet when victory came, he met the defeated chieftains without a particle of rancor. He treated them with neighborly courtesy, refusing to take Lee's sword because he did not wish to humiliate him in the slightest degree. With his own hand he wrote into the terms of surrender the clause that permitted the officers to retain their horses. As a farmer he knew the value of horses. "They will need them in the spring seeding," he said in explanation of his action. Those who witnessed this meeting declare that he looked less the conqueror than any other man in the room. He wore a private's blouse, with the general's stars sewn to its shoulders, and, with his own hand, he presented to General Lee the paper that he had written.

The close of the war disclosed two towering figures—Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses Grant. Upon them the hope of reconstruction rested. Lincoln was taken, but Grant remained to carry on the work.

It is to be noted that both of these men, having been influenced by a residence in the South, were able to understand the problems that confronted the Southern States. The influence of Julia Dent and her St. Louis friends and relatives cannot be left out of the final estimate of Grant's character. While his stay on the Gravois had been a misfortune in many ways, estranging him from his own people, and exposing him to the pity of lesser men, it was, nevertheless, of the greatest value when he came to the point of deciding the fate of Southern men and Southern institutions.

The Patriot President

As a patriot Grant wished to see the South back in the Union at the earliest possible moment. The war was over, and he opposed resolutely all those who would oppress the conquered. As a commander he felt in honor bound to see that his paroles were observed, and, several times, he came to the point of curtly insisting that the War Department and the State Department should respect the promises he had made. As Mosby, the Confederate leader, said, "Grant was no Achilles to drag the body of his enemy around the walls of a conquered city," and, in truth, no Southern leader ever appealed to General Grant in vain.

Grant was called to the Presidency, at a special time, to do a special work—that of reconstruction—and however much he may have failed as a financial expert or as a dispenser of patronage, he carried reconstruction to its end in the spirit of the patriot; he was for the Union first, last and all the time.

His mind was simple. He had no subtlety of method. He reached his decisions without knowing precisely how; but he could, and did, state them, when they were formed, in the most precise and orderly Anglo-Saxon words. His writing, even that of his orders and reports, was delightfully free from pompous phrases. He wrote like Caesar, and made war like Napoleon.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT
From a photograph taken by Brady at headquarters in the Wilderness

It is true that the Presidential office brought out and emphasized his limitations. He knew very few men in civilian life, and none at all of any great power or influence. He had been a soldier all the years of his early manhood, and during the six years of his residence in Missouri and Illinois, he had lived the humble life of a farmer or clerk. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should make chance appointments, and that he should be burdened with the failure of such subordinates; but beyond this, it must be kept in mind, that he was chosen to do a certain job, and the people of the North were insistent that he should stick to that job.

Grant's first administration was, naturally and inevitably, filled with the mutter of receding war. Congress was a reconstruction battleground; it was folly to expect the dove of peace to brood over a bloody battlefield. The South suffered, naturally; it had no valid reason for expecting serenity and prosperity after a struggle of such titanic bitterness as that which had filled four years of the nation's life. It was well that the Southern people had a man at the head of the army, and later in the White House, who was free from the spirit of revenge,—a magnanimous victor.

Grant was a just ruler. Now that the cloud of partisan tumult, the welter of unimportant political measures, has disappeared we can see that he was the predestined man for the place. From the day of Lincoln's death till he was elected president the second time Grant was the one man whom the people of the North entirely trusted. There was something sterling, steadfast and candid in his nature that people felt and relied upon. Southern leaders like Lee and Longstreet had perfect confidence in his honor as a soldier, and in his magnanimity as a man; more than once he stood between the Southern leaders and those who would arrest and punish them.

Bed and board in the White House made comparatively little change in his life; sphinx-like in public, he remained the simple soldier in private—the villager, in fact. He went about the streets of the capital like any other citizen. He played ball on the lawn with the boys. He spent his evenings at home with his family. The most democratic of men, he despised pomp and circumstance, and especially the pomp and circumstance of war. He clung to his old-time friends, no matter how humble their condition, or how simple their homes; and when a citizen of Georgetown, or Ripley, or Galena came to his receptions he would hold the whole line motionless while he gossiped of old friends and neighbors. His love of former acquaintances and youthful scenes had something wistful in its intensity. When in Georgetown, he would plod from cottage to cottage across the weedy lots to visit the friends of his mother. As one of them said to me, "He sat right there and talked about old times just as common as anybody else."

He knew nothing of painting or sculpture and very little of books; he was able to recognize only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle" and the other one wasn't, and yet he was singularly refined. He loathed immorality. His diction was simple, dignified and direct. He used no figures of speech and no pompous epithet; therein his mind is indicated. While his enemies were talking of "the man on horseback," he



Photograph copyrighted by Keystone View Co., Inc.

STATUE OF GRANT

Grant Square, Brooklyn, N.Y., unveiled April, 1896. William Ordway Partridge, sculptor



From "Grant" by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GRANT
City Point, Virginia, 1865. From a Brady photograph

retain his old friendships. His memory for faces and names was prodigious. He never forgot any one he met; hundreds of individuals testified to this fact. He loved to reward those he knew, not so much for political reasons, but because of a tender loyalty to past friendship. The only man who felt his granitic hatred was the man who played false to him; personal duplicity he hated worst of all. To such a man he could be as stern, as relentless, and as destructive as a glacier.

It was not only a time of reconstruction but a time of expansion, of speculation, of spoliation. The nation was swiftly rushing into new lands; her forests were being wasted; the Indians were being robbed; conservation was an unknown word; citizens and corporations were clamoring for special privileges, and yet in the midst of all this, Grant stood for the just and patriotic thing. He approached all problems simply and directly; concerning specie payments he said, "The way to resume is to resume." In the whiskey ring exposure he said, "Let no guilty man escape." If he did not initiate laws, he, at least, sought to carry out those on the books in the spirit of the patriot.

Private Life and Last Days

After his tour around the world and retirement to private life, the problem of how to employ himself came up. He had no profession; he knew nothing of any business but farming and not much about that. Hence, almost inevitably, he fell into the hands of those who wished to capitalize his great name. He was still enormously popular. The bitterness of partisan opposition had passed away, and when it became known that the man, honored as soldier and President, had been ruined by an unscrupulous speculator, and that he had turned over all his trophies, all his swords, all the presents from foreign Governments, a wave of sympathy came back to him in full power. Men recalled what he had meant to them in '63 and '64; few believed that he had been

was going his simple, unambiguous way, making no pretensions, doing his work as well as he knew how. He was an executive—that was his understanding of the presidential office; "my job is to execute the laws, not to make them," he said.

To impute to him "cunning" or "duplicity" or "Napoleonic designs" was as false then as it is ludicrous now. No citizen and no president was ever more loyal to the American ideal. He made mistakes of judgment; he confided in men who were ambitious and crafty, but his own course was that of a common-sense soldier, and the people were glad to re-elect him. Even at the close of his second term his popularity remained undiminished.

Throughout his period of office, he remained, not only unspoiled, but almost childishly eager to



THE MCLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA
Here Grant and Lee fixed the terms of the Confederate General's surrender, April 9, 1865

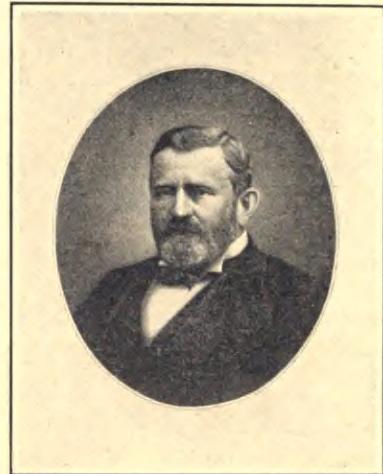
G E N E R A L G R A N T

in any degree cognizant of the real character of the business with which he had been associated.

In these dark days it seemed that his life must end in a kind of vicarious dishonor; but those who thought this did not know the enormous resources of Grant's heroic soul. Old and poor, and attacked by a cancer in the throat, he set his hand to the colossal task of writing the epic story of his life. No one, not even his best friends, had any hope that he would be able to do the work more than acceptably. He had no literary training, was not a student in the ordinary sense, and yet the result of his labors was a story of such simplicity and purity of style, such reserve and dignity, that many critics professed to believe that it was the work of another hand. The story of his amazing life was as limpid as the water of a mountain brook, terse, modest in statement; yet it expressed the quality of unflinching courage which was native to him.

For some months he toiled, writing, or dictating one day, and revising the manuscript the next—even after his enemy reached in and silenced his voice forever, he kept on composing with pencil on a pad held upon his knee. Unable to sleep when lying down, denied all solid nutriment and forced to toss his liquid food down his throat “as if it were red-hot lead,” he kept to his task with grim determination to fight it out on that line to the end. At one time he was actually given up for dead by his physician—nevertheless he rallied and went on with his history, not because he cared to celebrate himself, but for the sake of his wife and children. That the value of the book depended upon its being finished by his own hand he was keenly aware.

As he lay there on his death bed, at war with weakness, sleeplessness and pain, the love of all his friends and the forgiveness of most of his enemies came back to him, as if to compensate him for his silence and fortitude. Delegations of Southern men, led by the generals against whom he had fought, came to press his hand and to assure him that the South realized his chivalry and magnanimity. He had the deep satisfaction of knowing that, in his last days, he was still serving as an instrument for the closing of the chasm between the North and the South.



PRESIDENT GRANT

As he looked at the end of his administration
in 1876



GENERAL GRANT AT MOUNT McGREGOR

Surrounded by his family and devoted physicians, Grant spent his last days at the Drexel cottage, near Saratoga; and died there July 23, 1885

It is deeply significant of his character to read that, in the moments of his almost intolerable agony, Grant remained not only

G E N E R A L G R A N T

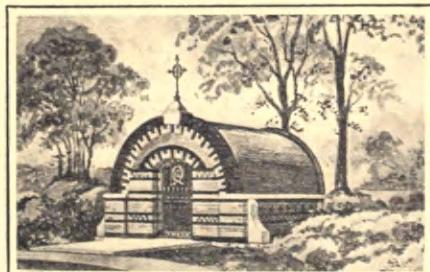
uncomplaining but gently considerate of others. His deeply ingrained kindness and courtesy came out in his attitude toward the doctors, in his gratitude to his nurses, and in his patience with the strangers who flocked about the cottage to catch a last view of him. On the paper pads, which were his only means of communication, he set down such lofty words of courage, such lines of patriotism and devotion, that they will always remain among the most inspiring of his life.

In these messages he expressed his gratitude for the widespread solicitude of the nation, and his utter absence of feeling against the South, and put forth a hope that never again would any sectional hatred arise. He was the high-souled patriot even at the moment when it seemed that his sufferings were too great to permit of the slightest outside interests. His fortitude had something stupendous in its persistency and its power. Here again he seemed the man of destiny toiling on his dying bed to complete the Union for which he had fought and the peace that he had done so much to win.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. One of the doctors stole softly to the bedside and listened, then rose, and said in a low voice: "It is all over." Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the

tramp of columned men, were all of martial suggestiveness — ceremony for which Grant cared little. But if his spirit was able to look back upon his outworn body, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his body, on a wall looking to the south, these words should be carved: "Let Us Have Peace"; for they express, more completely than could any other symbols, the inner gentleness and patriotism of Ulysses Grant.



THE FIRST TOMB, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK

In which the body of General Grant rested while the present monumental tomb was being erected nearby on the bank of the Hudson



IN HIS CLOSING DAYS

Grant spent every moment possible writing his "Memoirs"

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

Ulysses S. Grant

GRANT, His Life and Character

By Hamlin Garland

THE LIFE OF U. S. GRANT

By Louis A. Coolidge

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT

By Horace Porter

ON THE TRAIL OF GRANT AND LEE

By Frederick Trevor Hill

THE BOY'S LIFE OF U. S. GRANT

By Helen Nicolay

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R



RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT
From photographs taken by Walker in 1875, and lent by Major C. C. Sniffen

The profile portraits of General Grant printed above are very rare and known only to a few. The story that goes with them is an interesting one, and was told originally by Mrs. Grant. These pictures of the General are reproduced from photographs taken in response to a request made by his wife during his second term as President of the United States. Mrs. John A. Logan, who was a close friend of Mrs. Grant, had a fine cameo picture of her husband, General Logan, which had been made in Italy. It was a very neat and skilful example of cameo cutting in stone, and Mrs. Grant had admired it. Mrs. Logan then told Mrs. Grant that, if the latter would furnish her with a profile portrait of the General, she would have it reproduced in similar cameo form. Mrs. Grant then turned to her husband and asked him to have such a picture made. "You should sit for a profile likeness—you have never had one taken," she said; but the President seemed to hesitate, turning the subject off by saying that it would be a "good deal of trouble." Mrs. Grant

wondered what the General meant by the expression "trouble." Her husband had never before shown any indisposition to sit for a photograph—it seemed to be a simple enough matter. A few days later General Grant brought home proofs of the photographs reproduced above, and then his wife realized how seriously he had taken the matter, and what the making of a profile picture had meant to him. The General evidently thought that the actual lines of the face were necessary for a profile, and, accordingly, he had gone to the trouble of having his whiskers shaved from his chin. "It was his dislike of being shaved that made the request hard to comply with," Mrs. Grant stated in an interview. "I waited for his beard to grow, and then the kind of picture that I wanted (with a full beard) was taken." Mrs. Grant remarked upon the firmness of the chin and mouth, and the kindness that this rare picture reveals. There is disclosed "the private man himself, firm as a rock indeed, but benevolent and warm of heart."

W. D. Cleggat
EDITOR

Grant's Offer of Service

In 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War, Grant was made a mustering officer of the State of Illinois. In May, 1861, Charles Lamphier, editor of the "Springfield Register," found him looking "fagged out, lonesome, poor and dejected." "What are you doing here in Springfield, Captain?" asked Lamphier. "Nothing—waiting," Grant replied.

Shortly after, he obtained a leave of absence, and went to his home town, Galena. It was while there that he wrote the following letter of application to Washington:

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

Galena, Ill., May 24, 1861.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Ill., will reach me.

I am very Respectfully,
Your Obt. Svt.,
U. S. GRANT.

Receiving no reply, and, seeing no hope of appointment in Illinois, he made a visit to St. Louis, and applied for service under the State of Missouri, but got nothing. He then went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where George B. McClellan was in command. He sought a position on General McClellan's staff, but, after calling twice, failed even to see McClellan. While in Cincinnati, he received a telegram from Governor Yates offering him the command of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. This was a disorderly and troublesome command, but Grant brought the regiment quickly under discipline, and, in the face of demoralizing conditions, showed himself the cool, calm master-commander.

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THE MENTOR

THE DEER FAMILY

By
DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

DEPARTMENT OF
NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 11

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAID:

The most striking and melancholy feature in connection with American big game is the rapidity with which it has vanished. When, just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the rifle-bearing hunters of the backwoods first penetrated the great forests west of the Alleghenies, deer, elk, black bear, and even buffalo swarmed in what are now the states of Kentucky and Tennessee; and the country north of the Ohio was a great and almost virgin hunting-ground. From that day to this the shrinkage has gone on, only partially checked here and there, and never arrested as a whole.

In the early eighties there were still great regions where every species of game that had ever been known within historic times on our continent was to be found as plentiful as ever. In the early nineties there were large regions in which this was true of all game except the buffalo; for instance, the elk in portions of northwestern Wyoming, of the blacktail in northwestern Colorado, of the whitetail here and there in the Indian territory, and of the antelope in parts of New Mexico. Even at the present day there are smaller, but still considerable, regions where these four animals are found in great abundance.

In New England and New York, as well as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the white-tail deer is more plentiful than it was a generation ago, and, in Maine, the moose and caribou have, on the whole, increased during the same period.

Nevertheless, if we are a sensible people, we will make it our business to see that the process of extinction is arrested. Every believer in manliness, and therefore in manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life, should strike hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources in the effort to keep our forest and our game beasts from wanton destruction.

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THE DEER FAMILY

By DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director of New York Zoological Park, and author of "American Natural History,"
"Our Vanishing Wild Life," "Two Years in the Jungle," etc.

MENTOR
GRAVURES

CARIBOU
OF THE NORTHWEST
AND ALASKA

ALASKAN MOOSE

ALTAI WAPITI (ELK)



RED DEER

MENTOR
GRAVURES

AXIS OR INDIAN
SPOTTED DEER

INDIAN SAMBAR

KASHMIR STAG, OR
HANGUL DEER



EDITORIAL NOTE—The pictures in this number are reproduced through the courtesy of and by arrangement with the New York Zoological Society.



THE ibexes, sheep and goats of the world have made bold mountain climbers out of soft men, the deer of the world have made keen woodsmen and trackers. More white men have been deer hunters than mountaineers. The pursuit of the big game of the world did more to create high-class rifles and promote good rifle-shooting than had been accomplished by any other cause prior to 1914.

Of all big game, that of the plains goes first, the game of the treeless mountains is next to vanish, and the deer of the dense forests is the longest to survive.

The Deer Family is a magnificent animal species, widely distributed, and of astounding physical variety. Of the whole western hemisphere there is not one state or province, from Patagonia to Point

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Barrow and North Greenland, wherein it was originally unrepresented. It covered (originally) all of the Old World save Africa, New Zealand, Australia, a few islands of the Far East, the Gobi Desert and Arabia. The Barbary Deer, of North Africa, are believed to have been colonized there.

In size and antlers, all possible grades and variations are living today, from the tiny Chilean Guemal, with little straight skewers of bone for antlers, up to the colossal 7-foot moose with antlers that are great, thick slabs of bone studded with powerful bone spears, and spreading six feet or more in the clear.

When the New York Zoological Society makes its final gift to the public,—of a magnificent collection of heads and horns, installed in a superb new Museum building open to all,—go to that building, open your eyes and take in, at one grand sweep of vision, the vast wall devoted to "The Deer Family." You cannot see such a sight anywhere else in the world; and unless you are already a mammalogist, I guarantee that it will impress you.

I have seen deer in many lands, and, very cheerfully, could write a volume about that thrilling Family; but I will give here only a quick, comprehensive survey of its most important members.

The Moose

In the first place, the Deer Family includes, along with the standardized round-horned deer, the flat-horned caribou and moose. It also includes the giant fallow deer of Ireland, popularly known to the English-speaking world as the "Irish Elk;" but now all dead and buried on the gravel bottoms of numerous Irish bogs. It is known by the dozens of skeletons, and skulls, and antlers that have been exhumed in fine condition and placed in museums. The Irish Elk was too ambitious. He grew antlers far too large and heavy for his body, and they led straight to his entombment in the treacherous bogs to which he went for his drinks. The first-record Irish Elk antlers have a spread of 11 feet 9 inches!

We hear so much of the giant mammals and reptiles of the past that we may be pardoned for a feeling of satisfaction in the fact that the very biggest members of the Deer Family that ever lived in this world are alive and well today. Truly the Moose "doth bestride the world like a Colossus." He is, of all deer, the unchallenged giant, and he is just as odd and picturesque as he is big.

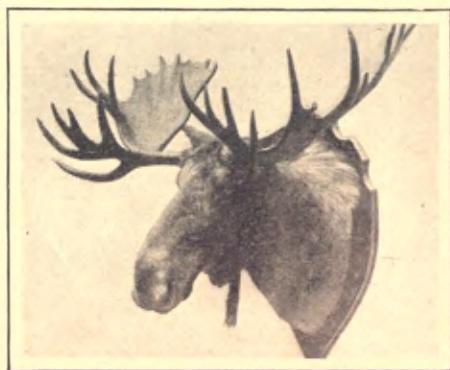
It is difficult either to imagine him or believe him without seeing him. His towering legs are beyond compare—in deer; his huge body is



RECORD ANTLERS OF ALASKAN MOOSE
76 inches span

wholly out of proportion; his body is covered with long, coarse hair that is like a thatch rather than a coat of hair; his huge, overhanging nose is in a class by itself, and his enormous shovel antlers are like no other antlers under the sun. His picture, by Carl Rungius, the great animal painter, must tell the story of his form.

And yet, the way in which this marvel of animal creation is being slaughtered and *wasted* in Alaska, is astounding. If you protest, however, about the senseless slaughter of Alaskan big game, you are liable to be called hard names by some men—as I have been this very month.



HEAD OF ALASKAN MOOSE

Caribou

The most numerous of all deer, in herd numbers, are the Barren-Ground Caribou of northern Canada and Alaska. Herds containing, actually, millions of animals have been seen and described by Warburton Pike, J. B. Tyrrell and "Buffalo" Jones. They occupy the treeless regions of North America, and, formerly, the herds stretched clear across the continent from Labrador to the mouth of the Yukon in western Alaska.

In one sense the caribou are like wild reindeer; and this relationship constitutes their most brief and comprehensive description. There are eight or

nine species, some quite small, but some of those of western North America are big husky animals, as large as European red deer. Two of them have been named in honor of Mr. Madison Grant and Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, founders of the New York Zoological Society. Alaska has a fine assortment of the big species, and to the people of Alaska they are a very valuable food supply. Obviously they should be made to last as such until the herds of domesticated reindeer take their place.

Woodland Caribou are even yet to be found by hunters in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. But caribou shooting is not always to be regarded as great sport, not as good hunting goes. Where caribou are as abundant



ANTLERS OF ALASKAN MOOSE

as they are in Newfoundland, shooting them is too tame to be called real sport, and one experience usually is quite enough.

Round-Horned Deer

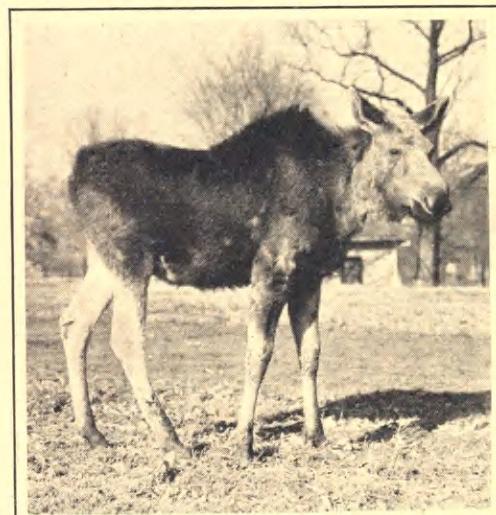
The group of Round-Horned Deer contains the standardized deer of the world, and, in number of species, it far outnumbers the Flat-Horned group. Perhaps the most celebrated of all its members is the American Elk, or Wapiti (wap-it-tee.)

The Round-Horned deer are at home throughout the temperate zone, the tropics of all America, and the tropics of all of the Old World, save Africa and the most southeasterly islands of Australasia. In the temperate zone they inhabit the great hardwood forests of eastern North America, the edges of the great plains, the foothills, the mountains both east and west, and the dark and tangled forest of the Pacific coast, up to southern Alaska. The forests of India literally teem with deer, both small and great.

The American Elk, or Wapiti, is the King of the Round-Horned Deer,—and for that matter of the whole Deer Family. He is the most stately, the largest of all the typical deer, and the largest of all save only the moose. His antlers fittingly crown a noble personality. The efforts now being made by the Government (and a few States) to preserve the remaining herds of this grand species are well spent; but the task is very difficult and perplexing. For the Yellowstone Park herd of 30,000 head, more winter ranges, exclusively reserved for the elk herds, are absolutely necessary, and must be provided at once.

The Elk quickly responds to protection. Its return in "thousands" to the Elk River Game Preserve in southeastern British Columbia, by breeding since 1907, is a wonderful object lesson. In Jackson Hole, Wyoming, wild elk wintering there are as tame as plains cattle. The creation by President Theodore Roosevelt, practically as his last official act, of the Mount Olympus National Monument Reserve in Washington has saved to that State a splendid group of wild elk, of which the State now is justly proud.

The strangest fact about the American Elk is that in central Asia, 7,000 miles away and with no bridge between, lives the Altai Elk (or Wapiti) which is so exact a counterpart of our American animal that if a dozen specimens of each were mixed together no one but a trained zoologist could



YOUNG MOOSE



ANTLERS OF KANAI, ALASKA
CARIBOU

Rungius to execute an important painting, to be entitled "The Mainstay of the Pioneer," to commemorate this animal and its historic work as a nation-builder.

There is a great line of White-Tailed Deer species, a dozen or more, that extends from southern Canada, New England, and eastern Oregon to Florida, Texas, Mexico, Central America, and on through Columbia and Venezuela to southern Brazil. Some of the Central American species are very little known, even to naturalists, and their life histories remain to be written. Some of them are of very small size. These deer will be the last hoofed and horned game to survive in the Western Hemisphere, when man and the elements finally exterminate all the land mammals of the world. This will be because these deer love the forests, and are good hiders when pursued.

The Black-Tailed Deer group is strictly North American, and is limited to the western third of central North America, from Sitka to the Island of Tiburon, Gulf of California. Its largest member is the splendid Mule Deer of the Rocky Mountain region and the Great Plains country. Its smallest is the Sitka Deer, of southern Alaska, the northern diminutive of the Columbian Black-tailed Deer of the Pacific Coast.

The Mule Deer is in great danger of extermination as a sport-giving animal. It lives in rather open country, it has fatal curiosity when hunted, and it is easily killed. It will be saved from total extinction only by the great State and National game preserves of the United States and Canada.

pick out the two species and separate them.

The long, massive and nobly-proportioned antlers of the American and Altai Wapiti mark these species anywhere, but they are so large that very few private houses can accommodate them with exhibition space.

White and Black-Tailed Deer

A whole volume might be written about the American White-Tailed or Virginia Deer and its relatives, and the part they have played in the settlement and development of the United States. The New York Zoological Society has commissioned Carl



"FREAK" ANTLERS OF A MAINE
WHITE-TAILED DEER

South American Deer

South America is poorly stocked with deer. It is not well adapted to deer development and increase. The Marsh Deer (*Blastocerus paludosis*), is a fine, large species, with long, spreading hoofs, and short horns that are very massive for their length. It inhabits the region of the Rio de la Plata; the Pampas Deer, of Patagonia, is its small and delicate understudy.

The Guemal Deer, of Peru and Chili, is one of the smallest members of the Deer Family. It is an attractive little animal, with horns measuring only two to four inches long.

The little Brockets of Mexico and Central America are so much like Duiker Antelopes that the resemblance is remarkable. The Red Brocket of Mexico stands only 20 inches high at the shoulders, its horns are straight, spear-like spikes four inches long, and its bright brown color is the reason for its name. The Brockets rarely are found in small museums, and just about never in zoological gardens and parks. In twenty years the New York Zoological Park never has been able to secure even one living specimen.

Old World Deer

Collectively, the deer of the Old World make a fine array. As you look them over it will be seen that the outstanding species are: The Altai and Tashkent Wapiti, the Kashmir Stag, the Maral Deer, the European Red Deer, the Barasingha of India, Schomburgk's Deer of Burma; the beautiful Axis of India; the Sambar or Rusa Deer, big and little, of all southeastern Asia; the almost extinct David's Deer of China, the Sika Deer of China and Japan, and the Luzon Sambar of the Philippine Islands.

There is one climbing line of Asiatic deer species that leads right up in fairly regular progression from the least to the greatest of what we may as well call the Wapiti group. They go up as follows: Red Deer of Europe; Maral Deer of the Caucasus; the Kashmir Stag or Hangul of Kashmir; the Yarkand Stag, and Altai or Thian-Shan Wapiti. The horn architecture of all the above is very much the same, and the line of ascent is too plain to be mistaken. In practical effect, the Red Deer of Europe is merely a diminutive Wapiti, about one-third the bulk



WHITE-TAILED VIRGINIA DEER
In summer coat, with new antlers in the velvet

of the two large Wapiti species.

The most interesting new fact about the European Red Deer concerns its tremendously successful introduction into New Zealand, starting from three specimens that have increased to about 10,000. This was accomplished not only with no bad effects from the inbreeding, but with a decided gain in size, antlers and general vigor. That success has been a valuable object lesson to the world, and once more it has proved true our theory (and practice) that when healthy wild animals roam free on great areas, and live naturally, the usual ill effects of inbreeding as seen among domestic animals absolutely fail to appear.

India possesses three notable deer species, the Indian Sambar, Barasingha and Axis.

The Indian Sambar is the largest and finest member of the great Rusa group of tropical deer. When looked at carelessly, it strongly suggests an Elk, with only two tines on each antler; but when you leave him and follow down through the other members of the Rusa group (of which there are at least six or seven species) you realize that he is far from being a Wapiti of any kind.

All the Rusa deer of India and the Far East are big-bodied, coarse-haired, thinly clad, and dull brown or drab in color. Their antlers are rather straight in the beam, and the tines are few and short.

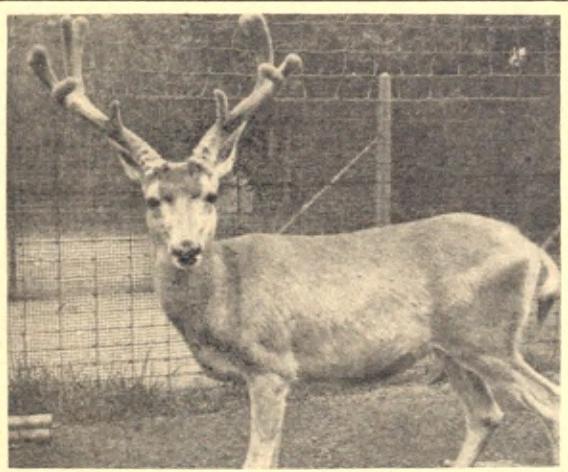
The Malay Sambar is marked by antlers that are quite short and thick, and sometimes enormously thick for their length. No other deer is as heavy in the body, or so full of venison for its height, as the Malay Sambar.

The young of Sambar Deer generally have *no white spots*, as the young of most other deer fawns have; and, without exception, their hair is thin, stiff and bristly.

Naturally, the Rusa Deer



ANTLERS OF A COLORADO MULE DEER



WHITE-TAILED VIRGINIA DEER
Antlers in velvet

all love the thick forests; for were it otherwise they could not long survive. In those tropical forests their dull gray-brown coats render them the most invisible of all deer. Once on a mountain-side in India my native trackers tried their utmost to make me see a Sambar lying down only fifty feet away, but I could not see it until it sprang up and ran away.

To my mind the Axis Deer of India and Ceylon is the most beautiful of all deer, and truly it is the best to keep in captivity for exhibition and breeding. It is finely formed, always beautiful in color, very handsomely marked, its antlers are as large and as long as the traffic will stand, and, in captivity, it is as good and sound physically as it is beautiful. Illness in our large Zoological park herd is practically unknown; but the fawns will persist in being born in January!

The Indian Swamp Deer, or Barasingha, is as large as our mule deer; it has antlers that are just a trifle small to match its fine size, but, in its

summer coat, it is of a beautiful old-gold color that is decidedly conspicuous. In northern India it has furnished much good sport for Anglo-Indian officers, but its numbers are steadily diminishing.

Schomburgk's Deer

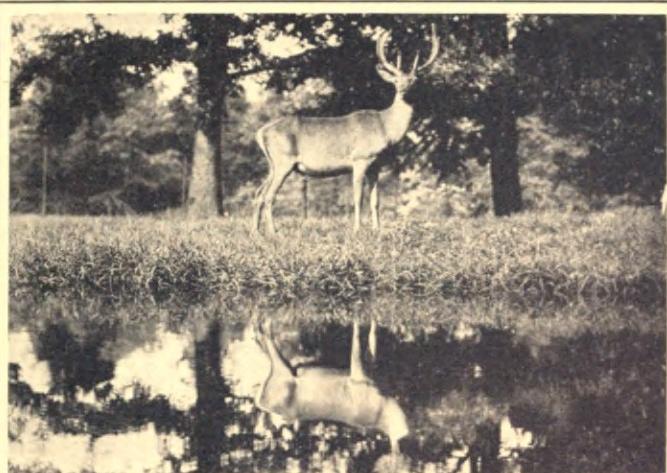
Across the Bay of Bengal in Burma and Siam is found a lusty deer about the size of the Barasingha which makes up in antlers all the points and size that the latter lacks. It is known to the world by the unfortunate and utterly unsatisfactory name of "Schomburgk's Deer." The antlers are remarkable for their many forks and points and their tree-top effect.



MALAY SAMBAR, OR "HORSE-TAILED" DEER



MOLUCCA SAMBAR DEER



MARAL DEER, OF THE CAUCASUS

lover it has the habits of a rabbit, and as a game animal it is mighty hard to find. In Borneo I once shot one because I had remained quiet in one spot for an hour, making an elaborate sketch of an argus pheasant in a trap. The most peculiar thing about the Muntjac is its tiny antlers that are set far above the skull on two tall pedicels of solid bone that are covered with skin and hair, while they rise two or three inches above the forehead. The color of this small jungle-deer is bright fawn color, and to hungry naturalists its flesh tastes exceedingly good.

In China and Manchuria there are some very interesting deer, chiefly belonging to the Sika group, but the most interesting of them all is a "has-been." It is "Père" David's Deer,—named in honor of a Catholic missionary zoologist. It is a large one, and it is marked by the possession of a *long tail*, the longest possessed by any living deer. Its antlers are very plain and simple in form, and the longest on record are credited with a beam length of $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with 20 points.

The startling thing about David's Deer is the fact that, in China, it now is totally extinct, and in all the world only one herd remains

Deer of the Far East

In the thick jungles of the Far East, from Southern India to Borneo and up to China, there is a strange group of small deer of a highly interesting character. It is known as the Muntjac. A typical male specimen is only 22 inches high, and weighs only 38 pounds. As a timid, hiding jungle-



MULE DEER
In early fall coat

alive to tell their tale. That herd of sole survivors lives in the park of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn, England. There are now about 30 head, and so the future of that species hangs by that one slender thread. The question is, how long will they survive "the slings and arrows" of outrageous fortune?

Fate of the Deer

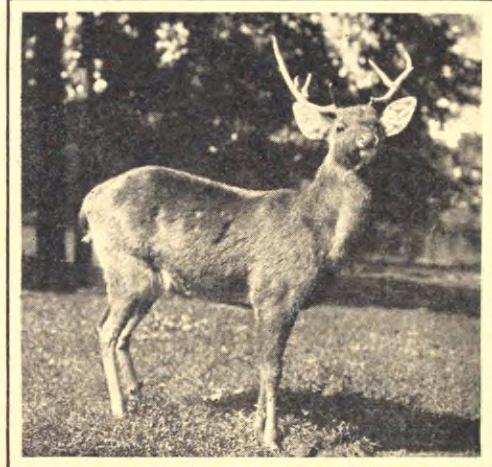
What is to be the ultimate fate of the Deer Family of the world? Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, author of "The Age of Mammals," says with grave meaning:

"We are now at the end of the age of mammals." As man breeds and increases, and sweeps on over the world with the destructiveness of a consuming fire, one by one, the Deer species of the world will disappear, until all are gone. The deer of the open plains and foothills will be the first to go, but the oncoming millions of rifles and billions of cartridges, *now fast going into the deadly hands of native hunters*, will comb them out of the jungles until none are left.

The last to go will be the deer of the tropical and subtropical jungles, and the game preserves; but, in time, the game preserves may be desecrated and raided for commercial purposes, and then even they will be destroyed.

In the course of time, as things look now, no wild land mammals or birds will remain upon the earth save rats, mice and English sparrows—and who wants them? Let us be happy, then, while we may, living in a time when we can still enjoy the company of God's noblest and most beautiful creatures.

At the same time, let us observe our solemn duties toward the remnants of wild life that, in honor, we cannot evade. It is our bounden duty to stop the killing of all female deer, and reduce the annual killing of male deer by fifty per cent. We found this earth bountifully stocked with deer, and we cannot exterminate them without becoming guilty of criminal wastefulness.



BARASINGHA DEER



EUROPEAN RED DEER

Taken in New Zealand from herd introduced there from England

Facts About the Deer

The Deer Family is represented on all continents, and on all large islands, save Africa, Australia and New Zealand. There are about forty-five well-defined species, and many sub-species. With but one or two exceptions, the species found in the tropics and sub-tropics are scantily antlered, dull in color, and covered with coarse, thin hair.

There is but one tropical deer which is really beautiful, and that is the Axis, or Spotted Deer, of India and Ceylon. The Axis Deer is the most beautiful in color of all deer.

The American Moose is the largest member of the Deer Family. The Moose has the heaviest and most massive antlers, with the widest spread.

The American Elk, or Wapiti, is the largest and finest of all the round-horned deer.

Male deer of most species have solid antlers, of bone, branching into several tines.

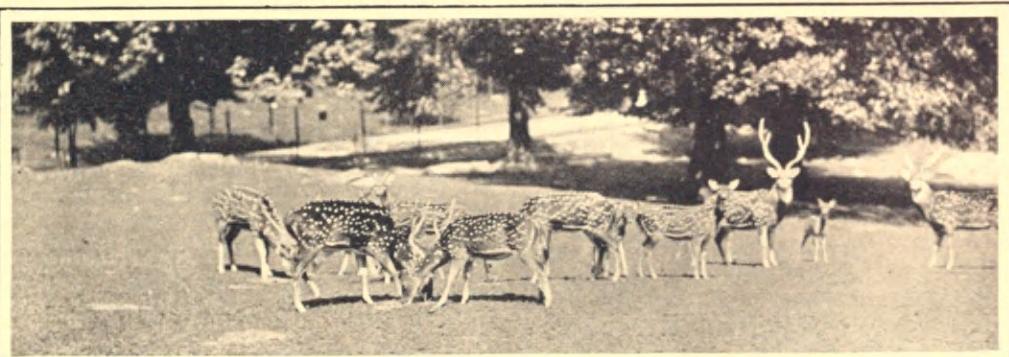
Deer shed their antlers, and renew them completely, every year.

The young of nearly all round-horned deer are spotted at birth.

All adult male deer are dangerous in the mating season, when their antlers are new and perfect.

The female Caribou is the only female deer with antlers.

The best deer to keep in captivity in a park is the Fallow Deer of Europe; and, outside of its own home, the worst is the Columbian Black-Tail.



INDIAN AXIS, OR SPOTTED DEER

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY

(Chapter VIII) *By W. T. Hornaday*

THE DEER FAMILY

*By Theodore Roosevelt and others**

THE RED DEER

By R. Jefferies

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG

By Ernest Thompson Seton

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

By Ernest Thompson Seton

A Canoe Journey of 2,000 Miles in Search of the Caribou

* * * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

A common question frequently asked by those of us interested in the life and habits of Deer is "What does 'In the Velvet' mean?" Any hunter, sportsman or naturalist can tell us, but Dr. Hornaday has such a clear, simple, interesting way of giving out information that we cannot do better than to draw on him for an answer to the question. This is what he tells us.

★ ★ ★

The unvarying, distinctive mark by which any American representative of the Deer Family can be recognized is the presence, on the male, of solid horns of bone, called "antlers," which are shed once a year, close down to the skull, and are fully renewed by rapidly growing out in a soft state called "the velvet." When fully grown, the antlers branch several times; but the first pair, which are grown during the second year, are only two straight and slender spikes, called "dag antlers." In making this statement, we include, in the Deer Family not only the true deer, but also the moose and caribou.

★ ★ ★

Many persons find it difficult to believe that the antlers of these creatures drop off close to the skull every year, and are completely renewed in about four months; but such is the fact. It is Nature's special plan to absorb the surplus strength of the males, and render them weak and inoffensive during the period in which the mothers are rearing their young, when both the does and their fawns would be defenceless against savage males with perfect antlers. It seems incredible—unless watched from week to week—that the enormous antlers of full-grown moose or

elk can be dropped and completely renewed again in as short a period as four months; but it is true.

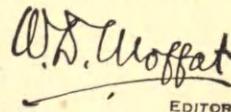
★ ★ ★

The antlers of North American deer are usually dropped in March, but, occasionally, in February. Sometimes a day or two passes between the fall of the first antler and the loss of the second. The root, or pedicle, exposed is a rough disc of bone belonging to the frontal bone of the skull. No blood flows. Dropped antlers are sometimes gnawed by rodents until destroyed; but many are picked up by those who look for them. At the end of two weeks, a rounded bunch, like a big brown tomato, has risen on the pedicle of each antler. It is soft, full of blood, and easily injured.

Gradually this elongates into the form of a thick, blunt-ended club, in color, brown or pink, shiny, and thinly covered with minute hairs. When fairly started, the antlers of a healthy and vigorous elk or caribou grow at the rate of one-third of an inch per day, or even more. They are soft, spongy, warm, full of blood, are easily injured, and if cut will bleed freely. The material of which they are composed, internally, is the same as that which forms the hair. The drain upon the animal's vitality during this period is very severe, and it is not strange that the animal is then meek and spiritless.

★ ★ ★

This is Nature's wise method of keeping the male of the species quiet and well behaved at a time critical in the life of the female and in the development of the offspring.


W.H. Moffat
EDITOR

THE ELK'S CALENDAR

IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

- Jan. 1. Pelage (the coat) has grown perceptibly paler.
- Feb. 1. Pelage has lost its luster, and begins to look weathered.
- Mar. 21. Antlers of the largest male dropped, nine hours apart.
- Apr. 8. Each budding antler looks like a big brown tomato.
- Apr. 18. New antlers about five inches long, thick and stumpy.
- Apr. 30. Each antler has developed three branches. Young elk born, well spotted. Closely hidden in the rocks. Height, 26 inches; length, 35 inches; weight, $30\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.
- May 10. Shedding in full progress; the Elk look their worst.
- June 1. Shedding about half finished.
- June 18. Antlers now full length, but club-like, well haired. Tips flat. Large male has finished shedding.
- July 20. Antlers are now sharp at their tips. Flies troublesome. Herd bathes in the pond frequently and long.
- Aug. 1. Entire herd now free from winter pelage. Animals look well in short, red summer coat, but smaller. Velvet still on antlers. Spots on young are all gone, and white rump-patch is fully developed.
- Aug. 15. Two big males began to rub velvet from antlers, against trees.
- Aug. 22. Antlers of one bull almost clean, but velvet still hangs in tatters, like carpet rags. Tips pure white, base looks bloody.
- Sept. 15. The summer coat has been completely shed.
- Oct. 1. The herd is at its best. All antlers clean and perfect. Pelage long, full, and rich in color. Mating season now on. Bulls aggressive and dangerous. Fawns active and playful. The "bugle" of the bull is a shrill shriek, like an English locomotive whistle, sliding down the scale into a terrific bawl.

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THE MENTOR

THE OHIO RIVER

By
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY AND TRAVEL

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 12

TWENTY CENTS A COPY

The Smooth-Flowing Ohio

THE Ohio does not bustle and rush along over rocks and down many rapids, hurrying its boats up and down, after the manner of busy, anxious Northern rivers; neither does it go to sleep all along shore and allow the forest flotsam to clog up its channel, like the Southern streams. But none the less has it a character of its own, which makes its gentle impression day by day.

No river in the world has such a length of uniform smooth current. In and out it meanders for a thousand miles; it has time to loiter about the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania; to ripple around the mountains of West Virginia; to make deep bends that it may take in the Southern rivers; then it curves up northward toward Cincinnati, as if to leave a broad land-sweep for the beautiful, blue-grass meadows of Kentucky; and, at North Bend, away it glides again on a long southwestern trip, down, down, along the southern borders of Indiana and Illinois, and, after making a last curve to receive the twin rivers—the Cumberland and the long, mountain-born Tennessee—it mixes its waters with the Mississippi, a thousand miles above the ocean.

From Pittsburgh to its mouth the Ohio receives into itself seventy-five tributaries, crosses seven states, and holds in its embrace one hundred islands. The verdure is vivid and luxuriant; the round tops of the swelling hills are like green velvet, so full and even is the foliage. The river constantly curves and bends, knotted like a tangled silver thread over the green country. Every turn shows a new view: now a vista of intavale on the north; now a wooded gorge on the south; now a wall of hills in front; and now, as the stream doubles on its track, the same hills astern, with sloping valley-meadows separating their wooded sides.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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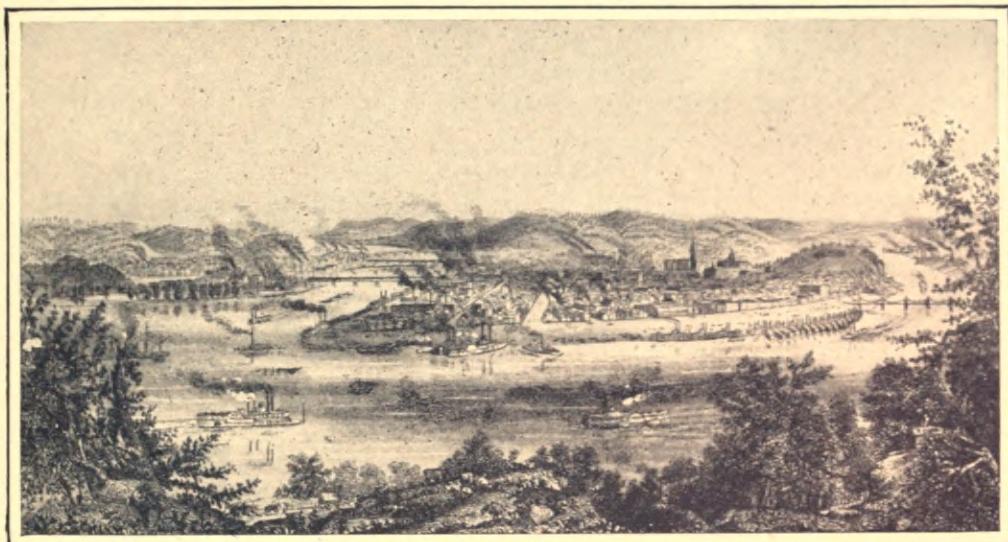
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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL
SERIAL NUMBER 208



OLD VIEW OF PITTSBURGH

Showing the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers—forming the Ohio

THE OHIO RIVER

BY PROF. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, *Harvard University*

MENTOR GRAVURES

ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE · WASHINGTON RAISING FLAG, FORT DUQUESNE, 1758
EARLY DAYS ON THE OHIO · ALLEGHENY AND MONONGAHELA RIVERS FORMING
THE OHIO · COAL FLEETS ON THE OHIO · FALLS OF THE OHIO AT LOUISVILLE



HAT European first laid eyes upon the stream to which the French gave the lovely name of "*La Belle Rivière*"? What bark first carried curious white men down the current of the widening and ever enlarging stream? All we know with assurance is that it was sixty years after the French began to explore the St. Lawrence and the English had reached the headwaters of the James and the Potomac, before Europe was informed that beyond the Appalachian mountains a great river descended to the southwestward.

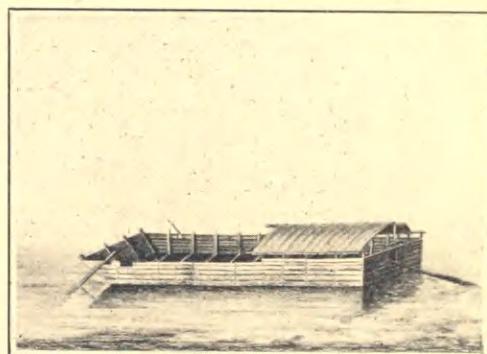
Not till 1670 did the French frontiersman, La Salle, force his way through the obstacles of the wilderness, till he embarked on what we now call the Allegheny River, which for many years was considered the true Ohio. The English Virginians, stirred up by "the Hon'ble Major General

T H E O H I O R I V E R

Wood for the finding out the ebbing and flowing of the water on the other side of the mountains," a few months later reached "the great run emptying itself northerly into the great river," which without doubt was the New River, the most southeastern source of the Ohio. It was near a hundred years later before the two nations settled the question which of them was the rightful owner of the immense territory comprised in the basin of the majestic stream.

It was a century full of adventure and surprise. The French had the advantage of a water highway up the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and, in course of time, learned that a carry of seven miles from Lake Erie would put them on Lake Chautauqua, one of the head-waters of the Allegheny. Shorter and easier crossings were found through the stream that still bears the name of French Creek, and other portages from the head-waters of streams flowing into Lake Erie across to the upper Muskingum, Hocking, Miami, and Wabash Rivers.

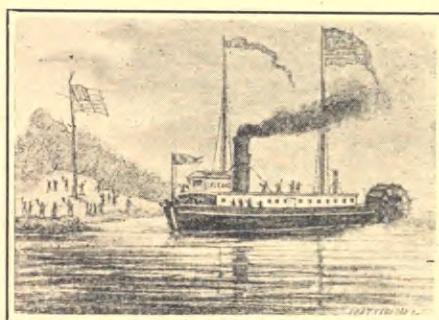
The upper waters of the Ohio became the theater of one of the most romantic episodes in the history of America, when, in 1753, the young Virginian, George Washington, was sent to the far-off French forts on the upper Allegheny to give warning that the English claimed the whole Ohio country. It was on a little tributary of the Monongahela that Washington and his little force were captured at Fort Necessity in 1754. It was almost within sight of Fort Duquesne, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, that, in 1755, Washington shared in the dangers but not the disgrace of the famous Braddock's Defeat. When, in 1758, the French were at last driven out of the Forks of the Ohio, and the little town huddled around the fort was named Pittsburgh for the great English statesman, William Pitt, the Ohio River, and all the immense area that it drained, was turned over to the British. Almost nothing was left to mark the eighty years of French dominion, except a few place names, such as Presque Isle on Lake Erie, Louisville on the Ohio, Vincennes on the Wabash, and St. Louis on the Mississippi. The new United States took



From an engraving made for the atlas of Victor Collot's "Voyage in Western America," published in Paris, 1826

FLAT BOTTOM RIVER BOAT

The sort used by pioneers on the Ohio and the Mississippi



FIRST BOAT BUILT ON THE WESTERN WATERS, 1811

The *New Orleans*, first steamboat to navigate the Ohio and Mississippi. She was built at Pittsburgh by Nicholas Roosevelt in 1811, and under his guidance reached New Orleans early in the following year. Fulton and Livingston were the proprietors of the craft, which was constructed and sent south as part of the plan by which the owners were seeking to obtain a monopoly of steam transportation in America

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over the control of the river and its basin; and from that time to this the Ohio has been one of the arteries of the American Republic.

The River's Source

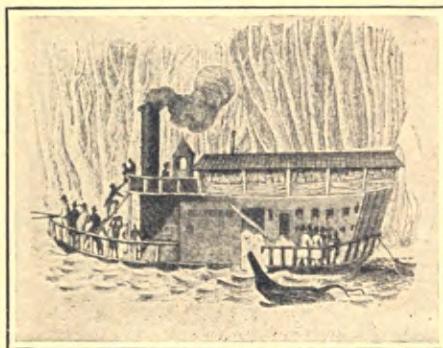
What is the great stream? Where is its water-shed? The line drawn around the farthest head-waters of its remotest tributaries makes a figure like an eagle's wing. It touches the head-waters of the Savannah and Catawba, of the Roanoke, James and Shenandoah, of the Potomac, and Susquehanna. It sweeps within sight of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. It encloses 214,000 square miles of territory. It pours more water into the Mississippi than the Missouri, and is of a hundred times more consequence as a commercial waterway. The thousand-mile sweep of the main stream is one of the longest stretches of navigable water in the world.

The main stream is the resultant of a thousand creeks and runs and branches and forks springing up in one of the most favored regions on

earth. For fertility and for the rainfall which insures fertility, for national routes of travel, for mineral wealth, for the sites of great cities and prosperous towns and rich farms, for the happiness and intelligence of its population, no part of the continent excels the historic and beautiful valley of the Ohio.

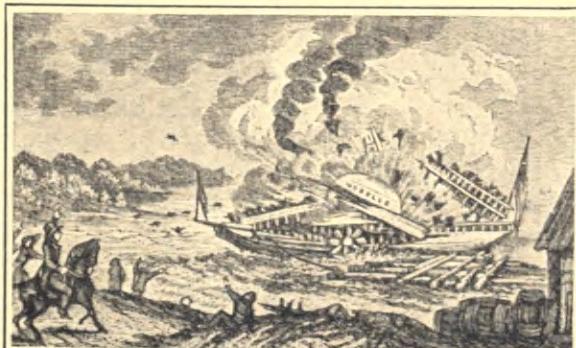
The mountains rise steeply from the eastern slope up to a water-shed ranging from 1,427 feet at Lake Chautauqua to 3,500 feet at Blowing Rock, near the source of the New River. At the other edge, the bowl dips to the level of the Mississippi, which is 270 feet at the mouth of the Ohio. In all that winding thousand miles there is but one fall of any consequence, that at Louisville, which is but 24 feet and easily run down stream by steamers.

The steep slopes of mountain and river country give a quick run-off in times of heavy rain or thaw; hence the Ohio is, more than most great rivers, subject to sudden rises, in some places as much as fifty feet above low water, with a consequent flooding of the beaches and the towns that have audaciously perched themselves thereon.



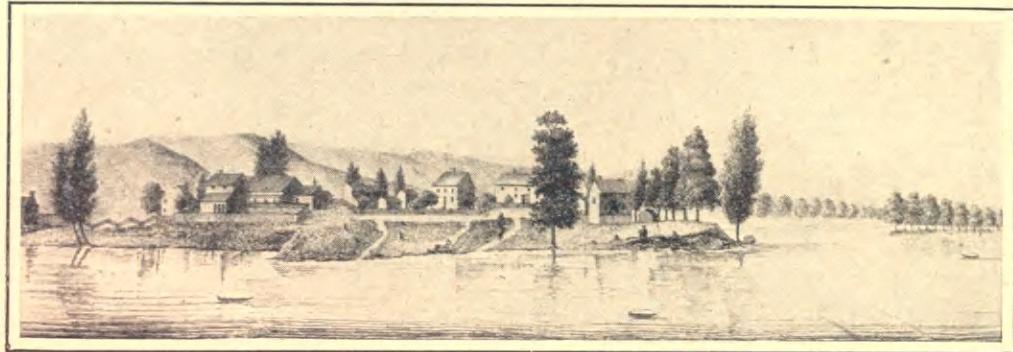
OHIO RIVER STEAMBOAT, BELVIDERE

A picture used for years in Europe to illustrate the flimsy and dangerous construction of many Western river boats. The *Belvidere* was built at the town of Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1825, escaped all dangers incident to her duties, and survived to the venerable age of six years before being worn out. The average life of an early Western steamboat was about three or four years.



EXPLOSION OF OHIO STEAMBOAT, MOSELLE (1838)

By which nearly 200 emigrants lost their lives



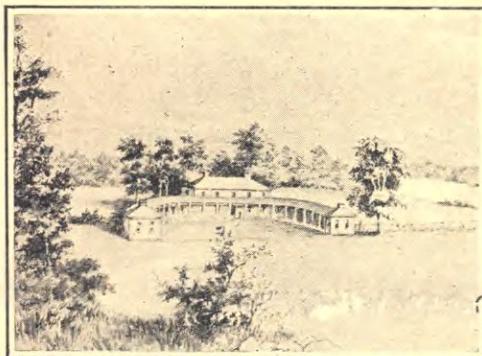
EARLY VIEW OF MARIETTA ON THE OHIO

From an engraving made about 1826. Marietta—founded in 1788—is the oldest town in the State of Ohio

Pioneer Days on the Ohio

For a century the Ohio was the main artery of east and west travel in the Middle West. Many are the visitors that have recorded their impressions of the great stream. Breckenridge as a child floated down, and took part in the rough life of the boatmen on the way back. He saw, about 1790, "the encampment of General Wayne, at a place called Hobson's Choice," where now stands the Queen City, Cincinnati. He saw a buffalo hunt on the banks of the river. He fed upon flocks of turkeys, obligingly perched in sugar trees above the campfire. He marveled at gigantic sycamores, which have long since disappeared. He took part in a bear hunt in the middle of the river. He voyaged on the Ohio on stretches two hundred miles long without a cabin on the bank.

The upper Ohio was more quickly settled. In 1787 the famous Ohio Company of Associates, formed in New England, had the boldness to buy a million and a half acres of land along the Ohio, and to found the first permanent settlement on the north side of the Ohio. The Journal of Colonel John May of Boston tells of the hardships of the journey over the divide as his company scrambled "on the ridge-pole and, Noah-like, could look into the old world and new." Beyond he was on Ohio waters, and soon on the Monongahela River "sailed a boat for New Orleans." He found Pittsburgh "an irregular, poorly built place—the inhabitants, perhaps because they led too easy a life, inclined to be extravagant and lazy. They are subject, however, to frequent alarm from the savages of the wilderness." Thence he proceeded "by one lovely island after another, floating tranquilly, but majestically, at the rate of four and one-half miles



Redrawn from an old print for "The Ohio River," by Archer B. Hulbert,
G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers

THE BLENNERHASSET PLANTATION

On an island in the Ohio, near Parkersburg, West Virginia; named for Harman Blennerhassett, famous in connection with Aaron Burr's conspiracy

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an hour." And so he arrived to take part in the founding of a new New England in Marietta.

Early Traffic on the River

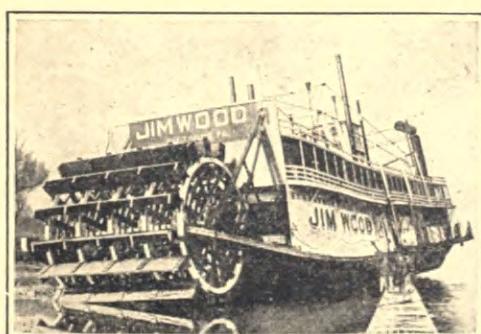
The advantage of the Ohio was that it was a fluid trail, the only practicable highway through a wilderness of forest and streams, and gravity was the automatic motor power. Hence the endless procession of keel-boats and flat-boats and Kentuck boats, and rafts of timber, year after year, till, in 1811, Nicholas Roosevelt, great-great uncle of another adopted son of the wilderness (Theodore Roosevelt), built the first western river steamboat, the *New Orleans*, and sent her triumphantly down the river. The steamboat revolutionized the Ohio trade because it could walk up hill, thus avoiding the back-breaking poling and tracking and rowing which made up-stream boating so difficult and so expensive.

The Ohio steamers vied with the Mississippi packets in their splendor and their reckless dangers. Dickens in his "American Notes," among other uncomfortable truths, set down his impressions of the steamboat *Messenger* on the Ohio River in 1842. These "native packets," he says, "have no mast, cordage, tackle, rigging, or other such boatlike gear; nor have they anything in their shape at all calculated to remind one of a boat's head, stern, sides, or keel. Except that they are in the water, and display a couple of paddle-boxes, they might be intended, for anything that appears to the contrary, to perform some unknown service, high and dry, upon a mountain-top. There is no visible deck even; nothing but a long, black, ugly roof, covered with burnt-out, feathery sparks; above which tower two iron chimneys, a hoarse escape-valve, and a glass steerage-house. Then, in order, as the eye descends towards the water, are the

From Church & Ulysses S. Grant

BIRTH COTTAGE OF GENERAL GRANT

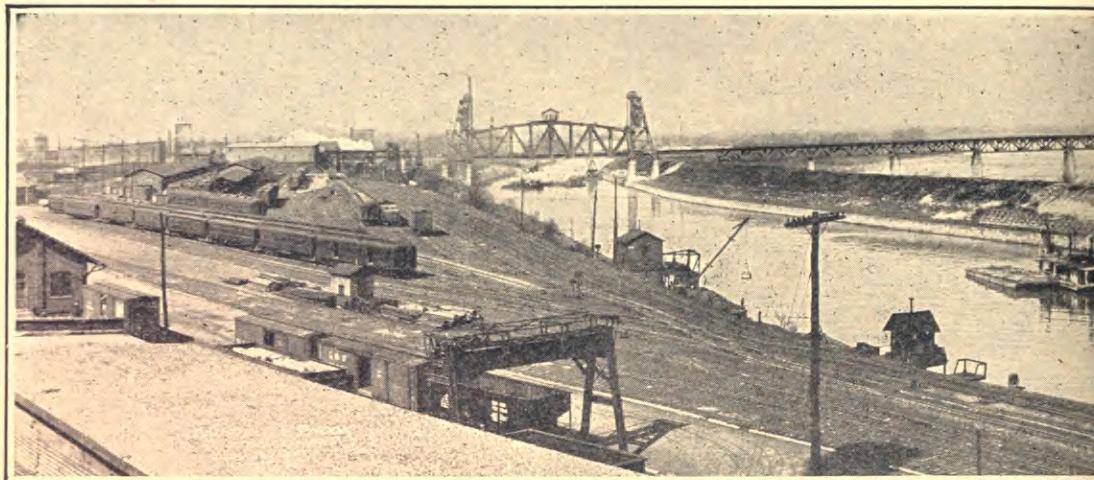
On the Ohio, at Point Pleasant, near Cincinnati. As it appeared before removal to Columbus in the 80's



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AN OLD-TIME RIVER STEAMER

Lifted by a flood and deposited over a levee, and now a total loss



THE OHIO RIVER

Showing the great steel bridge, and the United States Canal through which river craft make their way around the Fal-

The river had its own horrors sufficiently set forth in a special Steam-boat Directory and Disasters on the Western Waters, published in 1856, such as the *Moselle*, which claimed to be "the swiftest steamboat in America," which had been known to run a hundred and ten miles down the stream in eight hours, and ended by exploding all four boilers at once with a fearful loss of life. The fatalities upon a river which in few places had a deep channel more than a quarter of a mile wide were amazing. When the *Lucy Walker* blew up near New Albany in 1844, though a Government snag boat was only two hundred yards distant, and there was only twelve feet of water, about fifty people were killed, and twenty injured. These accidents, mostly due to gross carelessness, either in the construction of the machinery, or in the management of the craft, were much reduced when the United States Government, in 1838, instituted a system of steamboat inspection; but wreck or fire was the eventual fate of most of the river boats.



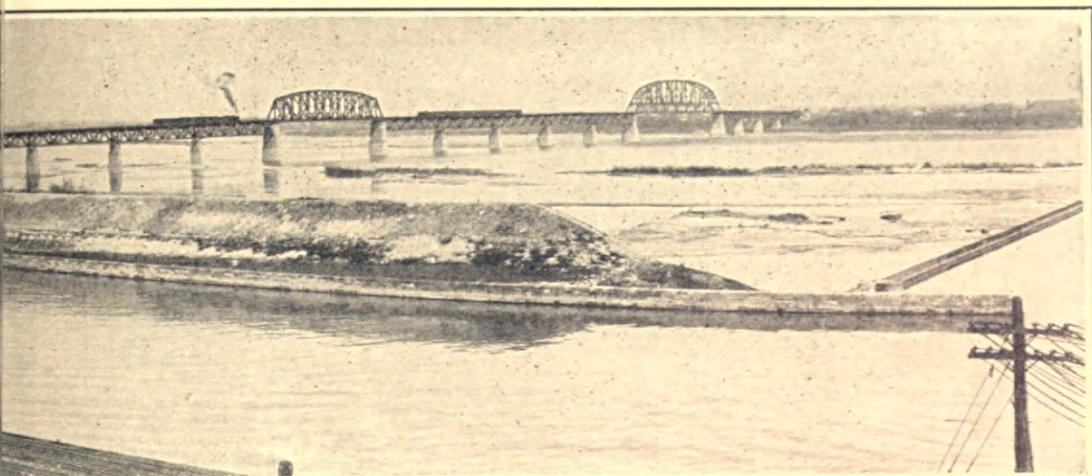
AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS

Where the Ohio joins the Mississippi, a wall was erected as a protection to buildings on the river front after the great flood of 1913

Decline of River Trade

The Ohio River in its length, in the richness of the country which it traverses, and in its use for navigation, is much more important than the Rhine, yet is subject to such variation of depth as to impair its service, so that, a

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VILLE, KENTUCKY

La Salle, discoverer of the river, is believed to have descended the stream as far as the Falls, about the year 1670.

few years ago, it had almost ceased to be a through highway. The timber on its upper waters was cut, and the immense rafts of saw-logs dwindled. Parallel railroads follow it on the south bank as far as Cincinnati, and the palatial steamers ceased to ply on the lower river. Its main use was for the coal-barges, gathered in rectangular islands, moved and steered by a dirty stern-wheel steamer in the middle. The barges drew very little water, and enormous quantities of coal thus could go down the Ohio and Mississippi.

There are numerous stretches of smooth water on the Ohio, and, for many years, there has been a plan for the construction of a channel by a series of locks. The Government of the United States has under way a system of locks and dams, fifty-three in number, which assure nine feet of water at all seasons. This is a great boon to the coal-carrying trade, but all the important towns have rail connections, and that has killed all long-distance passenger travel, and most of the local trade. On the Ohio, as on the Mississippi, no systematic freight business has been developed such as makes the Rhine and Danube so lively. Hence the levees in front of the city are almost deserted. This is the day of carload shipments on through bills of lading, from any place to any place, and the river



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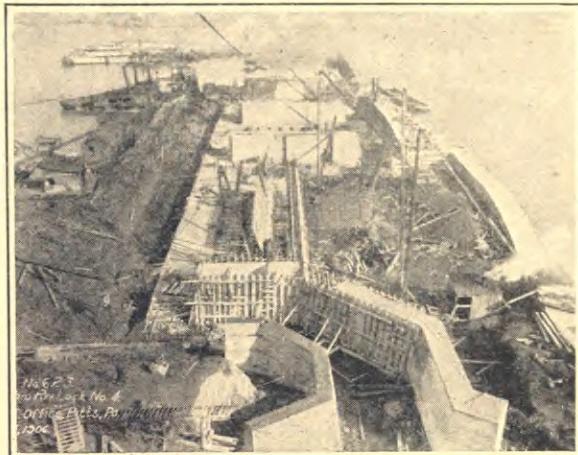
RIVER BOATS TIED UP BY ICE

cannot compete. The Ohio has, however, a vast significance as one of the principal bonds of the Union. Its waters extend to western New York, and to Pennsylvania and West Virginia. That means that the greatest coal field and one of the greatest oil fields in the United States lie within that basin. Its waters are so near Lake Erie that it is an easy matter to carry the ore from the rich beds of Michigan and Minnesota through the Great Lakes and thence by rail to meet the smelting coal of the prolific industrial region of Pittsburgh.

The upper Ohio Valley is one of the busiest regions on earth— populous, rich, and progressive. From Pittsburgh to Cairo, the river runs through a region of furnaces, and foundries, and factories. At the same time the Ohio basin includes some of the best farming lands of America, supplying New York and Ohio wheat, Kentucky blue grass, and Illinois corn, and Indiana horses. The whole region is covered with a magnificent network of railways, including half a dozen of the East and West trunk lines.

The Ohio Valley in History

Besides the Colonial and pioneer history of the Ohio, it has played a great part in the affairs of the nation. Nine presidents came from the basin of the Ohio—Jackson, William H. Harrison, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Andrew Johnson, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Taft; while two others, Garfield and Hayes, lived just over the northern edge of the basin. Alongside them should be noted six vice-presidents of the United States—Colfax, Fairbanks, Hendricks, Johnson, Breckinridge, and Marshall, besides such statesmen of national repute as John Hay, Hugh McCulloch, John G. Carlisle, Henry Clay, Salmon P. Chase, Thomas Corwin, Thomas Ewing, and John Sherman. The



CONSTRUCTION OF A LOCK AND DAM
On the Ohio near Pittsburgh



A PLEASURE BOAT ON THE OHIO RIVER
Near Cincinnati

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Ohio Valley states taken together are the strongest section of the Union, the greatest wealth producers, and the most important element in politics.

It was the hap of the Ohio River not only to combine but to separate states and communities from 1787 to 1865. The low-water mark of the Ohio River on the north side was the dividing line between free and slave-holding territory every yard from the Pennsylvania boundary, just above East Liverpool, to the junction with the Mississippi. Many and thrilling were the incidents of the crossing of the river by the many routes of the "Underground Railroad." The fugitive slave from Kentucky or farther south, somehow, knew that if he could cross that stream, he would find on the other side friends, protectors, and a chain of abolition stations all the way to the Great Lakes, and to freedom.

Yet, when the great issue came, the battle-lines between North and South were for the most part drawn well south of the Ohio River. Kentucky never seceded, and the forces of the Confederacy, which in the first weeks of the war had a lodgment at Paducah on the lower river, and at points on the upper river were quickly pressed back. There was hard fighting to the end, on the southern tributaries of the Ohio; but, after the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, covering the short line from the Tennessee to the Cumberland River, early in 1862, the Lower Ohio was within the Union lines; yet the great battles of Stone River and Perryville, of Chickamauga and Chattanooga and Nashville were all fought within the Ohio Basin.

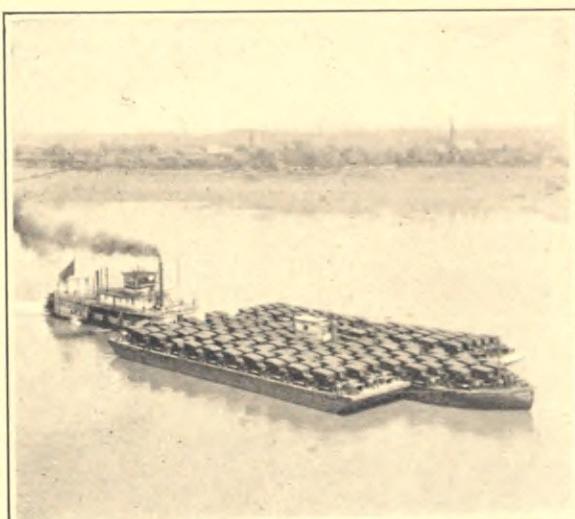
A Theater of War

Indeed, the stretch north of the Ohio was in 1863 for a short time the theater of aggressive warfare. Morgan, the dashing Confederate cavalry commander, crossed the river at Brandenberg, Kentucky, and swung around back of Louisville and Cincinnati. With his 2,500 troopers, he swept like a meteor through the farms of Indiana and Ohio, replacing his horses from the country as he went along, and putting on the Governor of Ohio the

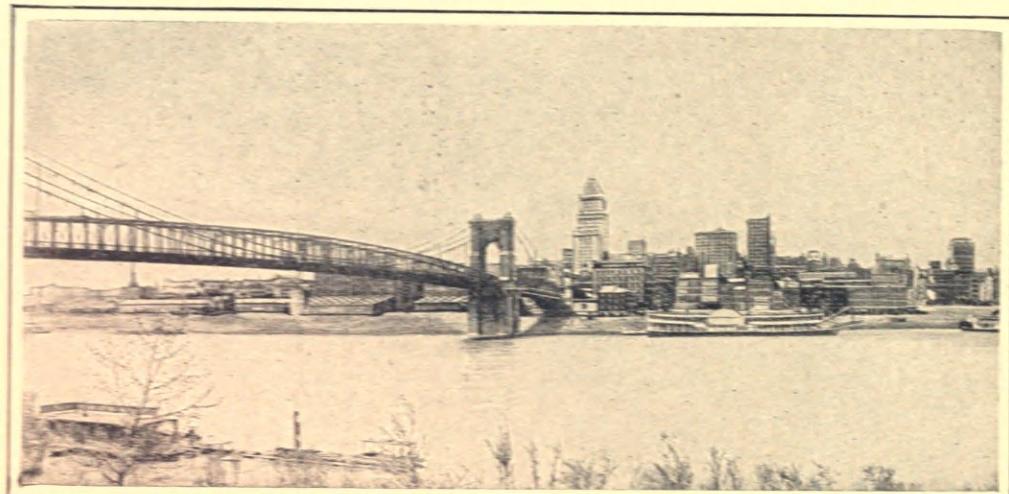


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A HOUSEBOAT ON THE OHIO
This well-equipped houseboat carried a honeymoon couple 8000 miles from a river port in Ohio to a town on the Amazon, in Brazil



AN OHIO RIVER BARGE
Transporting a cargo of automobiles



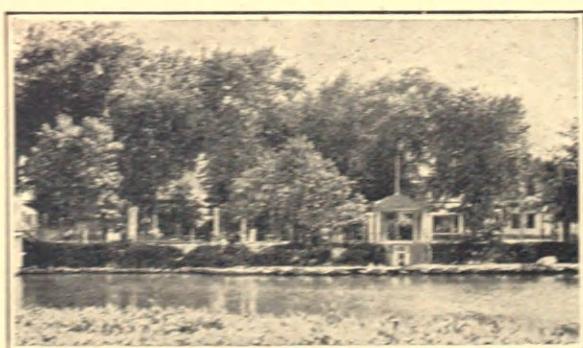
VIEW OF CINCINNATI FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER

necessity of calling out the so-called "Squirrel Hunters," a wholly untrained militia. Morgan was headed and captured at last, but gave to the North reason for hard thinking as to what would have been the geographical result if his line of march, or rather of *rush*, could have been held by the Confederacy.

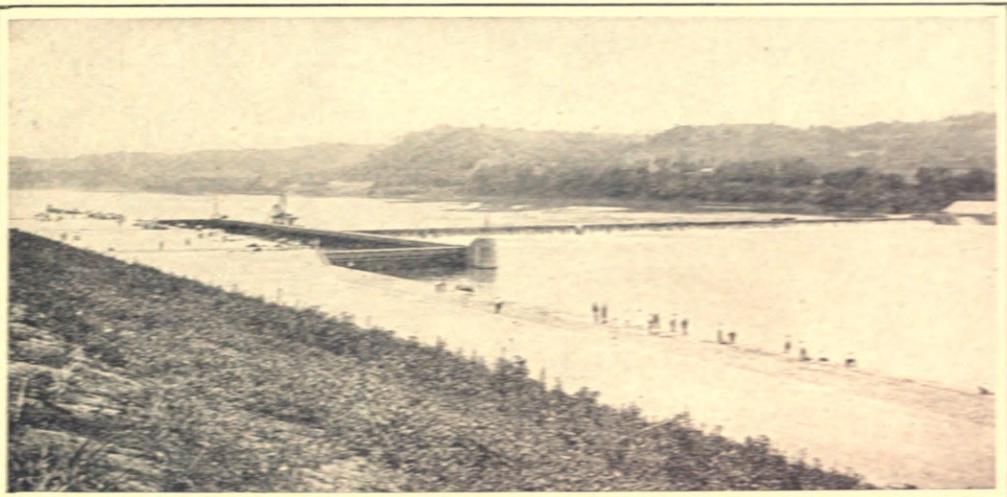
A Highway of Progress

The Ohio is a splendid river, one of the world's notable water courses. It was the natural depression, and therefore the automatic highway from east to the virgin west. It was the line of distribution from the Atlantic States to the new communities beyond the mountains, which grew up to surpass their mother States. New York was the bridge between the sea and Lake Erie, but Pennsylvania and Virginia touched both tide water and the Ohio. The river became the channel not only for the movement of the emigrants, but for the distribution of social and political ideas.

That is why some communities from the Eastern States were set up south of the river; why Abraham Lincoln, descendant of a Massachusetts family, and son of a Virginian, was born in Kentucky and lived in Illinois. New England, the Middle States, and the South came together on the Ohio, and learned to partake of the power and richness of the Ohio Valley.

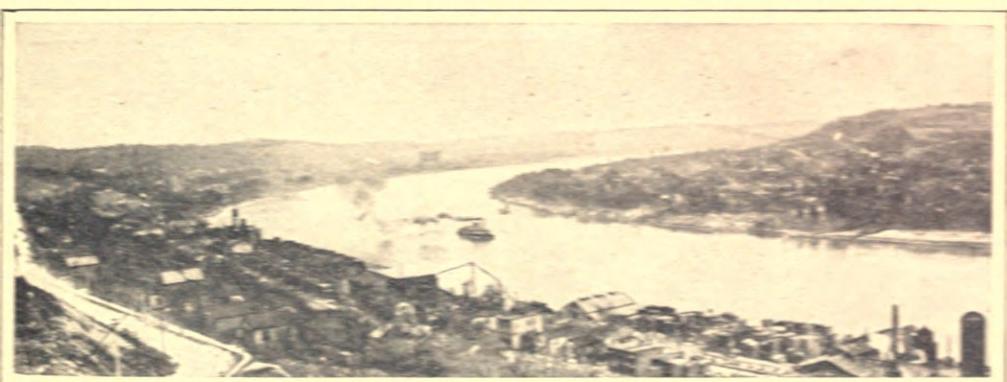
A GREEN RETREAT
On the banks of the Ohio

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THE LARGEST MOVABLE DAM IN THE WORLD

Pembank Dam, constructed in recent years just below Cincinnati, is part of the system that is to give the Ohio River a nine-foot stage throughout the year.



WHERE THE OHIO WINDS

Between the States of Ohio and Kentucky. Photograph taken from Eden Park, Cincinnati.
The Ohio serves as boundary line between five states, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE OHIO RIVER* - By *Archer B. Hulbert*

ON THE STORIED OHIO

By *Reuben Gold Thaxter*

WATERWAYS OF WESTERN EXPANSION*

By *Archer B. Hulbert*

ON THE OHIO - - -

By *Harry Bennett Dickey*

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

THE OPEN LETTER

William Cullen Bryant, the poet, writing over fifty years ago, pictures the Ohio as a gentle, tranquil stream, gliding through green hillsides and velvety meadows. True enough, in a general way, but the gentle Ohio has its unruly moods. The length of the river from Pittsburgh to Cairo is a little over 950 miles, and, at one time or another during its history, it has misbehaved at many points on that long journey. In justice to the Ohio it may be said that much of the blame for wilful encroachments on adjacent lands may be passed up to its tributaries, for these streams rise in mountainous regions, and are swollen by spring thaws. During the great flood of 1907 the discharge of the Ohio River was 439,000 cubic feet per second as against a normal low water discharge of 1,600 cubic feet. This surpasses the outflow of any other tributary of the Mississippi system.

* * *

In the dry season the Ohio is a very quiet affair—in fact, the channel can, at times, be forded above Cincinnati, and navigation is seriously impeded. It is a different affair, however, when the water-feeders of the river pour down winter tribute in a flow too great and too fast for the main waterway to dispose of it in normal fashion. The usual low-water periods are between July and December—the high-water time is usually in February. During floods, the overflow of the Ohio is rapid and overwhelming, sometimes covering thickly populated areas, with heavy loss of life and property. Houses and trees are swept away, and steamers are often grounded in grain fields a long distance from the river bed.

* * *

The high-water points at Cincinnati vary from 60 to 70 feet. The record stage for Pittsburgh—March 5, 1907—was 35½ feet, the danger line there being 22 feet. In January and March, 1913, when the water reached a height of 31 feet, about

700 acres of Pittsburgh land was submerged to a depth of 11 feet. At Wheeling, 90 miles below Pittsburgh, the water rose to 51 feet, and at Cincinnati, during that memorable and disastrous January, the high water mark was 62 feet—in March it went up as high as 68. The flood lasted for several days during March, and its effect on the Ohio valley was most disastrous. It caused the loss of 415 lives and 206 towns. Over 60,000 buildings were flooded, and 419 bridges were destroyed. More than \$180,000,000 in property was lost; in Cincinnati alone the loss was \$2,000,000, and 3,000 families were driven from their homes.

* * *

The disasters of 1913 instigated renewed investigations as to the protection of the Ohio Valley property from floods. Reservoirs, to hold the excess of water above the danger line, and reforestation are now to be employed, as levees are found to be insufficient protection. A most destructive feature of these winter floods is the ice. Running ice, and ice gorges incident to them, may occur in December or January. They are mortally dangerous to shipping when they break and give way. To meet this condition the Federal Government has built concrete ice piers at three points below Pittsburgh, including Gallipolis, Ohio. These piers rise about 36 feet above the water. In the vicinity of Cincinnati are timber ice piers. Boats sheltered behind these piers withstand the “breakup” and “runout” of the ice.

* * *

By Act of Congress in 1910 a project was adopted for the canalization of the entire Ohio River, with a view to obtaining a navigable channel of a minimum depth of nine feet. The project includes the construction of more than fifty locks and movable dams, at a total cost of about \$75,000,000. A number of these improvements have already been completed.

W. S. Moffat
EDITOR

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE OHIO

IN 1842



E had for ourselves a tiny stateroom with two berths in it, opening out of the ladies' cabin. There was, undoubtedly, something satisfactory in this location, inasmuch as it was in the stern, and we had been a great many times very gravely recommended to keep as far aft as possible, "because the steamboats generally blew up forward." Nor was this an unnecessary caution, as the occurrence and circumstances of more than one such fatality sufficiently testified.

As the row of little chambers opened on a narrow gallery outside the vessel, where we could sit in peace and gaze upon the shifting prospect, we took possession of our new quarters with much pleasure.

The Ohio is a fine broad river always, but in some parts much wider than in others; and then there is usually a green island, covered with trees, dividing it into two streams. The banks are for the most part deep solitudes, overgrown with trees. For miles and miles these solitudes are unbroken by any sign of human life; nor is anything seen to move about them but the blue jay, whose color is so bright, and yet so delicate, that it looks like a flying flower.

The river has washed away its banks, and stately trees have fallen down into the stream. Some have just toppled over, and having earth yet about the roots, are bathing their green heads in the river, and putting forth new shoots and branches.

Through such a scene as this, the unwieldy steamer takes its hoarse, sullen way; venting, at every revolution of the paddles, a loud, high-pressure blast; enough, one would think, to waken up the host of Indians who lie buried in a green mound yonder. The very river steals out of its way to ripple near this mound, and there are few places where the Ohio sparkles more brightly.

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THE STORY OF RUBBER

By
PETER PHILIP PINTO

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RUBBER! RUBBER!

Not long ago in conversation with a friend the talk drifted to the question of human observation. Said he, "Of all the traits we possess, the one showing the greatest deficiency is our lack of common everyday perception. We notice things without recording a definite impression. For example," he continued, "how many steps are there leading up from the pavement to the ground floor of the club where you lunch each day?"

I replied that I might guess, but I couldn't be sure.

"There you are," said he. "You have entered that building several thousand times and you don't know."

This same lack of close attention runs through the whole of our lives. We have come to accept things as they are, seldom questioning the why and wherefore of our most intimate associations. I saw a statement the other day that rubber was the *fifth necessity of life*, and as I picked up a rubber band to snap it round a package of letters I wondered if that declaration could possibly be true. Later, on the street, as the thousands of automobiles and motor trucks rushed along, I began to picture a world without rubber and many of the doubts concerning the truth of the assertion were swept out of my mind.

"If rubber is so important," thought I, "just where do we as a nation line up in the world's business in this essential material?"

FLOYD W. PARSONS, in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

(MR. PARSONS' QUESTION IS ANSWERED IN THIS MENTOR.)

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THE MENTOR · DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE
SERIAL NUMBER 209

The STORY OF RUBBER

By PETER PHILIP PINTO, Editor of *The Rubber Age*

MENTOR
GRAVURES

CHARLES GOODYEAR

SNAKY-ROOTED
RUBBER TREE

SCENE IN RUBBER
FACTORY

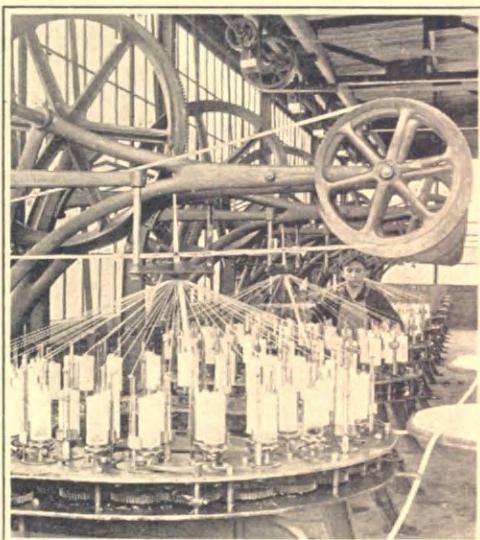


MENTOR
GRAVURES

MAKING RUBBER
FOOTWEAR

RUBBER HOSE
MANUFACTURE

MAKING RUBBER
TIRES



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood
BRAIDING COTTON COVERING AROUND
STEAM HOSE



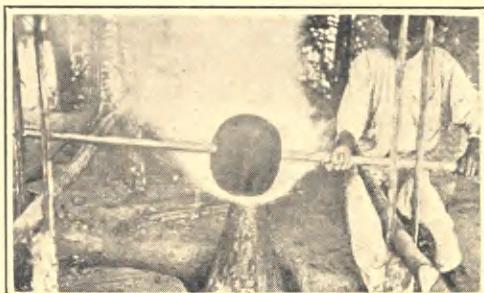
HOW many people realize that a game of "catch" played by half naked Indian children about four centuries ago was the starting point of one of the greatest industries known to civilization—one that has changed the methods of existence of the entire civilized world? Columbus, on his voyage to South America in 1498 saw native children of Hayti playing with balls that bounced amazingly—greatly different from the balls of rags which the children of Spain used at that time. Those bouncing balls were made of rubber, which was the gum or hardened juice of a tree, so Columbus learned. As a matter of curiosity, samples were taken back to Spain by the discoverer, but, as he brought back no gold, he was thrown into jail and the little black balls were soon forgotten. Little did he or anyone else realize that the material out of which they were made could be turned into more gold than the King and Queen of Spain ever dreamed of.

It was not until the next century, in 1536, that a Portuguese missionary, in exploring the Amazon region in Brazil, discovered further traces

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of the same gum. This time, however, it was noticed that the natives were making crude shoes of this coagulated juice, and using them to keep their feet from getting wet. The natives had already discovered the waterproofing qualities of rubber, or, as it soon came to be known, *caoutchouc* (from the native name, *cahuchu*, meaning weeping wood).

The missionaries soon learned to make rubber shoes and waterproof cloth, and thus began the use of rubber as a waterproofing material. Gradually samples of this material found their way into Europe. However, it was not until 1731 that any concentrated effort was made to learn more of this marvelous substance, which had already begun to interest scientists. It was in that year that the Paris Academy of Science sent explorers to investigate the sources and uses of the gum. The report made several years later by Monsieur LaCondamine gave the name of *Hevé* (now known as *Hevea*, a prominent member of the rubber producing trees) to the tree from which the gum was obtained. LaCondamine reported that "the liquor which flows from this tree hardens gradually and blackens in the air." Natives were found blackening rubber boots in smoke, causing it to resemble leather, and also making unbreakable bottles to hold liquids. In a short time Lisbon began to import a number of these rubber articles, but they were still considered a curiosity for another generation. It remained for the famous English scientist, Priestly, to give impetus to the rubber industry, when, in 1770, he discovered that this gum would rub out pencil marks. From this came the name *rubber*. The manufacture of rubbers, or erasers, was then begun in England, and artists and draughtsmen were glad to pay the price, seventy-five cents, for this article which helped them so much in their work.



METHOD OF SMOKING RUBBER



COOLIES CARRYING RUBBER TO LIGHTER

Each bale weighs from 200 to 250 pounds. Scene taken at Singapore

The beginning of the nineteenth century ushered in the manufacture of rubber articles in Brazil. Some of the shoes, bottles and tobacco pouches found their way to North America, and they were eagerly sought by the New England settlers.

It was not until 1823, however, that a man named Charles Mackintosh put rubber to a practical use in making waterproof clothing. He obtained a patent for rendering fabrics

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waterproof by uniting them with a solution of rubber in coal naphtha. These clothes soon became known as "mackintoshes"—a name still applied to a certain type of raincoat. It was discovered, however, that extremes of heat and cold destroyed the usefulness of these coats; in winter they got hard and stiff and in summer became soft and sticky. It was this difficulty that checked the popularity of the rubber raincoat.

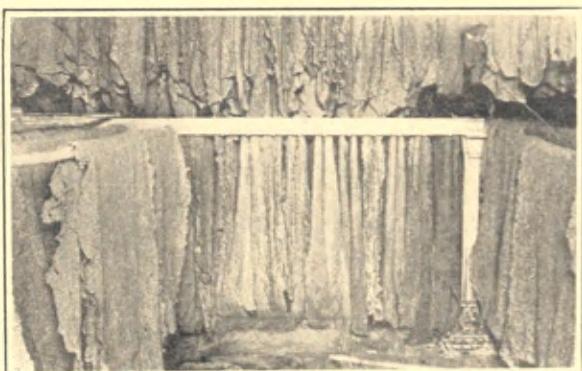
At this point in the development of rubber for commercial use we learn that, on account of the difficulties that had been met, and that no one had been able to surmount, the rubber industry, with all its promise, was about to disappear as a factor in the nation's progress. A few unimportant articles continued to be manufactured, but only such as were not greatly affected by changes in heat. Early manufacturers certainly had their troubles. Then, out of a clear sky, came a solution of the problem—and, as was the case in many other famous discoveries, it was brought about by accident.

The discovery of *vulcanization* very quickly gave rubber an important role in the affairs of civilization. It was an American, Charles Goodyear, who made this discovery,—one of the most important of modern times, ranking with that of electricity, the invention of printing, gunpowder, airplanes, balloons, the wireless telegraph and telephone and the gasolene engine.

In Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1844, Goodyear found that rubber mixed with sulphur, and subjected to a certain degree of heat, would become pliable, and was *not subject to changes in temperature*. This was astonishing, since rubber gum, of itself, would melt at a comparatively low temperature. Goodyear had worked for years on this problem until he was reduced to abject poverty. He had borrowed from all his friends and, occasionally, had been in jail for debt. He dressed in rubber clothes to test their durability and was readily recognized by the description that someone gave of him: "If you see a man with a rubber coat on, rubber shoes, rubber cap, and, in his pocket, a rubber purse with not a cent in it—that is Good-year."



RECEIVING AND SORTING RUBBER AT A SINGAPORE WAREHOUSE



WASHED RUBBER HUNG TO DRY

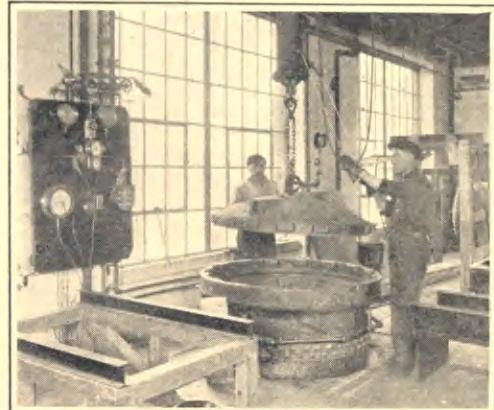
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To this man, almost on the point of ruination, belongs the honor of the discovery of vulcanization. We are told that he had been "trying to incorporate some sort of dryer in rubber that would permanently prevent rubber clothing from becoming sticky One of his hundreds of experiments was a combination of rubber, sulphur and white lead, dissolved in spirits of turpentine. This was spread with a broad bladed knife on several pieces of cloth. To hasten the evaporation of the solvent he hung the pieces near a stove. One, through accident, rested against the hot iron and turned black, while the others were of a grayish white color. Disgusted at his carelessness Goodyear took the black sample and was about to throw it away when its curious texture halted him. He examined it carefully and recognized what he termed the 'change,' and which Brockdon later happily termed 'vulcanization.'"

Thus Goodyear found in 1844, after five years of experimenting, that the dreaded heat was the element that he needed. The application of heat to a mixture of rubber and sulphur and its resultant action is known as vulcanization, after Vulcan, the Greek God of Fire. Just as the baker mixes his dough, and then bakes it to make bread, so the rubber manufacturer mixes rubber and sulphur and other chemicals, to give certain properties to the rubber, and vulcanizes or bakes it.

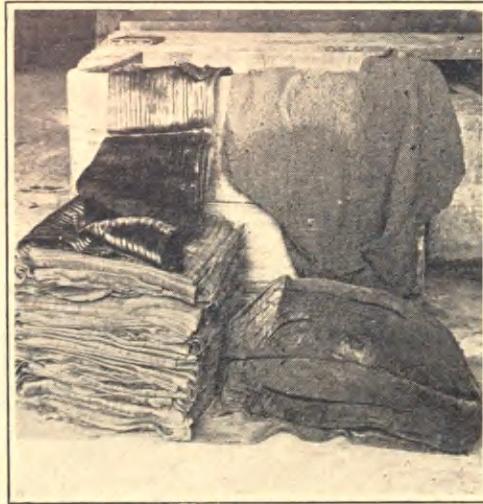
This was the first important discovery since the actual finding of rubber by the Spaniards. Rubber, once classed as practically useless—a failure, a laughing stock—was soon respected, and rubber articles were eagerly sought. Soon it entered varied fields little thought of at first, until, today, it is used in so many ways that we should, indeed, feel that we lived in a strange world if we were deprived of it. Rubber is now ranked as the most important and valuable vegetable product known.

Fortunes have been made in the rubber industry, which has grown



CLOSING A VERTICAL VULCANIZING HEATER

This type is used for curing tires and usually extends 20 to 30 feet down into the floors below



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VARIOUS FORMS OF CRUDE RUBBER

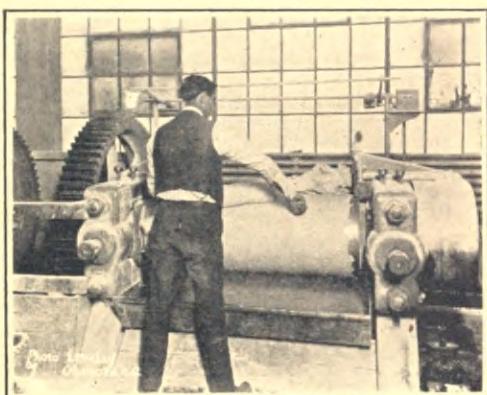
Left lower—Plantation Crêpe. Right upper—Washed wild rubber. Right lower—a rubber "biscuit" cut in half to show various layers

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tremendously in the last generation. Akron, the rubber metropolis of the world—where more than 75% of the tires and 41% of all rubber goods in this country are manufactured—is now a city of 208,000, whereas, ten years ago, it had a population of about 69,000. Here is manufactured every conceivable kind of rubber article, and here are assembled the largest number of companies, devoted to rubber manufacturing, in the world. The industry has expanded until we now find rubber factories scattered all over the United States—a group is located in Trenton, New Jersey; another, largely devoted to boots and shoes, in Boston; a sizable plant is located in Los Angeles, and there are numerous others in smaller centers.

Sources of Supply

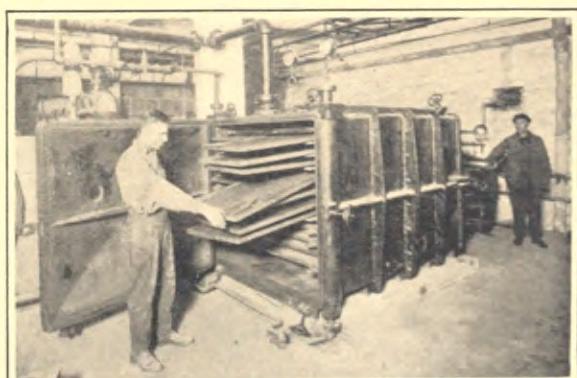
The trees, vines and shrubs from which rubber is obtained may be numbered by the hundred, spread over a restricted portion of the world's surface. This belt includes part of Mexico, Central America, South America north of Argentina, Africa from Cape Colony to Sahara, Oceania, Java Sumatra, Borneo, India, Malay States and the Philippines. It will be noticed that this forms a region extending around the world in a territory approximately 600 to 800 miles on either side of the equator.



MIXING OPERATION ON RUBBER MILL

The idea of planting rubber trees in cultivated, was ridiculed as a commercial impossibility. Experiments and transplanting, however, were made, and it was found feasible to grow the wild trees of the Amazon in other tropical countries. Today cultivated rubber greatly exceeds the wild product, with a consequent decrease in cost and increase in purity.

For a time all rubber was called "Para rubber," taking its name from the town of Para in Brazil from which all the rubber was shipped. In other parts of the world various kinds of trees, shrubs and vines were found to yield



REMOVING WASHED AND DRIED RUBBER FROM A VACUUM DRYER

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rubber, but the quality of the product did not equal that found in the jungles of Brazil. In 1876 seeds from the Hevea tree, mentioned in La-Condamine's report, were planted in Kew gardens in London, and the seedlings were introduced into Ceylon and later into Malay States, India, Sumatra, Java and Borneo.

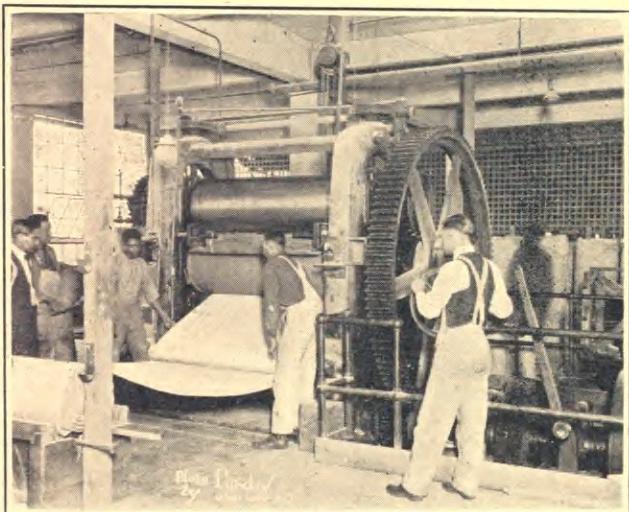
A small production of four tons of plantation rubber was obtained in 1900 from these trees, and, in 1907, it had risen to about 1,000 tons. Today the production of wild rubber continues at the rate of about 40,000 tons yearly, while that of cultivated or plantation rubber is about *eight times as much* and is still on the increase.

The classification of rubber depends on whether it is of the wild or plantation variety, and on the location in which it grows. Wild rubber is found mostly in Africa and South America, and to a lesser extent in Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Mexico. The African rubbers appear under various names, as Soudans, Cameroons, Congos, Gold Coast Lumps, Kassais, Rambong, et cetera. The South American rubbers are known as Paras, Castillons, Manicoba, Manihot. Plantation rubber comes mostly from Hevea trees, as has been explained, only a small part of the total production being obtained from trees of other species, such as Castilloa and Ficus. These grades of rubber are obtained in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Indo-China, India and Malay Peninsula. From these sections of the Far East about 85 per cent. of the world's rubber supply is received.

What is Rubber?

We all know, or at least say we know, that rubber is obtained from the sap of a tree—that is, all of us except the man that actually gathers it, and he knows that it *does not* come from the sap at all but from the *latex* found in tubes that run lengthwise throughout the inner part of the bark. Sap is obtained by boring holes *through* the bark, but latex is obtained by cutting *across* the bark alone. Many people think that trees are cut down to get the rubber. This is only true to a slight extent, and holds good only in the case of certain vines which cannot be tapped. It was also true of a few trees felled by ignorant natives in the jungles of Africa. The appearance of latex is similar to that of milk; it is a thin, watery emulsion, made up of creamlike globules suspended in a thinner liquid of another composition. The creamy part of the latex is the basis of rubber.

The collection of latex varies but little whether it is in the jungles of Brazil or on



SHEETING RUBBER ON A HUGE CALENDERING MACHINE

T H E S T O R Y O F R U B B E R

the plantations of Ceylon—but the treatment of the latex differs in both places. There are a number of methods used for collecting latex, the oldest of which is by making a V-shaped incision in the bark with a short-handled axe having a small blade. A small cup is placed under each incision and the thick milky fluid slowly issues forth into the cup. Another system in current use is the channel-tapping method in which a long cut is made down the tree, and then slanting channels are cut about one foot apart leading into the center vertical cut. The cup is placed at the bottom of the long cut to catch the latex. The flow continues for several hours when the latex begins to thicken. Finally it clots and the flow ceases. The latex is poured from the cups into earthen jugs or pails and taken to the rubber camp.

At the camp, the latex is coagulated by one of a number of methods in use. In the wilds of Brazil, the latex is slowly poured over a paddle which is held over smoke arising from a fire. The paddle is rotated and the rubber coagulates, the process being continued until a large "biscuit" is formed on the paddle. It is then taken off and is ready for shipment. On rubber plantations more exact systems are used for coagulation. The latex is there coagulated by either the direct action of acid or by the development of acid through the action of bacteria. The rubber solution, with the acid added is allowed to stand over night and in the morning the rubber is found floating on the top of the tank. The rubber, which is in a soft, spongy condition, is then kneaded, washed, rolled out into long strips, dried, cut and boxed ready for shipment.

Treatment of Crude Rubber for Manufacture

The first step in the process of manufacturing is the freeing of impurities from the crude rubber as it is received in the factory. Wild rubber, in the form of biscuits, is first soaked in hot water, and then passed again and again between corrugated rollers of huge washing machines that tear and break the rubber into small particles, streams of water passing over the mass at the same time. The water carries off the impurities exposed by the tearing action of the rolls. This mass of rubber is then passed between

the rollers of another machine which press it into thin sheets which are hung up to dry, either by natural means or in rooms artificially heated. Plantation rubber, being clean, is not treated by this process, but is stored until ready to be used.

Compounding and Mixing

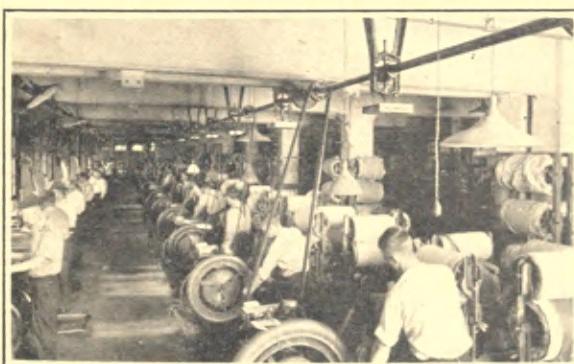
When the rubber, which has been thoroughly freed from moisture, is to be used, it is run between the smooth rolls of a warming mill. This machine consists essentially of two large smooth steel rolls rotating at slightly different speeds



Courtesy of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

INSPECTING TIRE DUCK

The fabric passes over a glass table under which are strong lights that help to detect any flaws in the fabric



Courtesy of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

TIRE BUILDING ROOM

Photograph taken in one of the large Akron rubber factories

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towards each other so as to obtain a tearing action of the rubber stock. Suitable arrangement is made to pass steam and cold water into the hollow spaces inside the rolls so as to control their temperature.

The rubber is worked up on this mill until it is a soft, homogeneous mass ready for the addition of other ingredients. Aside from the sulphur, which is essential for vulcanization, other substances, known as "compounding ingredients," are added to the rubber batch to give the finished rubber product certain characteristics that cannot be secured in any other way. A few of the more common compounding ingredients and their purpose are here given: Zinc oxide, toughens the stock and increases its tensile strength; lampblack, toughens and gives black color; antimony sulphide, reddens the stocks and hastens vulcanization.

The compounds are added slowly until they are entirely incorporated into the rubber mass. When the rubber mixture is entirely uniform in texture, it is cut off the rolls and sent to the compound stockroom, to be allowed to season for a certain length of time before being used. This is the form in which rubber is sent to the various departments of a factory to be made into the familiar rubber articles we see about us daily.

Spreading and Calendering

Fabric plays an important part in the construction of many rubber articles in common use. Take the rubber automobile or bicycle tire as an example. Without cotton fabric on which to build the tire we would not get the service that we are now receiving from our motor cars. Fabric to most rubber articles is what a steel framework is to the modern skyscraper. This is true of hose, rubber boots and shoes, rubber belting, waterproof fabrics and insulated wire, as well as tires. For this reason one of the most important operations in a rubber factory is the proper incorporation of rubber into the fabric to be used in a manufactured article.

The machine used for this purpose is the calender. It consists of three steam-heated rolls, one above the other, so geared together that the middle roll revolves in the opposite direction to the other two rolls. The rolls may be adjusted to form sheets of various thicknesses. Rubber is fed between the top and middle rolls, the rubber sheet adhering to the middle one while the top roll remains clean. A strip of cloth is passed between the middle and bottom rolls where it comes in contact with the rubber on the middle roll. The rubber is thus forced into the fabric or forms another sheet on the fabric, depending upon the size of the opening between the two lower rolls and the speed of the bottom roll. If a thin sheet of rubber is wanted, the bottom roll revolves at the same speed as the middle roll, but, if the rubber is to be forced into the fabric, then the space between the two lower rolls is decreased, and the bottom roll is revolved at about two-thirds the speed of the middle roll, causing a wiping action which forces the rubber into the meshes of the fabric. The rubber sheet may be cut into strips of any desired width by knives which press against the middle roll.

The sheet rubber and the impregnated fabric, called "friction," must go through a number of operations before being assembled into even a partly finished rubber product. They must be cut into strips or built into various thicknesses or several layers



Courtesy of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

MOLDING CARRIAGE TIRES

The tire is being forced out through openings in the head of a tubing machine

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CUTTING OLD TIRES FOR RECLAMING PURPOSES

is a means by which rubber articles are vulcanized through the action of sulphur fumes, or a solution of sulphur chloride and carbon disulphide.

Vulcanization by the heat process method is carried on in a heater called a vulcanizer. This apparatus is of several types, for wet or dry heat. Articles such as tires are placed in molds in large vertical vulcanizers and steam and pressure is applied. A period varying from one to three hours is required to properly vulcanize by this method, depending upon the quality of the compound and size of tires. This is the wet heat process. The dry heat process consists in placing the article to be vulcanized, such as rubber soles and heels, between two steam heated plates to which pressure is applied. This process, due to the quality of articles vulcanized, takes but twenty minutes to one hour for completion. After vulcanization, the articles are removed from the molds, cleaned, trimmed, inspected and packed.

Rubber in Every-Day Use

Articles of rubber are used extensively throughout all industries today. Without them our home life would be changed, as would even the construction of modern buildings and ships. Let us, for a moment, consider their use in our homes. Garden hose contains a goodly proportion of rubber of inferior quality. Rubber matting for floors, stairs and porches finds extensive use.

Rubber insulated wire is used for lighting, cooking and heating in the home. A low grade of rubber, reclaimed from old rubber articles, is used in the manufacture of this wire on account of the low voltage used. In power houses, the insulation is of much better quality. Washers and gaskets for plumbing work are cut from large rubber sheets of the exact thickness required. Surgical goods, such as hot-water bags, syringes, gloves, tubing, are made of very good quality rubber so as to insure reliability in time of need. Rubber nipples and toys are manufactured, with due provision made to avoid poisonous minerals that might react with saliva. Rubber bands and erasers, jar rings, garters and suspenders, carriage and automobile tires, rubber overshoes, rubbers, waterproof coats and hats, rubber heels and composition soles, combs, brushes, rulers, are all articles in use in the average home, and show the part that rubber plays in our existence today. It has become a necessity largely on account of the desirable qualities peculiar to this material—the most important of which is elasticity. Crude rubber, when stretched, returns but slowly to a state of equilibrium, but when vulcanized, it returns to or near to its original state almost immediately. The increase in length after stretching is called the "set," and the aim of manufacturers is to reduce the set to as low a figure as possible.

be fastened to each other in a number of different ways according to what article is being built. After being built, the rubber articles cannot be used until they are vulcanized, no more than bread can, properly, be eaten before it is baked.

Vulcanization can be grouped into two classes: heat, and non-heat processes. The former is the method now used in the larger majority of cases. The latter, or non-heat process,

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Reclaimed and Artificial Rubber

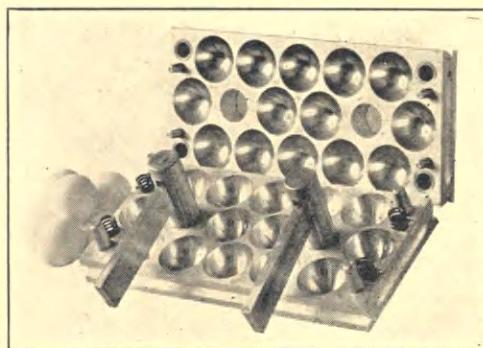
Used rubber articles usually find their way, as scrap, to the junk dealer, who in turn, sells them to large factories for reclaiming purposes. In this way much good rubber is obtained, and though not of best quality, good reclaimed rubber is better than the poorer grades of crude rubber, and, when used in conjunction with crude rubber, it finds many valuable uses. The first method of reclaiming consisted in grinding the scrap, and removing the fabric fibers and any particles of metal which were present,—after which the rubber was mixed with oil, heated, and then sheeted. Today, however, the cleaned rubber is heated in an alkali solution to remove all free or excess sulphur. After washing and drying, the rubber is heated on mills and sheeted. Reclaimed rubber finds much use in mats, garden hose, rubber shoes and packing, where waterproofing and wear-resisting qualities are desired rather than resiliency. Artificial rubber, known as "synthetic rubber," has never been a practical success, but it has been made in the laboratory in small amounts. In composition and in properties, it is almost equivalent to natural rubber, but the cost of such rubber is yet so high that none is manufactured, though Germany made synthetic rubber during the war because she could obtain no crude rubber supplies. Large factories in Germany were built to supply the need for rubber, but as soon as the war was over, manufacturers immediately started to import crude rubber, thereby virtually admitting that synthetic rubber is not likely to become a real competitor of crude rubber for a long time.

Position of the Rubber Industry

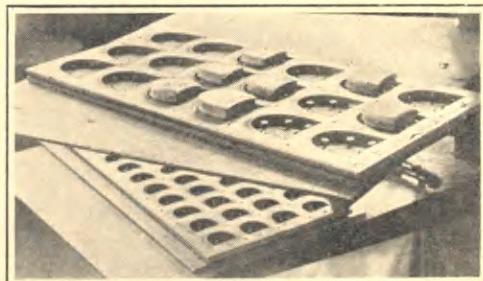
Looking back over the history of the development of the rubber industry we are impressed by the wonderful strides that have been made within a comparatively short span of years. It is only about eighty years ago that we learned how to use rubber—how to properly utilize it. However, the real development has come within the past several generations, for it was not until the advent of plantation rubber in 1876 that the industry really became a factor in our daily life.

A few figures showing the amazing growth in the volume of articles produced, and the supply of crude rubber, should be of more than passing interest. Twenty years ago the value of manufactured rubber goods in this country was \$50,000,000. Ten years later, in 1910, the amount was five times as great. In five years the amount doubled and in 1917 it had increased to \$800,000,000. Last year the figures had risen to over one billion dollars and this year we will produce over a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of rubber products—an increase of 2,400 per cent. in twenty years! Some statisticians even place the figures 25 per cent. higher than those quoted.

Crude rubber production has likewise increased rapidly, for in 1905 the world's



A MOLD FOR RUBBER BALLS
Showing the male and female sections of the molds, and, at the left, some finished balls



RUBBER HEEL MOLDS

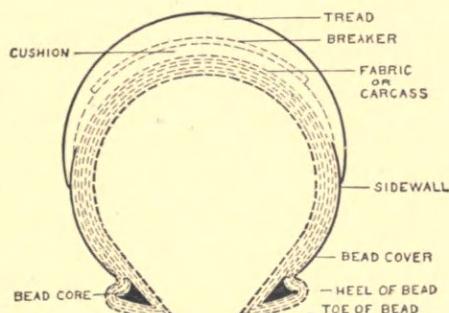
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production was but 62,000 tons. By 1915 it had more than doubled and in 1917 had risen to 257,000 tons. Today the world is producing over 350,000 tons, or about 700,000,000 pounds, of which the United States uses about 70 per cent.

The larger proportion of crude rubber goes into the manufacture of rubber tires for bicycles, carriages, motorcycles and motor cars of all descriptions. Last year there were registered in the United States over seven and one-half million cars, using in the neighborhood of 40,000,000 tires. This year's car production will bring the number of tires to be used to a total of 50,000,000. It is claimed that the number of cars this country can absorb is about 15,000,000, consuming about 75,000,000 tires—all of which will need to be replaced after they are worn out.

Various estimates place the number of articles made of rubber anywhere from thirty to fifty thousand. What additional articles will be made of rubber in the future can hardly be foretold with any degree of exactness, yet such an authority as Henry C. Pearson predicts the time when rubber will be used to make "rosewood, walnut, mahogany and ebony of the finest sort. Any rare wood can be simulated. It will not warp nor check, it does not absorb moisture. Its sawdust and chips mold again into the first shape. Even the boards, once out of use, can be ground up and used again and again."

Another authority states that "in the light of past development it is not such a long stretch to the time when the rubber tire will meet a rubber pavement and the rubber sole will walk on a rubber sidewalk. This time, in fact, is nearer than we think. Experiments in rubber pavements have now been carried on for years and they have proven satisfactory from a practical standpoint. Cost is the only barrier at the present time—and the price of rubber is going down while the price of other materials is going up."



DRAWING OF FABRIC TIRE, CROSS SECTION

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE WHOLE ART OF RUBBER GROWING

By W. Wicherley

THE MANUFACTURE OF RUBBER GOODS

By Adolph Heil and W. Esch

RUBBER—ITS PRODUCTION, Etc.

By Dubosc and Luttringer

INDIA RUBBER AND ITS MANUFACTURE

By H. L. Terry

THE STORY OF THE TIRE

Issued free by Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.,
Akron, Ohio

ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED

STATES By W. E. Brooke
Yale Scientific Monthly, April 1911, v. 17: 303-308

ARTIFICIAL RUBBER By Ira Remson

Scientific American, Sept. 16, 1911, V. 105: 245

A ROMANCE OF RUBBER By G. S. Patemoster

Technical World Magazine, May, 1913. V. 19:
390-393, 466, 468

SKETCH OF CHARLES GOODYEAR

Popular Science Monthly, Sept. 1898

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

THE OPEN LETTER

If all that we hear and read about Rubber comes true, we are headed for a Rubber Millenium. Among recent items of information a dispatch from London tells us that "a Rubber Age is predicted as a consequence of the discovery made by a Manchester chemist." Working alone in his laboratory one night, S. J. Peachey, lecturer at Manchester College of Technology, discovered that it is possible to vulcanize rubber speedily and perfectly by means of two cheap gases—sulphur dioxide and hydrogen sulphide—at a mere fraction of the cost of existing processes.

★ ★ ★

Astonishing claims are made as a result of this discovery. Rubber goods will be much cheaper, and, among other results, will be the production of boot soles lasting four times as long as leather ones, felt hats that will be very much cheaper than those now made, and a floor covering of rubber and sawdust at a price considerably under the present cost. Some rubber experts describe Peachey's discovery as "truly revolutionary."

★ ★ ★

Rubber has efficiently superseded, in whole or in part, many materials in common-day usage. That we have not seen the last of this substitution is shown in the statement of a leading authority that the day will soon come when we will be using rubber furniture—desks, chairs, tables, etc. Rubber, shaped into the forms of furniture can, even today, be made to imitate closely oak, mahogany, walnut, and other woods. Confident claims are made that

this phase of the rubber industry will be an important development of the future. Imagine a piece of rubber furniture, which, after being broken, can be sold as old rubber—the rubber being reclaimed, so that it may be used over and over again. Rubber, molded in slabs or blocks, can be sawed or turned in a lathe, just as a piece of wood can be. The future holds surprises for us all, for not only will we have rubber flooring, pavements, and heels, but we will sit on rubber chairs, and eat off rubber tables, and work at rubber desks—furniture that can hardly be distinguished from wood. We ride now in "Rubber-neck Wagons." The time is near when we will find the wagons themselves made, for the most part, of rubber.

★ ★ ★

It is interesting to speculate on the prospects of so lively and promising an industry.

Perhaps, however, some of the speculations are merely fanciful. Perhaps some of our rubber optimists have elastic imaginations, and, so, are inclined to stretch facts. As the French say, "we shall see what we shall see."

★ ★ ★

A few years more will tell the story. Charles Goodyear was born in 1800, and began his experiments in 1834. Already, in our day, rubber is declared to be the *fifth necessity of life*. Give the industry fourteen years more, and we will have a hundred years of it. If, then, a rubber millenium is realized, we shall witness an achievement unique in human progress—a millenium reached in a hundred years.

W. H. Moffat
EDITOR

RUBBER—A Wonder Story

By JOHN MARTIN, Editor of *John Martin's Book*

FROM the markets to the homes, and offices, and garages of the nation the adventures of rubber are too varied to be told in this story. Goodyear's discovery was merely the beginning of making rubber practical. He, himself, experimented with it all his lifetime. During many years rubber was manufactured by guess, much as the Southern mammy does her cooking. Now every rubber manufacturer has a great staff of scientific cooks, or chemists, who spend all their time hunting for new combinations.

Mother probably has her special blend of coffee that she prefers above all others. Father may insist upon a particular mixture of tobacco; so the rubber chemist must find a definite combination for every kind of use to which rubber is put. The reason some companies have better goods than others is that their chemists have been able to discover better recipes. These recipes are the guarded treasures of the rubber men, for their manufacturing secrets are their real capital and are worth thousands and even millions of dollars.

Scientists are trying to make "synthetic" or artificial rubber, which is, to combine in the laboratory the elements that make rubber, and so rival the methods of the great out of doors where Mother Nature uses the sun, the moisture, and the good, rich earth to bring forth a white, gummy tree juice. But this chemical rubber is very costly, and for a long time, at least, nature's product will be cheaper and better.

How important rubber has become we may gather from the laws Germany passed during the war, punishing any one who threw away an article made of rubber. Of all the privations which that besieged country was suffering, rubber was one of its most serious needs, so when the first merchant submarine, *Deutschland*, returned from its famous trip to this country, it was rubber that largely made up the cargo.

It is only eighty-five years since we have known how to use rubber, yet it would set us back more than a century in the comfort and business of living if it should suddenly cease to be. As the use of animal skins for shoes paved the world with leather, so the invention of pneumatic tires and rubber soles and heels has cushioned the world with rubber.

You could not go through a single day without the service that rubber gives you. To be deprived of rubber bands, balls, buttons, buckles, of combs, supporters, elastics, bandages, raincoats, erasers, of fountain pens, typewriters, motor trucks and motor cars, fire hose and factory belts, to mention just a few of the things rubber makes possible, would leave you wildly hunting for substitutes in order to go on with your day's work or pleasure.

Yet, the rubber industry is still in its infancy, and we have told you only the beginnings of what it will some day mean to us. Who knows which one of you, boys and girls now, will realize dreams of discovery and manufacture that to-day seem only fantastic fairy tales of imagination? For the romance of rubber is only begun, and its wonder story of the future would thrill us all could we but hear it told.

THE MENTOR

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POLAND OLD AND NEW

By
RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

DEPARTMENT OF
HISTORY AND TRAVEL

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 14

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POLAND—Symbol of Freedom

By GEORGE BRANDES

OLD Field-Marshal Moltke one day said that, in a book he had read about Poland, he had been most pleased by this sentence: "We do not love Poland as we love Germany or France or England, but as we love Freedom"; a very curious remark from the lips of one whom one would not suspect of loving freedom overmuch.

We love Poland as we love Freedom. For what is it to love Poland but to love Freedom, to have a deep sympathy with misfortune, and to admire courage and enthusiasm? Poland is a symbol—a symbol of all that the best of the human race have loved, and for which they have fought. In Poland the contrasts of human life are found in bold relief; here the cosmos is concentrated as in an essence.

Everywhere in Europe where there has been any fighting, the Poles have taken part in it, on all battlefields, on all the barricades. They have sometimes been mistaken in their views of the enterprises to which they lent their arms; but they believed that they were fighting for the good of humanity; they regarded themselves as the bodyguard of Freedom, and still look on everyone that fights for Freedom as a brother.

Poland, in the historical development of relations, has become synonomous with our hope or our illusion as to the advance of our age in culture. Its future coincides with the future of Civilization.

From "Poland, A Study of the Land, People and Literature."

THE MENTOR

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SERIAL NUMBER 210

POLAND, OLD AND NEW

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Author of "The Tourist's Russia," "Spain and Portugal," et cetera

MENTOR
GRAVURES

IN THE HIGH
TATRAS

THE GLEANER

THE TOWN HALL
AND THE
CLOTH MARKET,
CRACOW



THE WAWEL, CRACOW
The Westminster Abbey of Poland

MENTOR
GRAVURES

POLONIA

OPERA HOUSE
AND THEATER,
WARSAW

MONUMENT TO
COPERNICUS,
WARSAW



*H*OW well does Monsieur know Poland?" The question drew our attention to a corner of the compartment where a young woman of engaging appearance sat opposite a Russian officer. She was slight, and had corn-colored hair done in two coils above her ears, and her eyes were as blue as the flowers that grow among the corn-stalks. The blue of them deepened as she leaned forward and tapped the book in her lap. "Do you know this Poland—the Poland of Sobieski and Kosciuszko, and Skarga and Mickiewicz and Matejko and Chopin—yes, and Pilsudski—or do you know only the Poland your Government would have you know? Your Government—" A train policeman looked in inquiringly from the corridor. "Mademoiselle has been out of Poland of late," warned the officer. "She may have forgotten how easily the gates of the Warsaw citadel swing inward." The Polish mademoiselle turned the pages of her book. "No, I have not forgotten," she said. "Every month since I have been away I have sent a letter to be forwarded to that citadel. My brother is there, in one of those teeming black cells—underground—" "Then all the more reason to be discreet," replied the officer, smiling.

He rose and buckled on his belt and sword. "I bid you good-day," bowing to each of us, in the mannerly Russian way. "The engine is

blowing for Brest-Litovsk." "Pardon," corrected the lady, "for Brzesc-Litewski." And she summoned a dewy smile. "Ah, you Poles!" exclaimed the Russian, with a glance that warmed into admiration. "Will you never give up?"

Tripartite Poland

When we confessed to the blue-eyed student our anxiety to know more about Poland, immediately she took an interest in us. Through the window we saw the old and unlovely town whose chief features of interest to the stranger are the fortifications. In the time of our first visit to Poland, before the War, Russia boasted of the great bulwark of Brest-Litovsk as an impassable barrier between her and her enemies on the western frontier. As we journeyed the hundred and twenty miles to Warsaw our companion told us many interesting things about the vast wind-swept plain to the north and south, and of the country to the east and west of it, that once had been Poland's. We were traversing the part Russia took for her share when Poland was apportioned, in 1795, among the three nations that clamored for her, "for the heart and soul and body of her." "And ever since," said Mademoiselle J., "we Poles have been like three orphaned children, separated and forced to live with foster parents we hated and distrusted, and who hated and distrusted us, and did all that ingenuity could dictate to break down our spirit, and take away our love for each other, and for the place where we were born. Those of us that have lived under the Russian roof have been forbidden to study in our own language, or sing our own songs, or carry on our business in our own way. Austria has been a little less the tyrant. Prussia!—I cannot speak of it. When will it end?"



From a painting by Juliusz Kassak

JOHN SOBIESKI

King of Poland and Deliverer of Vienna from the
Turks (1683)



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THE LAZIENKI PARK AND PALACE, WARSAW
Residence of the last King of Poland—Stanislaus Poniatowski, who,
in 1795, was forced to sign away the birthright of his country

POLAND, OLD AND NEW



WARSAW UNIVERSITY

Closed during the Russian régime, but open again after the creation of the new republic, when Polish students were once more given the privilege of taking the courses in their own language

Tarnopol, in the south, to Brest-Litovsk, in Lithuania. The Austrian barriers were eradicated: the provinces in the south came again into possession of the hereditary owners. Prussia was forced to evacuate the Grand Duchy of Posen and lands adjacent. These boundaries, demarcated by the Council, are subject to revision. A Polish army of three hundred thousand men has been fighting far to the east of Brest-Litovsk to wrest from Russia the territory that formerly belonged to Poland, including "White Russia," and the Ukraine, the province of the Cossack kingdom, over which Poland once held sovereignty.

The Poles are called, by some, "imperialistic," "land hungry," because they have reached out for this additional territory. They reply, "It was our right to take back as much as we had the might to take of what was Poland's before the first partition in 1772; but ours was a greater mission—to drive back and hold the avalanche of the Red armies. If we could have done so, we should have served Civilization as Sobieski and his handful of Polish troops served it two and a half centuries ago, in ridding Europe forever of the Turk."

From the infancy of the nation, the people of Poland have stood for the principles of individualism. They have bled for liberty on their own soil, and have freely given of their blood to help others win freedom. They were always engaged in riding down the dragon of Autocracy. It was their persistent and lively insistence on the rights of the plain people that invited their downfall. Germany, Austria, Russia were glad to pretend that the Poles were troublesome neighbors, quarreling on the other side of the boundary fence. So, in 1772, and 1793, and, definitively in 1795, they reached over

New Poland

When we analyze the benefits of the War, one of the most thrilling things that came out of the ruck and destruction is to me the re-uniting of Poland. Once more, as in many centuries gone, she opposes her strength to unruly forces in the East—attempts to stem the barbaric wave that would engulf Civilization.

The Supreme Council, sitting in Paris in 1919, drew the eastern frontier of the new Polish Republic from

the fence, and by force and intrigue divided the Polish estate. Poland was erased from the map of Europe. Her people were no longer reckoned a nation. A learned publicist has said that this seizure, by upsetting the moral and physical equilibrium of the continent, was the direct cause of Europe's most disastrous war, a dozen decades later.



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THE GREAT FACTORY TOWN OF LODZ

Center of the Polish textile industry

The Charms of Warsaw

Georg Brandes, the Danish critic and lecturer, was once staying in the house of some Polish friends when someone chanced to remark that "patriotism was nowadays greatly lacking in Poland." "The gentleman contradicted him, but the ladies—it was quite a spectacle to see them. With flaming eyes and blazing cheeks they stood round him, and their voices trembled in refuting him. We soon agreed that if this flame was

not burning in the hearts of the women, the enemies of Poland would long ago have got the upper hand." Another writer avows, "If the Polish eagle has never yet been tamed; if it has borne its captivity and its wounds, but refused to become domesticated, it is because the Polish women have nursed it and kept before it the scent of the upper air and the love of liberty."

Mademoiselle J. was this type of vivid, devoted Polish woman. With her as our companion, we saw first and most comprehensively the historic buildings and monuments in which Warsaw abounds. The city grew up about a fort, erected in the thirteenth century on the banks of the Vistula—a gray and melancholy flood that has wound its way through all the story of Poland. In the sixteenth century Warsaw supplanted Cracow (kray-koof) as capital of the Polish state. Many statues have been raised to patriots that fought for



THE TOWN HALL OF POSEN

Is the most beautiful example of municipal architecture in Poland

POLAND, OLD AND NEW

Poland in epochs preceding the Partitions. One monument that is a great favorite with the people is the figure of Copernicus the astronomer, sculptured by Thorvaldsen. The statue of the beloved poet, Adam Mickiewicz (mits-kee-ev'-ich), is another object of popular pilgrimage. We imagine one of the first things the Poles will do, if Warsaw is finally to remain their own, will be to raise a national memorial to Kosciuszko (ko-shosh'-ko), the fiery hero who led the insurrection against the tripartite government in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Under

Russian rule it was forbidden to set up such a monument, for reasons quite satisfactory to tyrants.

Near the river bank is the one-time palace of Polish kings. Kings are out of fashion in Poland now, but the Zamek is a classic reminder of days when warrior-monarchs ruled Poland brilliantly and well. When you are in this neighborhood, you go on a little way to the Old Market, with its setting of high, red-roofed houses, and its shifting crowds of the city's poor. Down here, amid a tangle of medieval alleys, is the squalid quarter of the Jews, a race very numerous in Poland since the Middle Ages, when they were invited to find refuge in this country from intolerance and persecution.

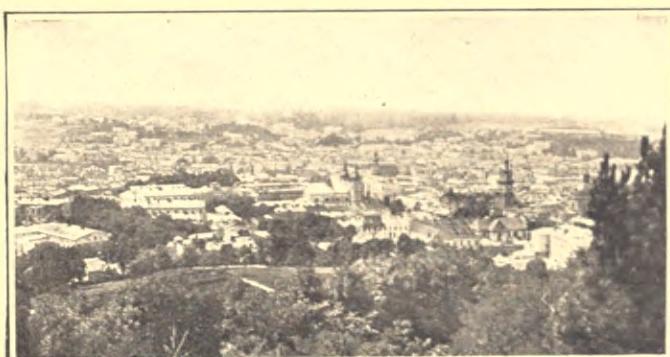
We had been several days at the Hotel Bristol, which enthusiastic travelers have called "the best hotel in Europe," when we learned the name of our landlord. It was none other than Ignace Jan Paderewski! American dollars, earned by the



FAIR DAUGHTERS OF POLAND

Bristol, which enthusiastic travelers have called "the best hotel in Europe," when we learned the name of our landlord. It was none other than Ignace Jan Paderewski! American dollars, earned by the magic of slim dreamy hands, made possible this agreeable hostelry. We rode in an Otis elevator when we went to our beautifully arranged suite of rooms; and there were other reminders of our country in the furnishings and conveniences of the Bristol.

One evening we drove from the hotel to see a performance in the great theater



VISTA OF LWOW (LEMBERG)

Formerly capital of the Austrian province of Galicia. Lwow has three cathedrals (Roman Catholic, Armenian and United Greek), and an important university. Founded in the 13th century, Lwow has been a prized trophy in wars of the Poles, Russians, Swedes, Turks, Austrians and Germans. By the Treaty of Versailles (1919) the city was restored to the Poles

building that stands opposite the City Hall, and bulks high among modish shops and open-air restaurants. The low-hung *droskey* held three persons, and the fare for a drive of several blocks was twelve cents. The theater of the national drama and a variety theater occupy the two long wings that flank a lofty central edifice, where opera is given in the winter season. The Poles have a strong artistic bond with America in the memory of Helena Modrzejewska, the tragedienne, long admired on this side of the Atlantic as the gifted and beautiful "Modjeska." It was Modjeska's habit to return every year or so to Cracow, her native city, and to Warsaw, to play before her own people; just as Paderewski (pah-de-*eff*'-skee), the incomparable pianist, and the De Reszke (resh-*ke*) brothers, world-famous tenor and baritone, used to arrange annual benefit performances in the metropolis for Polish charities.

The Poles are extremely fond of music. One hears the lilt of song and twang of instruments in parks and by-ways, often accompanied by the quick step of dancers' feet. Together, the two national songs of Poland give a true impression of the Polish character. One, "the Polish Marseillaise," was written shortly after the dismemberment of the state, and bravely sings of a Poland "not yet lost. . . . March, march! It is joy to live, to sing, to fight!" The other song came into being after the Galician massacres of 1846, and extols the sacred love of country in psalmlike measure.

One of the shrines dearest to Poland is the Church of the Holy Cross, Warsaw, where Chopin's (sho-pan) heart is buried. The most renowned of Polish geniuses was born forty miles west of the capital, in a village on the Vistula. His body sleeps beneath the trees in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris. But Poland, as in life, has his heart.

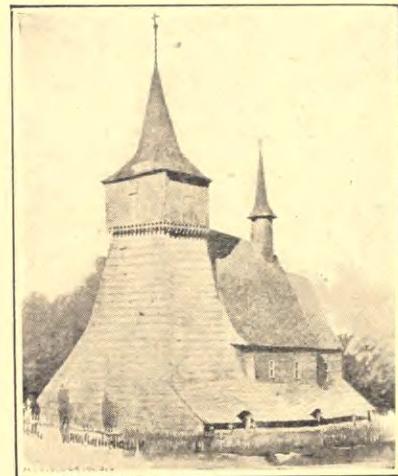
Two magnificent royal parks add to the charms of Warsaw. The Lazienki estate, on the outskirts, is as redolent of bygone days as a fine garment laid among faint sachets. Revelry and Artifice peek from windows under the chateau's square portico. Extravagance flaunts her skirts in the orangery. The sly flutter of the trees hints at cabal and secret loves. Wit and Song in the shroud of Time speak their lines among



From a portrait by Ary Scheffer

FREDERIC CHOPIN

Born at Zelazowa-Wola, Poland,
February 22, 1810; died in Paris,
October 17, 1849



A VILLAGE CHURCH
The architecture is typically Polish

POLAND, OLD AND NEW



From a portrait by Horowitz

ADAM MICKIEWICZ

Most inspired of Poland's poets.
Born in Lithuania, December 24,
1798; died at Constantinople, No-
vember 26, 1855

the Corinthian pillars of the outdoor stage. In the rotunda of the amphitheater across a glassy stream stroll the spirits of belles and gallants of the last days of monarchical Poland. They drove from the town, as one may still, out the long avenue of lime trees, past villas and gardens, to the Park and Palace of the Baths (Lazienki). Poniatowski, favorite of Catherine the Great of Russia, commanded their creation. They came into being to please an exquisite. Today, the old Poland of finesse, sparkle, ambition and intrigue, haunts the copses of Lazienki, and gropes, complaining, through salons where portraits of dead beauties smile unseen.

Beyond a level reach of grain fields lies the village of Willanov (vil-lan-off) where the ancient

Polish parliament used to meet, with spectacular ceremonies. The beautiful palace of Willanow was the country home of King John Sobieski. The outer walls are covered with paintings representing his many victories against the Russians and the Turks.

A City Planning Committee has been organized by Polish architects and engineers for the purpose of modernizing Warsaw, which now has a population of a million people. An expenditure of \$100,000,000 is contemplated to cover the remodeling of the city, the construction of subways for passenger traffic, the building of workmen's houses, and the restoration of the great bridge over the river, between Warsaw and the historic suburb of Praga. This fine, comparatively new bridge was destroyed during the War. Otherwise, Warsaw, most fortunately, suffered little damage from the guns of the contending armies.

Industrial Poland

Geographically, Warsaw is at the center of Europe. But Russia has so much more the oriental habit than the occidental that we may say Warsaw is the first really Western city on the route that connects Asia with Europe,



THE HOLY GATE, WILNO

A feature of special interest in the ancient capital of the Lithuanians

POLAND, OLD AND NEW

via the Trans-Siberian Railway. Merchants from both continents meet here to trade. Besides, there are many large manufactories in Warsaw. Lodz, to the east of the capital, has advanced in three decades from an insignificant village to a city of half a million people, whose life is regulated by the clack of spindles and the whir of weaving machines. In the districts of Lodz and Warsaw the textile industry became of chief importance through the assistance of the Russian Government in granting free land to mill owners. Out of 400,000 laborers in former Russian Poland, 150,000 are employed in textile mills, and half of these in cotton mills. Labor is cheap. Wages scale from ten dollars a day for highly skilled workers to a dollar and a half for unskilled labor.

With the reopening of mills closed and damaged during German occupation, the production of textiles is approaching pre-war quantity. It is said by a representative in the United States of the Polish Textile Industries that Poland will purchase many millions of dollars' worth of American cotton during the season of 1920. Imports will be made through the free port of Danzig, the old-time city on the Baltic, near the mouth of the Vistula, recently recovered from Germany. For three hundred years preceding the last Partition Danzig was under Polish protection. To the Poles it is known as *Gdansk*. Ships will soon be carrying away from its great docks grain, potatoes and beet sugar grown in the fields of Poland.

Wilno, formerly capital of Lithuania, is a centuries-old center of culture, religion and commerce, now chiefly inhabited by Jews. It was here that a Polish king founded one of the first universities in eastern Europe. Kosciuszko, Mickiewicz and many other famous Poles were natives of this important northern province of Lithuania.

Poznan (Prussian, *Posen*) is a clean, well-kept city, and one of the handsomest we saw in the Polish provinces. Substantial public buildings, and florid dwellings erected by Germans enriched by a long residence on Polish soil, adorn the broad attractive thoroughfares. Griesno, a short distance off, was the first capital of Old Poland, and for five centuries kings were crowned there. But Poznan was the chosen

seat of early monarchs, and the cathedral is sanctified to the nation by the presence of the tombs of Miecko I, the first king, who ruled a thousand years ago, and Boleslaus the Brave, his robust son.

With the exception of the vast mineral fields of Upper Silesia, the four provinces of Poland seized in 1795 by Germany are principally given over to farming. Poznan is the headquarters of the most powerful organization in Poland—the Union of Co-operative Societies, which represents thousands of Polish traders and farmers. Father Adamski, a priest of unusual attainments, and a member of the Polish Diet, is head of the Union, comprising nearly five hundred communal associations, each of



THE WELL

Occupies a pivotal position in Polish villages



A HOME-MADE-POTTERY MARKET
In a little community among the Tatras

POLAND, OLD AND NEW



Photograph by courtesy of W. T. Benda

THATCHED ROOFS

Shelter the homes of native farmers

which supports a People's Bank. The Union Bank, with deposits of close on to \$100,000,000, furnished three-fourths of the first loan to the Republic, and, through its many branches, is aiding farmers, merchants and manufacturers to build up the financial structure of New Poland.

In Upper Silesia, and in Galicia, formerly an Austrian-Polish province, there are valuable mineral beds of great extent, including an immensely rich coal basin and productive oil fields, which are the basis of the country's industrial production, and guarantee the future economic independence of Poland.

The largest and busiest cities of the south are Lwow (Ivoof), or Lemberg, and Cracow. A third of the industrial workers in this section are engaged in spinning, weaving, making garments, and fashioning articles from wood and straw, in home workshops.

On the Way to Cracow

Traveling down to Cracow, twelve hours distant from Warsaw, we turn a highly-colored page in Poland's story in making a visit to the fortified town of Czenstochowa (chens-to-ko'-va), which lies midway between the capital and the venerable old city in the south. On a commanding elevation, above the straggling garrison town lately evacuated by the lusty troops of the Russian Czar, is posed with sculptur-esque effect the Church of the Exalted Mountain, Jasna (yas-na) *Gora*, which Poles have worshiped and defended for these many centuries. Most vigorously they defended it when the great Charles Augustus, King of Sweden, overwhelmed this part of Poland with sixty thousand troops, in the year 1655, and would have added the stronghold of Czenstochowa to his victories at Warsaw and Cracow. When the conqueror threatened to despoil the richly dowered church on the height, the Poles repelled him with zealous fury. In this fortress-church it is a tradition that the Virgin Mary has appeared to the faithful, and many miracles have come to pass. During the summer the roads that lead to the mecca of the Poles are thronged by dusty devotees, who journey from far with banners and offerings to make obeisance before the shrine of the miraculous image of the Virgin. The image is so thickly jeweled and so massively adorned with gold that there is none other in the world to surpass it in value. Copies of the figure, bearing on the cheek the marks of Tatar arrows, carry the name of *Jasna Gora* into most of the homes of fervent Poland.

You are not long in Cracow before the illusion fastens itself upon you that you are moving upon a stage, set with fantastic and suggestive scenery. The drama of Cracow has been played for hundreds of years by the temperamental Poles, for whom the city expresses all that is nearest and dearest in national life. Old walls, squares, gates, buttresses and spires are more than architectural creations. They are symbols, reminders of siege and conquering entry; they have witnessed heroic gestures on the banks of the musing Vistula!



AT ZAKOPANE

The mountaineers turn their sheepskin coats inside out in the summer-time "to keep the sun off."

POLAND, OLD AND NEW

Krakus, a mighty chief, came down from the Carpathian Mountains in the sixth century, overcame a dragon on the hill called Wawel (vah-vel), built himself a fort, and, incidentally, bequeathed his name to the settlement that came to life under the walls of the primitive stronghold. Here, on this hill, is enshrined the very soul of the nation. Polish children are reared with the ambition to go at least once in their lives to the cathedral, hemmed in by the high four-towered wall, which encloses, also, a royal palace and a small community of houses and offices, much as the Kremlin at Moscow comprises churches and palaces intimately associated with Russia's story. Memorial chapels are fairly encrusted with carvings and precious stones and metals. But the place of pilgrimage supreme is the crypt which holds the tombs of most of the Polish kings, of Jan Sobieski, conqueror of the Turks at Vienna, of Kosciuszko, the international hero, and of Mickiewicz, who suffered exile for his country, and wrote verses that glow like an immortal flame in the hearts of his countrymen.

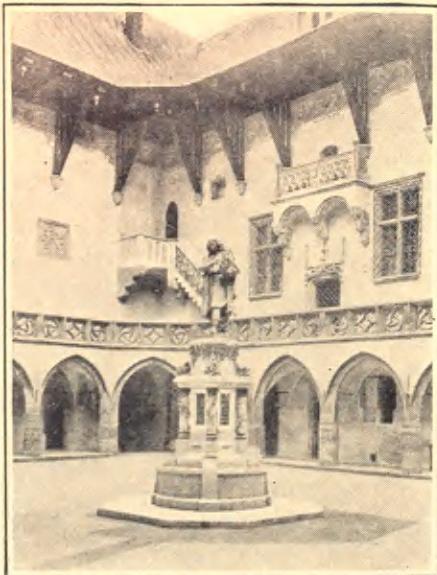
For years the Austrians used the palace of Polish kings as a barracks, and regularly, in the interests of cleanliness, they whitewashed walls that had been decorated by the brush of celebrated medieval artists. Within the last decade the palace was given back to the Galician Poles, who received considerations from the Emperor of Austria never accorded by the rulers of Russian and Prussian Poland. Layer by layer the dried lime was removed from the walls by patient hands. After years of labor the paintings were disclosed—unharmed, for the most part, because so ruthlessly protected.

To see the life of Cracow the visitor promenades on the flowery boulevard called the Plantations, or "Planty," to use the local nickname. "I remember," Madame Modjeska once wrote, "when I was a young aspirant for dramatic honors, I used to

A MOUNTAIN LAD AND HIS PONY

The costume is characteristic

rise at five o'clock in the morning, take my part with me, and walk up and down in the shade of the wide-branched trees, studying my lines." The *rynek*, or market place, is another popular center. Here brightly dressed girls, priests, Jews in their long coats, goose and vegetable vendors, compose the picture, offset by the high tower of the City Hall and the arcades and turrets of the ancient Cloth Hall, an edifice of unique and handsome design and enormous size. Once, half a million people occupied the houses of patrician Cracow. Today there are perhaps a fifth as many people living beneath its slant roofs, and stirring in its narrow streets. Students hurrying on their way to classes at the university remind us that so Copernicus once passed through these thoroughfares, intent on his studies in anatomy and the mapping of the stars. The university, now in its five hundred and fifty-seventh year of existence, is one of the great, great grandmothers of European learning. In normal times, the number of its students, both native and foreign, is considerably over three thousand.



THE COPERNICUS MONUMENT

Within the ornate and beautiful court of the University Library, Cracow



POLAND, OLD AND NEW

Among the experiences we most enjoyed in Cracow—so prolific in sight-seeing pleasures, were the visits we paid to the National Museum, on the upper floor of the huge Cloth Hall. Here, and also in the magnificent and greatly beloved Church of the Virgin Mary, on the *rynek*, there is a display of native art, including works by Matejko, a Cracovian by birth whose remarkable canvases are referred to in the monograph on "Art and Music."

Americans, mindful of the devotion of Thaddeus Kosciuszko to the cause of Liberty as adjutant to General Washington in the Revolution, and of his skilful services in planning the Military Academy, at West Point, make a pilgrimage to the Kosciuszko Mound, enclosed now within fortress walls erected by the Austrians. The mound, on the outskirts of Cracow, is composed of soil brought to this hill-top landmark from every province in Poland, and from all the battlefields on which Kosciuszko wielded his sword in defense of Freedom.

A thoroughly Polish resort is Zakopane. A train mounts to it in six hours from Cracow. Thoroughly Polish, and greatly diverting, in contrast with the drab plains and impoverished little villages that spread about the base of the looming Carpathians. For scenery, there are not far distant glacier peaks, and lakes, and forested precipices. The mountaineers, dark, straight-featured, very fond of songs, dances and gay colors, tend

sheep, act as guides, make pottery, and sell it in open market places in their hamlets, nested high among the cold white and green Tatras. On Sunday, groups, vivid as the rainbow, gather for gallantries and games. Affairs of commerce, love and religion are conducted in a language quite their own.

When you are at Zakopane, the principal thing to do is to make an excursion to a lake widely famed in Poland, the "Eye of the Sea." It is set, round and clear, at the foot of unsmiling slopes, where only the fir tree clings in defiance of storm and grinding ice—the fir tree, ever green, symbol of the tenacity and fortitude of the unconquerable Polish spirit.



Courtesy, *Literary Digest*

BOUNDARIES OF NEW POLAND

Fixed and tentative. The territory of what is known as "Poland proper" is embraced by the straight and the dotted lines

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

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POLAND AND THE POLES	- By A. Bruce Boswell
POLAND OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY	- By N. O. Winter
POLAND, A STUDY OF THE LAND, PEOPLE AND LITERATURE	- By Georg Brandes*
POLAND, THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS	- By Louis Van Norman*
SKETCHES IN POLAND	- By Frances D. Little
THE TOURIST'S RUSSIA, with Chapters on Poland	- By Ruth Kedzie Wood

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

*Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

To those that read the story of General Joseph Pilsudski, he seems the living embodiment of the free, romantic, adventurous spirit of his country. He was born in 1867 in the province of Lithuania. His was the kind of land-owning, freedom-loving family that Mickiewicz, the poet, interpreted in his epic of Lithuanian life, "Lord Thaddeus." As a young man Pilsudski swore to dedicate himself to the cause of securing independence for Poland.

* * *

In 1885 the youthful patriot entered the University of Cracow. Expelled because of his political activities, Pilsudski gathered about him a group who were intent on preparing for a day when revolution against Russia might be begun. One by one members of the group were arrested and sent to Siberia. There in the cold and dismal North Pilsudski remained in exile for five years.

When he was released he returned at once to Wilno, capital of Lithuania, and set about forming a Polish Socialistic party, whose basic creed was freedom for Poland. Four years later he was again arrested. This time he was removed to the military prison in Petrograd. Here he remained for another five anxious, monotonous years. With the aid of a friendly physician, he finally made an ingenious escape by tunneling his way out of the prison hospital. As soon as he was free, he lost no time in organizing a new force of two thousand revolutionists, sworn to implicit obedience to him, and tested for their absolute bravery under all conditions. Their every act had a definite purpose—to embarrass the Russians in their plans for mobilization in case of a Polish revolution. Pilsudski, however, soon came to realize that a revolution at that time was impossible, so he gradually withdrew his forces.

Then, in 1914, came the World War, and Germany and Austria were not slow to recognize the value of Pilsudski's Polish Legion in their onslaught against their

common enemy, Russia. They aided in the recruiting, so that the total of his troops quickly swelled to many thousands. In 1915, when the Germans entered Warsaw, Pilsudski gave orders that there should be no more recruiting for the Legion. Germany, learning of his activity in organizing a secret military force, made up of loyal Poles, insisted that the men of Pilsudski's Legion should swear allegiance to the flags of Austria and Germany. This was in 1917. The legionnaires in Warsaw were ordered on parade; the oath was read to them and their officers were commanded to repeat it.

As one man they stepped forward, broke their swords across their knees and stood with their arms folded. Immediately they were placed under arrest and imprisoned.

When the regency government of free Poland had been established, Pilsudski, released from the German fortress of Magdeburg, assumed the portfolio of Secretary of War. He ordered the enemy troops disarmed and interned. And when the regency resigned, General Pilsudski, who had been at the head of the army, was appointed chief executive of the Polish Republic.

* * *

Paderewski, whose loyalty and self-sacrificing patriotism no one can question, resigned from the premiership after unsuccessfully attempting to bring the Polish parliament into agreement with him, either in matters of foreign policy or in internal affairs. To the great pianist, in retreat on the shores of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, came an urgent appeal from the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs to present Poland's case at the congress of the Allies at Spa, Belgium, in July, 1920. Thanks to the eloquence of his plea, France and England have given assurance of armed assistance to the Poles, if the Red hordes refuse to stay their advance beyond the borders of New Poland, which were established at the Paris Conference.



GENERAL JOSEPH PILSUDSKI
Called "The Strong Man of Poland"

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

POLAND—Her Problems and Ideals

By the Hon. HUGH GIBSON, American Minister to Poland



OUR friendship for Poland would not be well served by blinking the very real problems that face the Polish Government, the very serious obstacles that remain to be overcome.

It is perhaps safe to say that no Government, since orderly Governments were established, has been faced with so many serious problems, so many vital problems, at one time.

I would like to point out that we must not try to estimate the situation there on the basis of our own standard at home. The people of Poland have a capacity for suffering and for recuperation that we have no idea of. And we must try to think in terms of Poland.

For one thing, Poland has practically no settled frontiers, with a consequent inability to dispose of the rich natural resources of Silesia-Teschen, Galicia, and the great forests of the East, until she has reached some sort of solution of those problems. That is not a matter that lies in her hands. She is waiting for plebiscites; she is waiting for a new Russia to emerge from chaos, with whom she can conclude agreements as to her Eastern frontiers; she is doing every blessed thing she can in maintaining orderly government within the limits held by the Polish armies.

Another problem is the devastation of the whole country, a devastation of which we can have no conception. Then there is the charge of militarism. The Poles are supposed to be careering around militaristically. They do take a great enthusiasm in serving in the Polish army, but they waited one hundred and fifty years for the privilege of marching in those ranks under their own flags. I think we might have a little enthusiasm, too, in that way.

Then there is the charge of imperialism. They are supposed to be setting out to conquer the world. As a matter of fact, that charge grows chiefly from the clamorings of a small group of people who do not represent either the Government or the sound public opinion of the people. Nobody pays much attention to them in Poland, but I am sorry to say they get some sort of hearing abroad.

* * *

Both the Government and the people have made it clear repeatedly that they realize that the thing for them to do is to set up an effective government within a territory that is Polish, not only historically, but in the desire to be governed from Warsaw. They also realize that if they support the neighboring peoples—like the Lithuanians, and the White Russians, and Ukrainians—with sympathetic and active support, the natural tendency will be for these peoples, in time, to turn to Poland for support and co-operation.

The railway system is rapidly getting better. Food distribution is improving day by day. And in spite of the sufferings of six years, the progress of the past few months has been sufficient to key the army and the civil population to a high pitch, which gives us every reason to hope that Poland will pull through, overcome all her obstacles, and establish herself as a center of orderly government that is essential to the maintenance of peace in Eastern Europe.

From an address delivered before the American-Polish Chamber of Commerce, New York, May 27, 1920.

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By WALT WHITMAN

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Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical,
self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island
sixteen miles long, solid-founded.
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light,
splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, towards sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the
heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-
boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd.
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of
business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets.
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week.
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-
faced sailors.
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing
along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide.
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced,
looking you straight in the eyes.
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops and
shows,
A million people,—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—
the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! City of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

THE MENTOR

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DEC 1920

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

By ARTHUR B. MAURICE

Author of "The New York of the Novelists," "Fifth Avenue," et cetera

MENTOR
GRAVURES

THE POE
COTTAGE

NUMBER SEVEN
STATE STREET

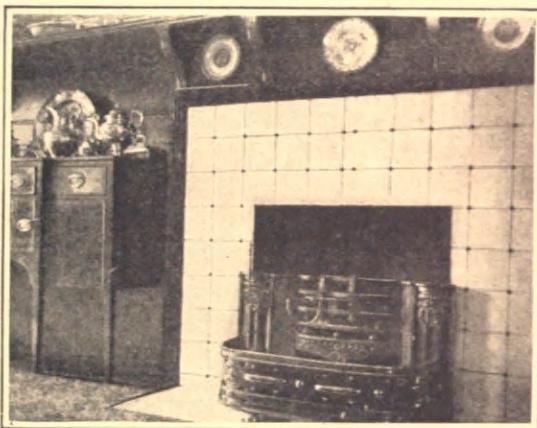
IN OLD
GREENWICH
VILLAGE

MENTOR
GRAVURES

HOMES OF
WASHINGTON
IRVING
AND O. HENRY

TWO
FIFTH AVENUE
LANDMARKS

SLEEPY HOLLOW
ROAD



THE FIREPLACE IN THE TILE CLUB

Before whose friendly blaze Colonel Carter of Cartersville warmed the cockles of his inspiration in F. Hopkinson Smith's delightful tale of the Virginian Don Quixote and his chivalric schemes



NEW YORK, seemingly always striding onward with seven league boots, gathering to itself today what yesterday was quiet countryland, undergoing transformations over night as startling and mysterious as the apparition of Aladdin's palace, nevertheless retains something of the flavor of the past in the landmarks associated with the lives of its men and women of letters, and with the people of their invention. It is a far cry from the tumultuous city of the present to the old town of Irving's Diedrich Knickerbocker, of the activities and aspirations of Paulding, Drake, and Halleck, of Philip Hone's pompous but entertaining "Diary," of Fennimore Cooper and his "Bread and Cheese" club, of the visits of Dickens and Thackeray, of Edgar Allan Poe's migrations, occasional excesses, and habitual privations. Yet even now it is given to us to gaze on the commemorative tablets that recall their association with certain structures, to tread the old streets that they knew; in a word, to walk in spirit with the

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

ghosts of those long dead who contributed so much in the building up of the American literary tradition.

Nor is the trail of the literary landmark confined exclusively to the town that is gone. In prose and verse the newer city, the feverish metropolis of recent years, has had its interpreters. To them, also, the pilgrim of literary tastes must occasionally turn. It is not merely to the stones of London that knew Fielding and Hogarth, and Dr. Johnson, that the visitor of bookish tastes responds; nor even to that city of the early part of the nineteenth century associated with the novels of Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens, and the verse of Byron and the younger Tennyson. The streets of Paris played as much a part in the pages of Daudet, Zola, and De Maupassant, as they did in the vast structure of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine," or in the "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo. In the history of a great city every decade has brought its new literary landmarks, and reverence for the past should not blind one entirely to the worthy achievement of the present. The amiable Irving loved his Knickerbocker village no better than the late O. Henry (William Sidney Porter) loved what he called his "City of Chameleon Changes," his "City of Too Many Caliphs," his "Noisyville by the Hudson," his "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway."



PARK ROW AND PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE
Scene of the riot in Paul Leicester Ford's "Honorable Peter Stirling,"
and of other familiar incidents in American fiction



NUMBER FIFTY-NINE GROVE
STREET

Associated with the last days of Thomas
Paine

Lower Manhattan

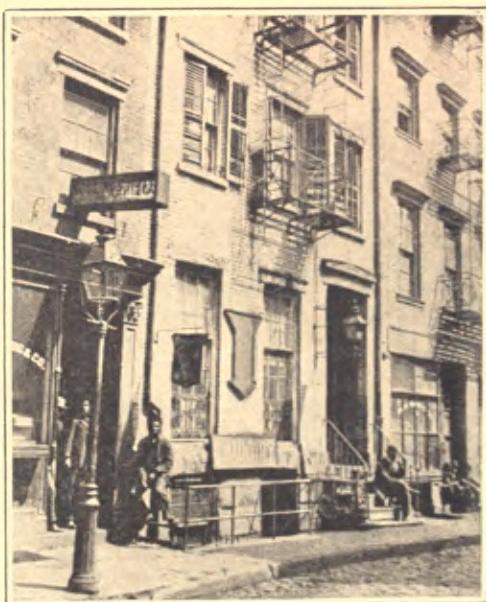
Let the visitor begin the pilgrimage in Battery Park, thence making his way northward to Bowling Green and the beginning of what O. Henry has termed the "Big Canyons of the Money-Grubbers." The waters of the Bay, now churned by the paddle wheels of ferry boats and the screws of ocean-going steamers, were once the sedate waters celebrated by Cooper in his "Water-Witch." The southerly end of the Island was the site of "Fort Amsterdam," where, as narrated in Irving's "Knickerbocker History," William the Testy erected his windmills and Quaker cannon. Halleck, Drake, Willis, and Morris haunted the park, and the waters of the Bay, breaking

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

against the sea wall, moved Bayard Taylor to the writing of "The Waves." Facing the park, at No. 17 State Street, was the home of Washington Irving's older brother William—the Pindar Cockloft of "Salmagundi"—and his brother-in-law, James K. Paulding, who there wrote "The Backwoodsman." The house was a meeting-place for certain wits of the old town, who called themselves "The Nine Worthies," the "Lads of Kilkenny," and "The Ancients," and who sought a pastoral environment in the famous Cockloft Hall, which stood on the banks of the Passaic. Not far away, speaking in terms of the New York of the present, was that part of William Street known as Golden Hill, where Washington Irving was born (April 3, 1783), and where he spent his boyhood. Still nearer at hand was No. 3 Bridge Street, where Irving lived some years after his first residence abroad, in the home of his brother Eben, the "Captain Great-Heart" of the Cockloft revelries.

No. 7 State Street is today, and has been for many years, the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. Even now, bearing the marks of decay, and half hidden as it is by the towering structures that surround it, it is an edifice that attracts and holds attention. To Henry Cuyler Bunner it was the direct inspiration of "The Story of a New York House," one of the most vivid and enduring of all the novels that have had their roots in the city's changing life. The least imaginative observer can reconstruct it mentally as a fitting mansion for a merchant prince of old Manhattan, and picture it as it was when Jacob Dolph the elder dwelt there in the early days of the nineteenth century, and from the pillared balcony which still distinguishes it, looked out over the glinting waters of the Upper Bay.

To revert to the Irving trail. When he was editing the *Analectic Magazine*, Irving was living opposite Bowling Green, at No. 16 Broadway. In Ann Street was Mrs. Kilmaster's school, where Irving studied, and at the northwest corner of Ann and William was the house in which he lived with his mother after his father's death. There he did his first writing, the sketches signed "Jonathan Old-style," and published in the "Morning Chronicle," and also there most of the "Knickerbocker History of New York" was written. In a part of the city that was then far uptown, at what is now Broadway and Leonard Street, was the house of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. There was played



THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK
Pell Street

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

out the pretty but pathetic romance of Irving's life. Her name was Matilda Hoffman. Day by day Irving watched her grow weaker and weaker. After she died he never mentioned her name and could not bear to hear it spoken. Faithful to that memory of his youth he remained a bachelor till the end of his years. Another woman to be remembered whom Irving met in the Leonard Street house was the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca Gratz, Matilda's close friend and constant attendant. Long after Irving told her story to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and she became the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe."

Where, at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street, the Stewart Building now stands, was Washington Hall, the headquarters of the "Bread and Cheese" club, where Fenimore Cooper was the dominating spirit, and where he displayed all the amiability of which he was capable, which was not any too much. Other literary men of the day who belonged to the club, which took its name from the fact that candidates were balloted for by bread and cheese, were Bryant, Halleck, Verplanck, Sands, Percival, and "Major Jack Downing." Another literary club of the time was the "Ugly Club" of which Halleck was a leading member, and which met in Ugly Hall, which was situated on the northeast corner of Broadway and Wall Street. The district between Ugly Hall and Washington Hall was the literary and artistic, as it was the fashionable, center of the old town that Irving and Cooper knew.

On the site of the Woolworth Building was the home of the diarist, Philip Hone, who always had a seat at his mahogany for the famous and prosperous Irving, but never a word or a thought for the unfortunate Poe. The Park Row Building stands on the spot once occupied by the Park Row Theatre, the scene of the histrionic triumphs and jealousies of Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Tyrone Power, Ellen Tree, Emma Wheatley, Fanny Kemble, Clara Fisher, Junius Brutus Booth, J. W. Wallack, John and Charles Mason, and Charlotte



THE HOME OF DOCTOR PETERS
In "The Midge" (Bunner), faces Washington Square



THE HOME OF PETER BREVOORT
At Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue was often visited by his intimate friend, Washington Irving. William Cullen Bryant referred to it as "a kind of palace in a garden"

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

Cushman. The pavement before it was almost the first of New York's Rialtos. There, too, the men of letters mingled with the Thespians, and after the last light of the playhouse had been turned out, the figure of Clarke, the "Mad Poet," might have been found asleep on one of the benches of the opposite park.

About Wall Street

Though not yet hallowed by the passage of time, there are scattered about the lower end of Manhattan landmarks associated with the lives and the books of latter-day-men and women of letters that must not be ignored. No need to go to India for the Kipling trail. It may be picked up at the West Street rails of the Belt Line, where, in the days of the horse-drawn car, Muldoon ("A Walking Delegate") learned to love the New York of his adoption. About where the Belt Line begins is the thirty-two-story Whitehall Building. It is on the spot of the old Reunion House, where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed at the time of his first visit to America in 1879, and which he described in "The Amateur Emigrant." No. 10 was the West Street number of the long vanished Reunion House, but something of the flavor of that Stevensonian environment may be had from a survey of the present No. 16.

Modern fiction has learned to sing of the utilitarians. The average novel of New York life is one that involves the making and the spending of much money, and for the former diversion the story spinner is in the habit of turning to Wall Street. Kipling touched it in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." One of the very best short stories that has ever been written by an American is Edwin Lefevre's "The Woman and Her Bonds." No. 80 Broadway was the actual scene of that story. Go down to Old Slip



FACING OLD-TIME RUTHERFORD SQUARE

Is this house of inviting design, which was used as a background for scenes in David Graham Phillips' "Old Wives for New"



THE CASA NAPOLEON

On West Ninth Street was the meeting-place of many characters created by Thomas Janvier, and was the little restaurant to which Mr. Howells sent Ray (in "The World of Chance") during the young writer's first weeks in New York

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

and you will find the police station to which Colonel George Fairfax Carter, of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia was haled for threatening violence to the broker Klutchem as related in F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter's Christmas." A block or two away from the building, at the corner of Exchange Place and Hanover Street, the versatile author

did business as Francis H. Smith, Constructing Engineer and Contractor.

To the end of the nineteenth century, as well as to the beginning, belong the literary associations of Park Row. From his desk in the *Evening Sun* office, when that paper was being published in the building at the southeast corner of the Row and Spruce Street, that had once been the home of Tammany Hall, Richard Harding Davis went forth to find his Van Bibber. From the floor above, where the morning *Sun* hummed into being in the days when Charles A. Dana guided it, Edward W. Townsend started on an assignment that took him to the Brace Newsboys' Home on New Chambers Street; he came back with Chimmie Fadden. The same office served as the setting for Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story."

Landmarks of the East Side

The first New York home of the first president of the United States was at the point directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, where Cherry Street now touches Pearl. It was described at great length in Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror,"—the story of Alexander Hamilton's life presented in the guise of fiction. Poe once lived at No. 195 East Broadway; Bayard Taylor worked in an iron foundry in Stanton Street between Lewis and Goerck; and Richard Henry Stoddard had, for a time, employment in Water Street. But the trail of the lower East Side is, in the main, the trail of the later writing men. The pilgrim, following it, may accompany Mr. Montague Glass's "Potash and Perlmutter" from the loft at No. 19 Lispenard Street, where those two ornaments of the cloak and suit trade first came upon the scene of fiction, eastward through the swarming



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WASHINGTON SQUARE

Looking north toward the Washington Arch, and "the row of red brick houses that link the old New York with the new"

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK



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MADISON SQUARE

The heart of innumerable stories by Richard Harding Davis, O. Henry, and other writers about New York and New Yorkers

ghetto to deposit their money in the Kosciuszko Bank, which is on East Grand Street; or journey to Batavia Street, which Mr. Rupert Hughes regards as the "most Dickensy street in New York," as he considers Allen Street the most horrible, describing both vigorously in "Empty Pockets"; or visit Pontin's restaurant in Franklin Street, which has been intro-

duced into nearly every story of recent years touching upon the life about the Tombs Prison and the Criminal Courts; or go down to Chinatown to find in Pell Street "The House of Yellow Brick," and at No. 16 Mott Street, the opium joint of certain stories by Edward W. Townsend; or, in Norfolk Street, near Broome, inspect the "Great Synagogue of the Ghetto" associated with Abraham Cahan's "The Imported Bridegroom"; or to identify, in company with the spirit of O. Henry, the Blue Light Drug Store of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schoenstein"; or the Cafe Maginnis of "The Social Triangle."

Washington Square and Greenwich Village

Poe's New York homes were many. When he returned from his residence in Philadelphia he lived with Virginia and her mother in a house on a high bluff beside a country road that is now Eighty-fourth Street. Then there was a stay in Amity Street, the West Third Street of the present; and thence he went to the Fordham Cottage where Virginia died. Cooper was another who lived in Greenwich Village, making his first city home in Beach Street, near Hudson, and there writing "The Pilot" and "Lionel Lincoln," and then, after his return from Europe settling for a time in Bleecker Street, near Thompson. The present 293 Bleecker Street is the site of the house where Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," lived with Madame Bonneville, and around the next corner, at 59 Grove Street, is the house that has replaced the frame structure where he ended his days. Bret Harte, too, lived in the Village, in his boyhood, in a dwelling at Grove and Hudson Streets that later became the parish-house of St. Luke's. No. 92 Hudson Street

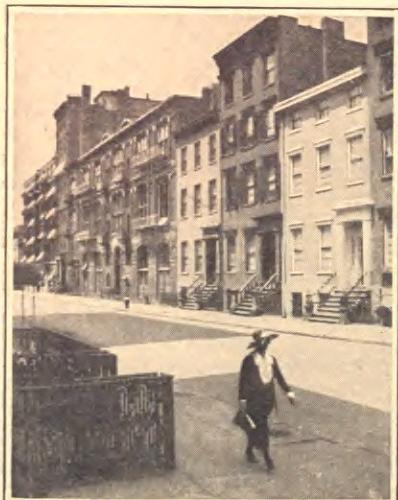
LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

was William Cullen Bryant's abode when he began his career in New York journalism, and from there he moved to the adjacent Varick Street, just below Canal. In Charlton Street, east of Varick the numbers 34 to 38 indicate the site of the home of Aaron Burr, where Louis Philippe was entertained and also such writers as Talleyrand, Chateaubriand and Paine.

On the north side of Washington Square, almost from Macdougall Street to University Place, there is a row of red brick houses with white stone trimmings that retains its flavor of aristocracy, linking the old New York with the new. It was the third house from the Fifth Avenue corner, to the west of the Arch, that Henry James used for the setting of his novel, "Washington Square." The author himself was born nearby, at No. 21 Washington Place. In the old University building which overlooked the Square from the eastern side Theodore Winthrop, who fell in one of the early battles of the Civil War, lived and wrote "Cecil Dreeme." Bayard Taylor lived on the Square, near the northwest corner, and just off the Square, in University Place, where he wrote the "Masque of the Gods," considered by him his best work.

At one time Eighth Street, then better known as Clinton Place, had a literary flavor possessed by no other thoroughfare of the town. There was the first home of the Century Association, called by Thackeray "the best and most comfortable club in the world." At No. 20, Evert Augustus Duykinck lived and died. Anne Lynch (Mrs. Botta), the author of "The Battle of Life," lived in Clinton Place after she moved from the home in Waverley Place which her literary receptions had made famous. It was not so many years ago that Richard Watson Gilder, poet, civic reformer, and editor of the *Century*, was living in an old fashioned, vine covered, brick dwelling on the north side near Fifth Avenue.

At No. 84 Paul du Chaillu wrote most of "Ivar the Viking." Nor should the white hotel at the corner be overlooked, for it was there, in the



THE TENTH STREET STUDIOS

In the center of this ancient row of dwellings, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, are the old studios associated with numerous tales of New York life, and with the careers of a notable group of American artists, including William

Chase, John La Farge, and many others



"OLD MUNICH"

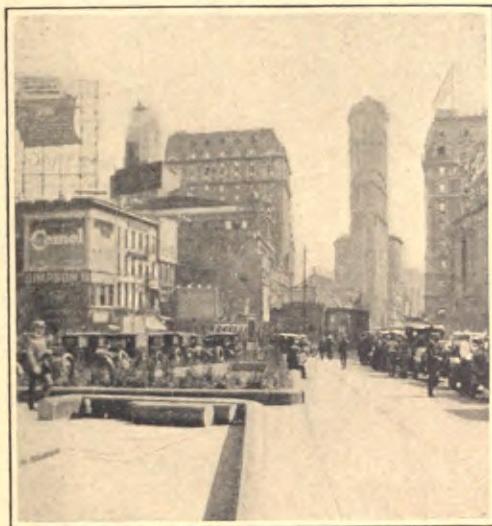
On Third Avenue at Seventeenth Street, now known as Allaire's, was a favorite resort of O. Henry's, and was immortalized by him in "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," one of the most popular of his short stories.



NUMBER FIFTY-FIVE IRVING PLACE

O. Henry lived for a long time in the room directly above the bay window, and there wrote many of his incomparable tales of the "Big City of Razzle Dazzle"

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK



LONGACRE SQUARE

In the heart of the city affectionately called by O. Henry,
"Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway"

erably in outward aspect it is still something of a literary landmark, for there, until fifteen or twenty years ago was the little Franco-Spanish-American hotel where W. D. Howells so often dined, and which he touched upon in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." There Thomas A. Janvier lived and, calling it the Café Napoleon, made it the background of the adventures of the Efferati family.

In Tenth Street, well on the way towards Sixth Avenue, is the old Studio Building, the home of generations of painters, and the place where Henry T. Tuckerman wrote "The Criterion," and "The Book of the Artists." Directly across the street is No. 58. Once there was a 58½. A tunnel connected the sidewalk with a wooden structure in the rear. That structure was once Abbey's studio. It witnessed the harmless gayeties of the old Tile Club, a famous artistic organization of the New York of thirty-five or forty years ago. Best of all it was the home of F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter of Cartersville. There the Virginian Don Quixote toasted himself before the friendly fireplace, building dreams of the air line railway that was to provide some of the "very best families" of his native state with an outlet to the sea, and in the tunnel-like passageway he indulged in target practice in preparation for the impending duel with the broker Klutchem.

The Heart of O. Henry Land

If, among all the men and women of letters who have lived in New York and written about the city, the names of two were to be selected, the choice would almost certainly be Washington Irving and O. Henry—chronologically far apart. One hundred and twenty-seven years would be the span, for in New York Irving was born in 1783, and in New York William Sidney Porter died in 1910. Yet for the shrines most intimately connected with their memories footsteps inevitably turn to Irving Place, that

old-time novels of New York life, that visiting Englishmen usually descended during the sojourn in the city. Almost next door to this hotel, at 21 Fifth Avenue, was once the New York home of the creator of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

On the north side of Ninth Street was another home of Mrs. Botta, a home frequented by Poe's "Literati," and visited by Thackeray. At the northwest corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue there is a striking looking house of greenish gray, with a garden. "A kind of palace in a garden" was the way that Bryant described it, when it was the residence of Irving's friend Brevoort. Incidentally, if you will follow the mansion along the side till you come to a little gate you will find the exact spot where Richard Harding Davis came upon his burglar. Then, along Ninth Street, continue to the numbers 19 and 21. Though changed considerably

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

quaint thoroughfare, six blocks long, paralleling Fourth Avenue on the east. Beginning at Fourteenth Street, it ends its course against the iron palings of Gramercy Park. There are many edifices associated with our "first literary ambassador to Great Britain," as he was called. But there is just one "Irving House." Little changed today, it stands at the south-west corner of the Place and Seventeenth Street, an old world structure, with entrances on the two thoroughfares. It is a three-story house, with a long sheltered balcony overhanging the sidewalk, and a bay window looking north and west to Union Square. It was Irving's last city home. There, as the guest of his nephew, John T. Irving, the old writer stayed when, in the late forties, he came down from "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, where he had been established since 1833. One of his town delights was the Academy of Music, at the Fourteenth Street corner, then the pride of dramatic and operatic New York, now the home of the ubiquitous film.

Within half a block of the "Irving House" there is a dingy, four-story, brown stone dwelling. The number is 55. It was there that O. Henry lived when he was learning to read the heart of the "Big City of Razzle-Dazzle." Irving Place is the very center of O. Henry Land. In the immediate neighborhood are scenes associated with many of his best known stories. Diagonally across from No. 55, at the north-east corner of Eighteenth Street, there has been for years a saloon of quiet aspect and unusual respectability. O. Henry used its back room for "The Lost Blend."

Just round the corner, at Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street, there is a restaurant and one-time beer-garden—the "Old Munich" of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." For Chubb's Third Avenue Restaurant read Still's. The Hotel America, which is on the south side of Fifteenth Street, a few doors east of Fourth Avenue, went into the making of "The Gold That Glittered." A certain bench in Union Square, so definitely indicated that it can be confounded with no other bench in the Park, was the starting point of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." Gramercy Park was introduced in a number of the tales, among them, "The Discounters of Money," and "The Merry Month of May." To Madison Square, a little farther away, we turn for "While the Auto Waits," "The Fifth Wheel," "Squaring the Circle," and "A Madison Square Arabian Night."

There are in this neighborhood landmarks associated with many other novelists. In a house at the southeast corner of Seventeenth Street and Stuyvesant Square Bunner wrote "The Midge,"—that story so drenched with the flavor of the New York of the late seventies, in order to earn the money that enabled him to marry. In the same



FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET

Their passing throngs have many times been mirrored in modern American fiction



THE ROCKEFELLER HOUSE

At the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, out of which grew James Lane Allen's "Heroine in Bronze"

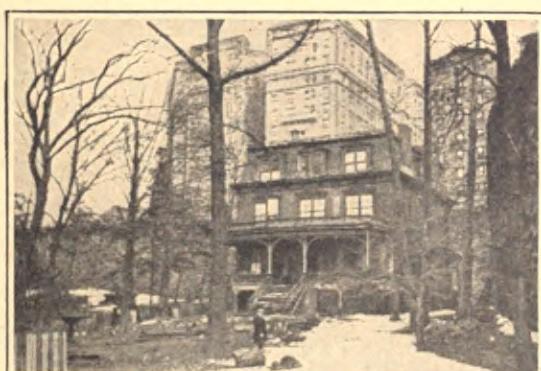
LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK

house Richard Grant White lived, and William Dean Howells, when he was beginning "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and also Brander Matthews, who there wrote "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." Over on West Twenty-second Street, in what was Chelsea Village, stood the old manor house in which Clement Moore, in December 1822, wrote "Twas the Night before Christmas"—a homely classic that will probably last as long as the language. On Fifteenth Street, on the north side near Union Square, there is a quaint building set far back from the pavement. It was one of R. W. Gilder's homes; there Charles De Kay wrote his Life of Barye, the sculptor, and there the Authors Club of New York was founded. In the old Westminster Hotel, that used to be on Sixteenth Street, Dickens stayed when he was in New York, and William Dean Howells wrote "The Landlord at Lion's Head." Thackeray's usual place of descent in the city was another vanished hostelry of the neighborhood, the Clarendon on Union Square, although he was also a frequent visitor at the home of the Baxter family, known as the "Brown House," on Second Avenue. Of all the quarters of the great city Greenwich Village, the vicinity of Washington Square, and this neighborhood about Irving Place are the richest in literary landmarks.

Trails to the North

In the scope afforded by a single number of *The Mentor* the literary landmarks in which the city is so rich must be indicated briefly. A full and adequate description would call for several volumes. Again and again in the roads to the north, we pick up the trail of the writers of the early half of the nineteenth century, who liked to leave the turmoil of the town behind for what was then the pleasant countryside; and the trail, also, of the men and women whose business it has been to reflect in the printed page the new city of stone and brick and rattling "L" road overhead and thundering subways beneath. Go up to

what is now East River Park, at Eighty-eighth Street. There, in a frame building overlooking Hell Gate one of the early Astors kept a kind of bachelor's hall, and there Irving wrote "Astoria," and knew the Captain Bonneville of the "Adventures." Across the island facing the Hudson, near 155th Street, was the "Minniesland," which Audubon named in honor of his wife. The city has not yet caught up with the end of the trail, which reaches up to the Sleepy Hollow of Irving's "Legend"; and beyond, to the Catskills, where Rip Van Winkle came upon the ghostly men of Henrik Hudson at their game of bowls.



"MINNIESLAND"

The home built by the great naturalist, author and artist, John James Audubon, near 155th Street and Riverside Drive. Here he died in 1851

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

By Arthur B. Maurice

LITERARY NEW YORK - By C. Hemstreet*

THE NEW NEW YORK - By J. C. Van Dyke*

THE BOOK OF NEW YORK, By Robert Shackleton

*Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

** Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.

A LOITERER IN NEW YORK By H. W. Henderson

BROADWAY - - - - - By J. B. Kerfoot

GREENWICH VILLAGE - By Anna A. Chapin

HISTORICAL GUIDE TO THE CITY OF
NEW YORK, Edited by the City History Club

THE OPEN LETTER

Look for the next number of The Mentor. It will be bigger in size, broader in scope, and more beautiful in form. The Mentor is now a member of the group of magazines issued by the Crowell Publishing Company—which includes The Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine, Collier's, The National Weekly, and Farm and Fireside. This means the opening of a new and important chapter in the Mentor history—it means that The Mentor will give a double measure of service and satisfaction to you.

* * *

At the beginning, seven years ago, The Mentor struck a new note in periodical publishing—the development of a popular interest in Art, Travel, Nature, History, Literature and Science. In its very first year it found a responsive echo in the hearts of thousands of readers who were eager to interest themselves in the vital and inspiring things of life. Many of this large assembly of readers called "The Mentor Association," have been with us since the beginning, and have followed The Mentor closely through the years. Some have told us what The Mentor has meant to them during those years—that it has become "a vital part of their mental existence," and that they welcome it as they would an interesting and helpful friend in the home. Letters of this sort have been an inspiration to us, and have made the work a thousand-fold worth while.

* * *

In a spirit of return interest we have long wanted to give our readers more of the good things that The Mentor offers—more, and MORE, and MORE. Now the opportunity is here—for us and

for you. The entrance of The Mentor into the group of magazines issued by The Crowell Publishing Company introduces us at once to a vastly enlarged field of operation in which we shall enjoy the material advantages that a large publishing concern can give. The benefits of this association begin with the October number. Here you will find a Mentor with double the former number of pages—virtually two Mentors in one—and with an abundance of delightful reading matter, varied in character, and illustrated with many exquisite pictures. A notable art feature of the new and enlarged Mentor will be a sixteen-page form of beautiful illustrations printed in fine-art gravure, sepia tone.

* * *

The Mentor will be issued once a month, and it will be broader in scope and more varied in interest than was possible within the limits imposed by the conditions of the past. One feature in particular we mean to develop materially—the Mentor Service. A very profitable and enjoyable part of our editorial activities has been in our daily mail. Readers have discussed interesting questions or made valuable suggestions—and the correspondence has often been such as would have delighted and profited all of our readers. The Mentor Service has developed into a wonderful personal relationship between readers and editor. We shall, as soon as practical, devote space to our correspondence service, and give the best fruits of it to all our readers.

In picture, text and service, future numbers of The Mentor will furnish forth a full and rich measure of interesting, worth-while, and beautiful things.

W.S. Moffat
EDITOR

A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

You must stop at the old-fashioned station, within ten minutes of the Harlem River, cross the road, skirt an old garden bound with a fence and bursting with flowers, and so pass on through a bare field to the water's edge, before you catch sight of cosy little houses lining the banks, with garden fences cutting into the water, the arbors covered with tangled vines and the boats crossing back and forth.

I have a love for the out-of-the-way places of the earth when they bristle all over with the quaint and the old and the odd, and are mouldy with the picturesque. But here is an in-the-way place, all sunshine and shimmer, with never a fringe of mould upon it, and yet you lose your heart at a glance.



This being an old tramping-ground of mine, I have left the station this lovely morning in June, have stopped long enough to twist a bunch of sweet peas through the garden fence, and am standing on the bank waiting for some sign of life at Madam Laguerre's. As there is only the great bridge above, which helps the country road across the little stream, and the little foot-bridge below, and as there is no path or road—all the houses fronting the water,—the Bronx here is really the only highway, and so everybody must needs keep a boat.

There is a quality that one never sees in Nature until she has been rough-handled by man and has outlived the usage. It is the picturesque. This quality comes only after the axe and the saw has let the sunlight into the dense tangle and has scattered the falling timber, or the round of the water-wheel has divided the rush of the brook. It is so here. Some hundred years ago, along this quiet silvery stream were encamped the troop of the struggling colonists, and, later, the great estates of the survivors stretched on each side for miles. Then came the long interval that succeeds that deadly conversion of the once sweet farming lands into that barren waste—suburban property. The conflict that had lasted since the days when the pioneer's axe first rang through the stillness of the forest was nearly over; Nature saw her chance, took courage, and began that regeneration which is exclusively her own. Then came this little group of poor people from the Seine and the Marne and lent a helping hand,—their boats, rude landings, patched-up water-stairs, fences, arbors, and vine-covered cottages unconsciously completing the picture. So Nature having outlived the wrongs of a hundred years has here with busy fingers so woven a web of weed, moss, trailing vine, and low-branching tree, that there is seen a newer and more entrancing quality in her beauty, which, for want of a better term, we call the picturesque.



If a painter had a life-time to spare, he would grow old and weary before he could paint it all—the willows, hillsides, and winding stream—and yet no two of his compositions need be alike. I have tied my boat under these same willows for ten years past, and I have not yet exhausted one corner of this neglected pasture.

From "A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days."

THE OCTOBER MENTOR A GREAT LAKES NUMBER

OVER THE INLAND SEAS

A trip on the Great Lakes with Dwight L. Elmendorf. A charming descriptive article illustrated with beautiful pictures, many of them taken specially for The Mentor.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE LAKE TRIP

Interesting human incidents picked up along the way, by an observing traveler, who not only has an appreciation of the picturesque in Nature but a keen sense of humor. Illustrated with photographs.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

An eloquent article comparing the characteristics of the different Lakes, from the pen of the well-known writer, Constance Fenimore Woolson, grand-niece of the famous novelist, James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

A vivid account of the decisive battle on Lake Erie that ended with Commodore Perry's historic message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Illustrated with a reproduction of Powell's great painting of the Battle of Lake Erie, and a reproduction of the Flag that Perry carried through the fight, bearing on it Captain Lawrence's oft-quoted appeal, "Don't Give Up the Ship."

SIX BRIEF, GRAPHIC MONOGRAPH SKETCHES OF GREAT LAKES FEATURES—WITH FINE FULL-PAGE GRAVURES

A superb art feature—sixteen pages in gravure, covering in vivid descriptive text and pictures the following subjects: "Niagara Falls, the Thunder of Waters," "Picturesque Old Mackinac," "The Ship Locks at the Soo," "The Copper Country," "In the Pathway of the Pioneers," "The Lakes in Legend and Romance."

FOUR ARTICLES ON SPECIAL SUBJECTS, ILLUSTRATED
Literature—"From Printer's Apprentice to Dean of American Letters." The Self-made, Many-sided Genius, W. D. Howells—
Printer, Journalist, Essayist, Poet, Editor and Novelist.

Art—"An old Master Has Come to Stay." How Leonardo da Vinci's great portrait, "La Belle Ferroniere," has become an American possession through the marriage of a young American aviator to the owner of the picture.

History—"The Olympic Games; the Story of Their Origin." The Glory of Ancient Greece in Sporting Contest Revived in all its Features Today.

Popular Science—"The Voice Around the World." The Wonders of Wireless. Melba Singing to an Audience Hundreds of Miles Away. We will see the day when one can "cast his voice upon the ether" and hear it return to him around the world.

EDITOR'S OPEN LETTER—"Making the Most of One's-self."

THE MENTOR



OCTOBER, 1920

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LEARN ONE THING
EVERY DAY

THIRTY FIVE CENTS A COPY

AMERICA'S WONDER WATERWAY

By JOHN BERNARD TERNS

Little they know of their Inland Seas where treasure-vessels fare,
Richer than ever Viking's prize or galleon's cargo rare,
Who weave fond dreams of the storied mains and seek King Commerce
there.

Straight from America's heart surge forth his broad, blue, busy aisles,—
Mighty, magnificent, grand Great Lakes! War's scene of other whiles,—
Shining away through the thriving lands for ninety thousand miles!

Here where the Red Man's crude pirogue dared first the storming stream,
Transports of Fortune, two thousand strong, the proud, steel freighters
steam;
And the moon marks out a Path of Gold to match their cargoes' gleam.

There at the end of the Path of Gold where curves the coastal line,—
Stored mead and hill with the wealth of mill, forest and farm and mine,—
Lie the Eight Great States that are Mammon's Land, the Nabob's
modern shrine!

Ye have heard men tell—have ye felt the spell?—of the Great Lakes'
grand expanse,
Nowhere on earth or in dreamers' dreams do bluer waters dance!
Search where ye please—on the Inland Seas shall ye come to the true
romance!

From "Waterway Tales," published by the D. & C. Nav. Co.

THE MENTOR

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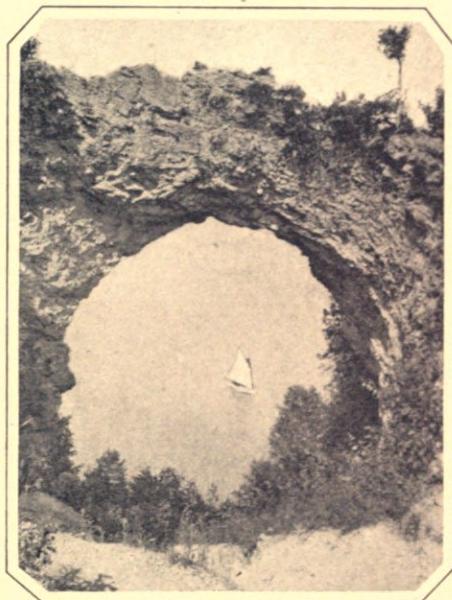
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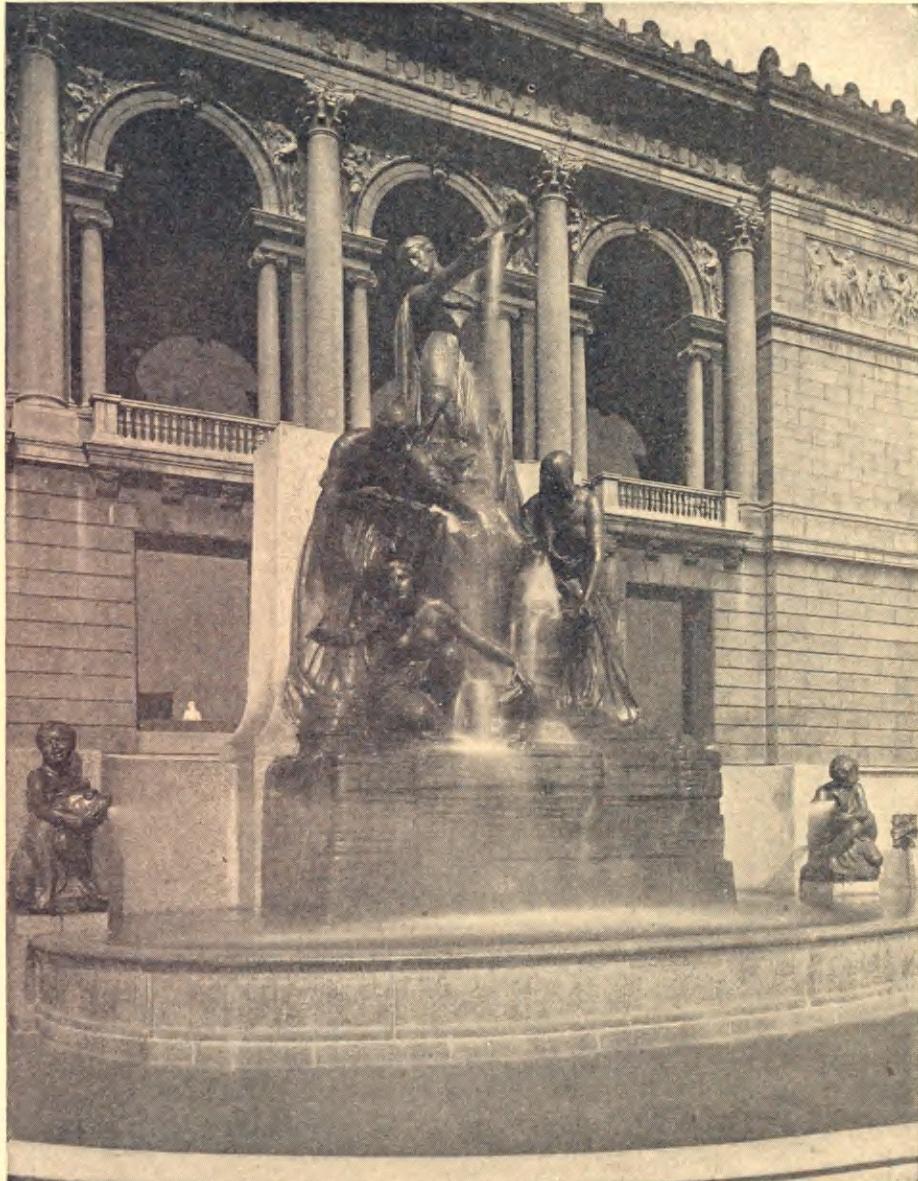
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ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND

*Michi Manitou, the Great Spirit
of Indian Legend, invites all mortals
through the Fairy Arch to enter the
Wonder World of Inland Waters*



The Ferguson Memorial Fountain, Chicago

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

THIS BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF STATUARY, DESIGNED BY THE EMINENT SCULPTOR, LORADO TAFT, STANDS IN GRANT PARK, CHICAGO, BY THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN. IT REPRESENTS THE GREAT LAKES WITH FIVE LOVELY FEMALE FIGURES JOINED IN COMPOSITION BY A SPARKLING LINE OF WATER. HIGH STANDING SUPERIOR STARTS THE DESCENDING STREAM; MICHIGAN, HURON AND ERIE GIVE SISTERLY AID; AND CROUCHING ONTARIO, WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARM, DIRECTS THE FLOOD ON TOWARD THE SEA, WITH A LOOK OF WONDER IN HER EYES

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OCT 8 1920

THE MENTOR

VOL. 8

OCTOBER 1920

No. 16

OVER THE INLAND SEAS A TRIP THROUGH THE GREAT LAKES WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

HERE we are in picturesque, historic old Mackinac—and, here, we will put in a few pleasant days while we recall the incidents of the trip so far, and look over this beautiful little gem island of the Great Lakes. We couldn't find a lovelier resting spot than this balcony on the hillslope, with the village below us, and, beyond, the busy harbor, where the boats of the Lake fleets come into port day by day, and set off again for points, east, west and south. Mackinac (pronounced *Mackinaw*) is the real center of the land and water scenic show—the hub, around which all the touring traffic of four of the Great Lakes swings. You may begin your trip at Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, or Duluth—it matters not. We will greet you here at Mackinac, both on your outgoing voyage, and your return.

We left Buffalo two days ago—it seems longer, for, even in that short time, much water has gone under the boat, and many things have happened. We arrived in Buffalo a day before sailing, and spent that day at Niagara. After all that has been written about the mighty "Thunder of Waters" what more can one say today? We may have seen Niagara many times, but we go back to it with undiminished wonder and awe. Old as the ages, the Falls are ever new—as are the brides and grooms who gaze upon Niagara for the first time with the eyes of youthful romance, and the Silver Wedding Journeyers who return there to celebrate the success of a quarter-century test of domestic affection.

The day we set sail from Buffalo was clear and mild. Lake Erie was as smooth as a mill-pond, and we

slipped along over a sea of sunshine, accompanied by a flock of snow-white gulls that selected our expedition as a "good thing," and "carried on" with us to the end. Experience had taught us not to place our trust in Lake Erie. It was easy enough going until we reached Cleveland that first night; but from there to Detroit we found Erie in a boisterous mood.

DETROIT AND ST. CLAIR

But the rough night was forgotten in the warm sunlight, as we slid gently into the dock at Detroit. We saluted the fourth city in population of the United States, and took time off from the boat to ride around and visit the points of interest—especially beautiful Belle Isle, as fair a garden spot as any city in the world can boast.

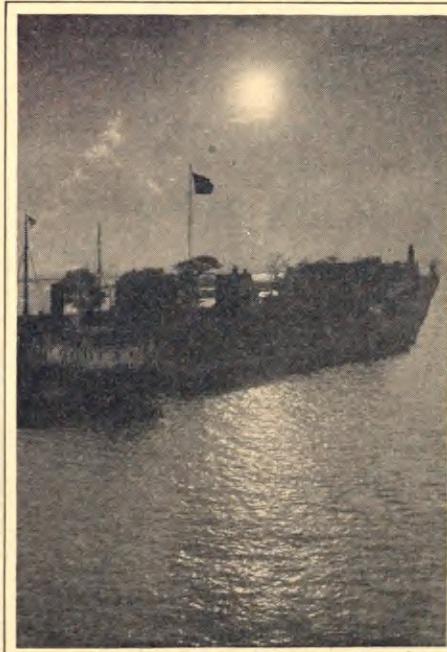
We set off again in about two hours, and were soon out of the Detroit River, and approaching the St. Clair Flats. This lovely lake-suburb of Detroit is called "The Venice of America"—a name that is fairly descriptive. Our big boat passed through a narrow canal while we looked out on a far-reaching stretch of flat, green islands, built up with bungalows, cottages,

houses, clubs, and hotels, all alive with happy people fussing around in canoes and motorboats, and enjoying life in a way that made us want to join them.

THE FAIRY ISLE

Then we settled down for a quiet afternoon on Lake Huron, went to bed, and got up here at Mackinac. And what a wonderful place is Mackinac! Here we can sail, ride, walk, wander through the old village, play golf, fish, bathe, or simply invite our souls by resting and watching the ships come and go. The moment we arrive in Mackinac we realize that we have not only set foot on one of the fairest islands in the world, but that we are breathing the air of mystery and history—the mystery of old Indian legend, and the history of three nations: France, England, and America. This was the critical point in the north where the claims of these three nations were settled. Mackinac—once French, then English, now American.

So, now that we have finished our reflections on our balcony, let us set off and see the island. Our driver tells us that he will show us all the roads—and what wondrous woodland



BUFFALO HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT



NIAGARA
WHERE THE LAKE
WATERS STEP DOWN
FROM ERIE TO
ONTARIO



*Learn One Thing
Every Day*



Copyright, Detroit Pub. Co.
STURDY FREIGHTERS AT REST IN BUFFALO HARBOR



DETROIT DOCK
WHERE THE BIG
BOATS MEET AND
GREET EACH
OTHER

roads they are! He takes us by the East Road around to Arch Rock, and we gaze down through the lofty Arch that rises 149 feet from the shore where the lake waters dimple and sparkle. Then he shows us Sugar Loaf, an odd freak of nature in limestone, thrusting up abruptly 134 feet from the woods, with its hollow chamber fifteen feet above the ground, large enough to hold a half dozen of us, and where we find an assortment of calling cards left by visitors. Then we stop for a few minutes at Fort Holmes, which was built in a hurry—about twenty-four hours—by the British in 1812. This is the highest point of the island—about 330 feet above the lake. We then ride down by the back of Old Fort Mackinac, built by the British in 1780, turned

over to the United States in 1795, lost to the British in 1812, and regained by the United States in 1814. The Old Fort was kept up as a military post by the United States until 1895. Now it is simply a historic monument, cared for by a superintendent. The only evidence, today, of military occupancy, are the antiquated guns, the closed barracks, the grass-grown rifle-range, and the quiet old Army graveyard, deep in the woods back of the Fort.

Another day we take the East End Road, and pass the houses of the wealthy summer residents of Mackinac; then the Leslie Road, and, from there, out to the old battlefield of 1814—now the exclusive Golf Course of the Island. After that we try the Crooked Tree Road, and then



A BIT OF MACKINAC FROM THE DOCK

the Shore Road that runs around the Island, at the water's edge, a ride of about nine miles.

What can we say to express the enveloping charm of these magical woodland roads of Mackinac? No automobile horn disturbs us here. The property owners decided that they would not have their leafy paths through the Fairy Isle torn to pieces by studded tires, nor the forest whispers and bird songs silenced by strident auto screams—so we have, in Mackinac, the restful quiet of the virgin grove. We ride softly on a bed of pine needles, under arches of branching birch, beech, balsam, pine, cedar, and maple. The avenues of trees are shot through with slanting spears of sunlight; we are enveloped in the depths of a shadowy forest one moment; the next moment we are in a sunny open meadow, carpeted with daisies, buttercups, blue bells, and red clover, and flanked by ferns and

juniper. We visit the historic spots. We look into Skull Cave, where the English Fur Trader, Alexander Henry, was hid by a friendly Indian in the dreadful Indian massacre of 1763; we stand on the unstable rock of Robinson's Folly, where the young officer built a lodge that toppled over to the lake below; and we sit in the Devil's Kitchen, where nothing was ever

cooked up but fairy tales. Then we wander through the village and ask questions. The little old village has its interest. We walk down Main Street to Marquette Park, a fine sweep of green grass lawn sloping up to the base of the old Fort. In the center of the park stands the statue of Père Marquette, the Jesuit Priest, the first white man to settle on the island (1671). The statue was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 1, 1909.



THE JOHN JACOB ASTOR HOUSE, MACKINAC
BUILT IN 1809 AS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE
AMERICAN FUR COMPANY. NOW A HOTEL

MACKINAC LANDMARKS

Farther on we see the old Mission Church erected in 1823. It is kept in good condition, and the immaculate white interior is cool and inviting. On Astor Street we find the oldest buildings. The most interesting is the John Jacob Astor House, the original headquarters of the American Fur Company, erected in 1809.

The building is of the ancient, sturdy sort, that was put up to stay—with solid foundations, heavy beams, wooden pegs, and massive locks. Our old driver recalled that, when he was a boy, he knew a man nearly ninety years of age who helped to build the Astor House: "made out of lumber cut nearby," he said, "and well built. The workmen used up a barrel of whiskey doing it." Then the old man added: "That house was built with hard lumber and hard



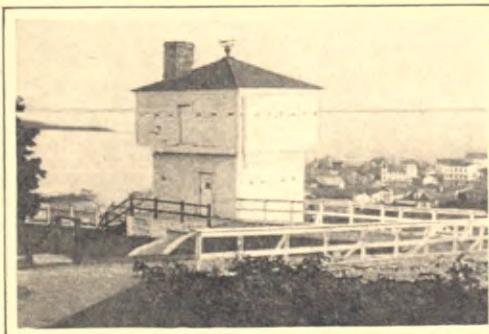
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THE SHORE ROAD, MACKINAC ISLAND

liquor. They don't build houses that way now."

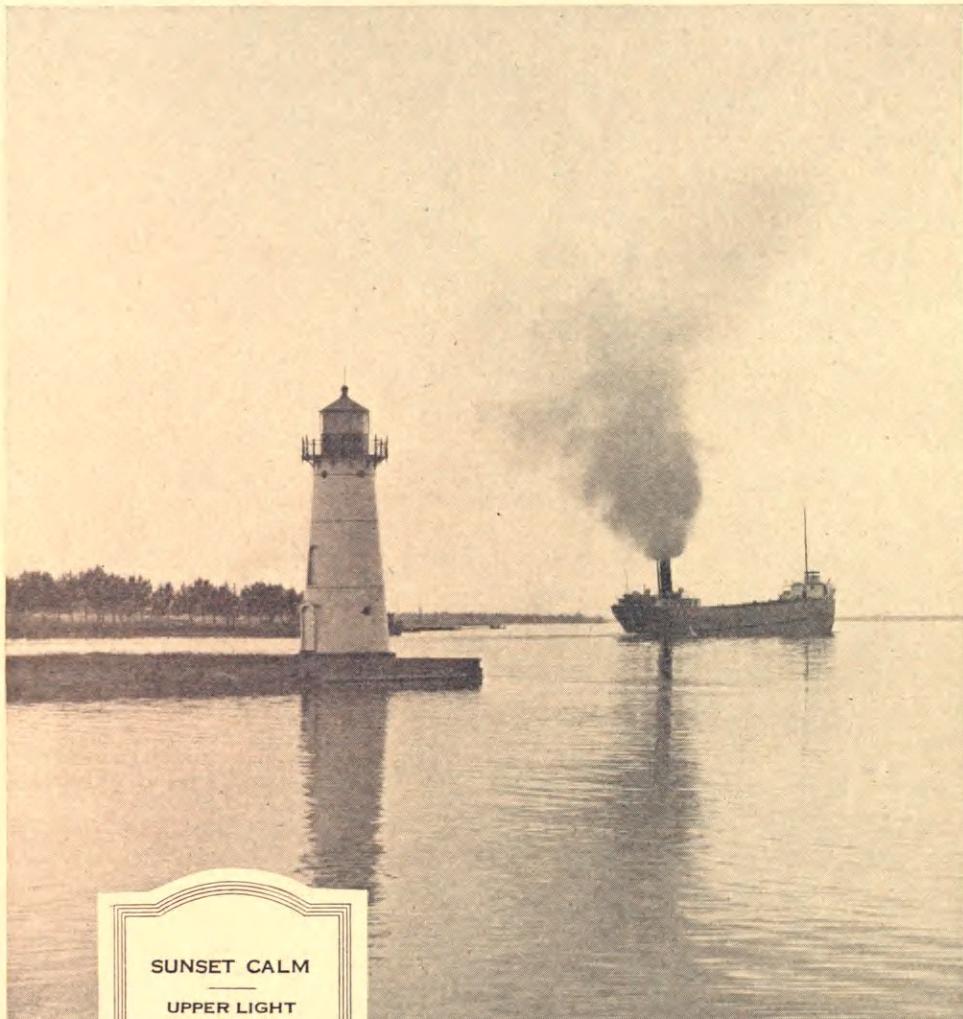
We allowed that there was no argument on that point—nor on the fact that the Astor House was a very solid, enduring affair. And what contrasts time offers us! Today the old building, in which the foundations of the Astor fortunes were so substantially laid, faces a little bungalow tea-shop where a dainty young woman serves lunch at noon, and delicacies at 4 P. M.

Down Astor Street a little way from the American Fur Company Building—which, by the way, is now a hotel—is the oldest house in Mackinac. We are told that the house was built in 1786 by Edward Biddle, and that the property, as well as the ramshackle old Palmer House, is still in the possession of the Biddle family of Philadelphia. Edward Biddle was one of the earliest fur-traders on the Island.



BLOCK HOUSE, FORT MACKINAC

A PICTURESQUE FEATURE OF THE OLD FORTRESS
BUILT BY THE BRITISH IN 1780



Copr., Detroit Pub. Co.

We walk, and walk, glad that there are no automobiles to drive us off the sylvan roads. Instead we meet our old four-wheeled friends—busses, victorias, surreys, buggies, buckboards, dogcarts—and, for the children, basket wagonettes, with Shetland ponies. Mackinac Island is a place for walks and horse-back rides. It dis-

closes its charms in full to those that take it easy. The very trees will tell you stories if you simply stand still and listen. Those lilac trees that arouse your curiosity are over 100 years old, and were imported here from the north of France.

Give a little time to Mackinac—don't hurry away. The breath of the



MOONLIGHT
GOVERNMENT
LIGHTSHIP ON
LAKE HURON

woods is good for you—no matter what your trouble may be; and the cool, fresh air and quiet will make you forget your trouble.

UP AND DOWN LAKE MICHIGAN

Michigan is the only one of the Great Lakes that is entirely surrounded by the United States. It hangs down like a huge sack. Chicago and

Michigan City are at the bottom of the sack, and Mackinac Island is at the neck, just where the noose is drawn in close at the Straits. A busy lake is Michigan—studded on the west side by important cities and large industries, and on the east by lovely summer resorts. We take a few days off and give Lake Michigan what the



PASSING THROUGH PORTAGE RIVER



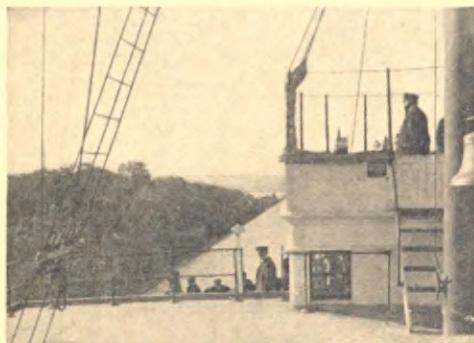
GREETING A FREIGHTER

man of the street calls the "up and down"—down and up would be more literally true in our case. We take a boat that skirts the east shore and gives us glimpses of Washington Island, Green Bay and Sturgeon Bay. It lands us the next morning at Milwaukee, where after an hour's stay, we go on to Chicago—and there we connect with a boat line that carries us to the east shore resorts—Grand Haven, Ludington, Manistee, and Frankfort; then, on up to Charlevoix, Petoskey and Harbor Springs. Here we find the most delightful of the lake summer places—with beautiful summer homes and beaches. Great Lake beaches are, for the most part, gravelly in texture, but if you go out from Harbor Springs to Seven Mile Point you will find a sand beach as fine as any that the ocean shores yield. There are many delightful side trips that can be taken from Harbor Springs. One, in particular, affords varied attractions, and is an ideal jaunt—the trip called "The Crooked Lake Route." This trip

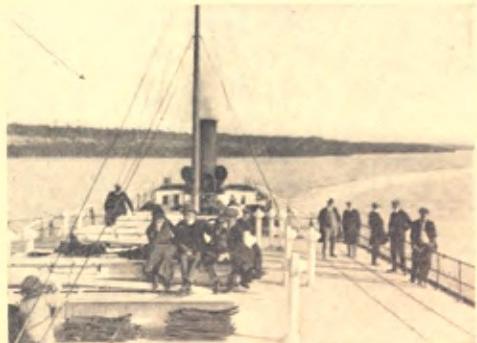
leads from Oden Lake, some miles east of Harbor Springs, through narrow, winding streams to Burt Lake and Mullet Lake, and then on, all the way to Cheboygan. From that town one can go by train to Mackinaw, look about there a few hours, and return to Mackinac Island by ferry.

"THE SNOWS"

And now we are off for a day at "The Snows." The beautiful *Les Cheneaux* Islands (pronounced *lay-she-now'*, the French for "The Channels") are popularly called "The Snows." The name covers a Paradise of little islands lying along the southern shore of the northern peninsula of Michigan. There are many islands in the group, ranging in size from Marquette, six or eight miles long, to "Dollar," and "Penny" which are the baby islands. Their names refer to their size and not their price. Dollar Island is only about one hundred feet in diameter. It holds a perfect little bijou of a bungalow, and has room for a tiny lawn, enclosed in a fringe of trees that seem to



CLOSE SAILING IN PORTAGE CANAL



OUT INTO LAKE SUPERIOR

have been selected especially for the spot. At one side of the island is a miniature boat-house, at the other a narrow dock. Altogether, it is a gem—the finer and more precious because of its tiny, cameo quality. It seems to sit on the surface of the water like a decorative center-piece. Near by there is another attractive island, somewhat larger. Several "prices" were assigned to it by members of our party—some called it the "Two Dollar Island," others "Three Dollar." In view, however, of the present high cost of living we compromised on "Dollar Ninety-eight" as a just and fair name. "The Snows" is the Fisherman's Heaven. It was this that first drew men there. Now people go, not only for fishing, but for the charm of the thickly wooded islands, the scenery, and the bracing, health-giving air. Scattered all through the islands, are attractive cottages, clubs and hotels. "The Snows" has long been a favorite resort for people of the West—many of whom have been going theré annually

for twenty or thirty years. It is only a little over an hour's sail from Mackinac, so visitors can run over there twice a day. Pick out a bright, clear afternoon—then "The Snows" look their best.

OFF FOR THE SOO

On our last day at Mackinac the Weather Man tried hard to make us prolong our stay. The clear sky and brilliant morning sun combined to give us one of those radiant compositions of light, air, and water that the old-time lake-dwellers know so well. We could almost believe we were in the Caribbean Sea, gazing on the Bay of Matanzas or Cardenas, so blue was the vault above us, and so translucent and exquisitely varied in hue was the harbor. We wanted to settle down right there, indefinitely, but our big, white, floating hotel was at the dock, and the bell told us to go aboard, so we set off, satisfied with the thought that we were taking the fair weather with us. And the fair weather stayed during all that day, as we rounded the

north shore of Lake Huron at the Detour (the Turn) and entered St. Mary's River, which is the picturesque water approach to Sault Ste. Marie (called the "Soo"). One pleasing feature of the Great Lakes trip is the variety of scenery and incident. An hour of rough going will be followed by a smooth passage through a quiet waterway; for a half-day we are on the broad bosomed lake, out of sight of land; then we thread a narrow portage stream or canal. St. Mary's River is sixty-two

miles long, and made up of beautiful straits and little lakes, shut in by hills that rise from the very water's edge. We reach the Soo in the late afternoon, and lie by at the dock of the American city of Sault Ste. Marie for about an hour.

There are two Sault Ste. Marie's—the American city on the left bank as we approach, and the Canadian city on the right. In between are the monster locks and the machinery necessary to operate them. We spent

the evening hour on deck watching our big boat being lifted by swelling water to the upper level. Then the western lock-gate opened and we steamed slowly out to the turn of the river at Cedar Point, and entered Lake Superior and the shadows of night about the same time.

THE COPPER COUNTRY

The next morning we woke up to find ourselves in Keweenaw Bay, and entering the narrow portage that leads to the Land of Copper. We are made aware of this at the very first sight of



SUGAR LOAF, MACKINAC ISLAND

ACCORDING TO INDIAN LEGEND, THE WIGWAM OF MICHI MANITOU, THE GREAT SPIRIT, TURNED INTO STONE. IT IS A PLACE OF DAILY PILGRIMAGE FOR VISITORS

land. The bluffs on both sides of the bay are copper-red in color. Along the shores of the portage we see mills and smelters. We read the signs, and breathe the air of copper, and when we land at the wharf at Houghton, we find there huge piles of copper ingots, glittering like red gold, in the sun. We wonder why they let such treasure lie exposed on the dock—why thieves do not make away with it readily. We go ashore when the ship lands, and try to lift one of the

(Continued on page 29)



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LAKE SUPERIOR FROM PRESQUE ISLE

MENTOR GRAVURES

NIAGARA FALLS

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OLD FORT, MACKINAC ISLAND LOST CHANNEL, THOUSAND ISLANDS
THE LOCKS—SAULT ST. MARIE PICTURE ROCKS, APOSTLE ISLANDS

DOUBLE CENTER PAGE

ISLAND SCENES: A Bit of Wild Nature, Thousand Islands; Camp Life in Thirty Thousand Islands; Club House, Thousand Islands, From an Aeroplane; Cottage Life in "The Snows" Islands; Island near Detroit



Learn One Thing Every Day

NIAGARA FALLS

THE MIGHTY WATERS FROM THE CANADIAN SHORE

THE three attending spirits that guide and determine the destinies of happy brides and grooms are Cupid, whose gentle wiles first ensnare the hearts, Hymen, the god of marriage, who presides over the nuptials—and Father Hennepin, who discovered Niagara Falls. Father Hennepin was the first white man to see the mighty cataract. He was a member of La Salle's exploration party in 1678, and he came upon a view of the Falls at a point now known as Hennepin's View. His account of the scene is as quaint in language as it is impressive in its descriptive quality. "A vast and prodigious Cadence of Water," he wrote, "which falls down after a surprizing and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford its Parallel. . . . The Waters which fall from this horrible Precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder."

Father Hennepin made a sketch of the Falls, which has its value today in that it shows several points of difference from present conditions. Time has done its work. Within the memory of many now living, a Table Rock, called the "Rock of Ages," which stood for many centuries at the rim, was washed over and now lies ignominiously at the foot

of the Falls. The whole Niagara gorge as we know it today was cut out by the giant force of the cataract wearing away the cliff at the rate of about 450 feet every 100 years. Figure this out and you will find that just about 2,962 years ago the Falls were at the whirlpool. This would be about 300 years before the founding of Rome.

Niagara has been the objective point of sensation-seeking acrobats of various kinds. It seems as if the monster cataract possesses some irresistible fascination for daring spirits. During the years 1859-1861 Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, performed wonderful feats of tight-rope walking over the Niagara gorge. In 1883 Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, was killed trying to swim the rapids. On October 24, 1901, Mrs. Annie E. Taylor went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel and survived—a feat never before accomplished by anyone.

Besides the beauty of its scenery and the thrill of its action, Niagara has, of late years, come to be a great power in industry both on the Canadian and on the American side. The energy supplied there by the Falls is transmitted for miles and supplies light and power for manufactures, for transportation and for domestic use in communities near and distant.



NIAGARA FROM THE CANADIAN SHORE.

FORT MACKINAC

THE OLD MILITARY POST OF THE HISTORIC ISLAND

TO the Indians, Mackinac was always a fairy-land of fable; to the white man it was a golden land of promise. Many were the fortunes made on the lakes by fur traders, lumber dealers and miners of copper.

Michili-mackinac—as it was called in early times—was known to Champlain as far back as 1610, and French adventurers had set eyes on it before 1626. But the credit for the first visit to that region is given to John Nicolet who passed through the straits of Mackinac to Green Bay in 1634. Up near Arch Rock on Mackinac Island there is a stone monument commemorating Nicolet's expedition. In 1670-71 Father Jacques Marquette, a French Jesuit priest, settled on the island. This event, too, is commemorated in Mackinac by the establishment of Marquette Park, in the center of which stands a statue of the Jesuit Priest.

The story of the hundred years following Marquette's arrival was one of continual discovery and development, with all the hardships and tragedies incident to trading and fighting with savage tribes. Under French possession, explorers, traders, missionaries and soldiers of fortune came to Mackinac and met with varying fates—some acquiring wealth and power, others starving in the wilderness, and many going down to a

shocking death at the hands of hostile Indians. In 1761 the Islands passed from France to England; and, two years later, came the dreadful Indian Massacre, when seventy soldiers of the English garrison in the Fort of Mackinac were brutally slaughtered. The Island was held by the English until 1795, when they were compelled to surrender it to the United States. When war was declared in 1812, old Fort Mackinac was garrisoned with only 57 men under the command of Lieutenant Hanks. He was taken by surprise and had to surrender to a British force that had thrown up entrenchments (Fort Holmes) on the highest point of the Island. The English occupied old Fort Mackinac until the winter of 1814, when the war was over, and a company of American soldiers, under Colonel Chambers, resumed possession. Under United States ownership the fort was an active Army Post until 1895, when it was abandoned.

The Island is about nine miles in circumference, and twenty-two hundred acres in area. Half is privately owned—the rest being a National Park and Military Reservation. There are a few Indians left on Mackinac Island; they occupy a little village of their own, back in the woods—a poor, miserable affair, full of the pathos of a conquered, dying race.



OLD FORT, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN

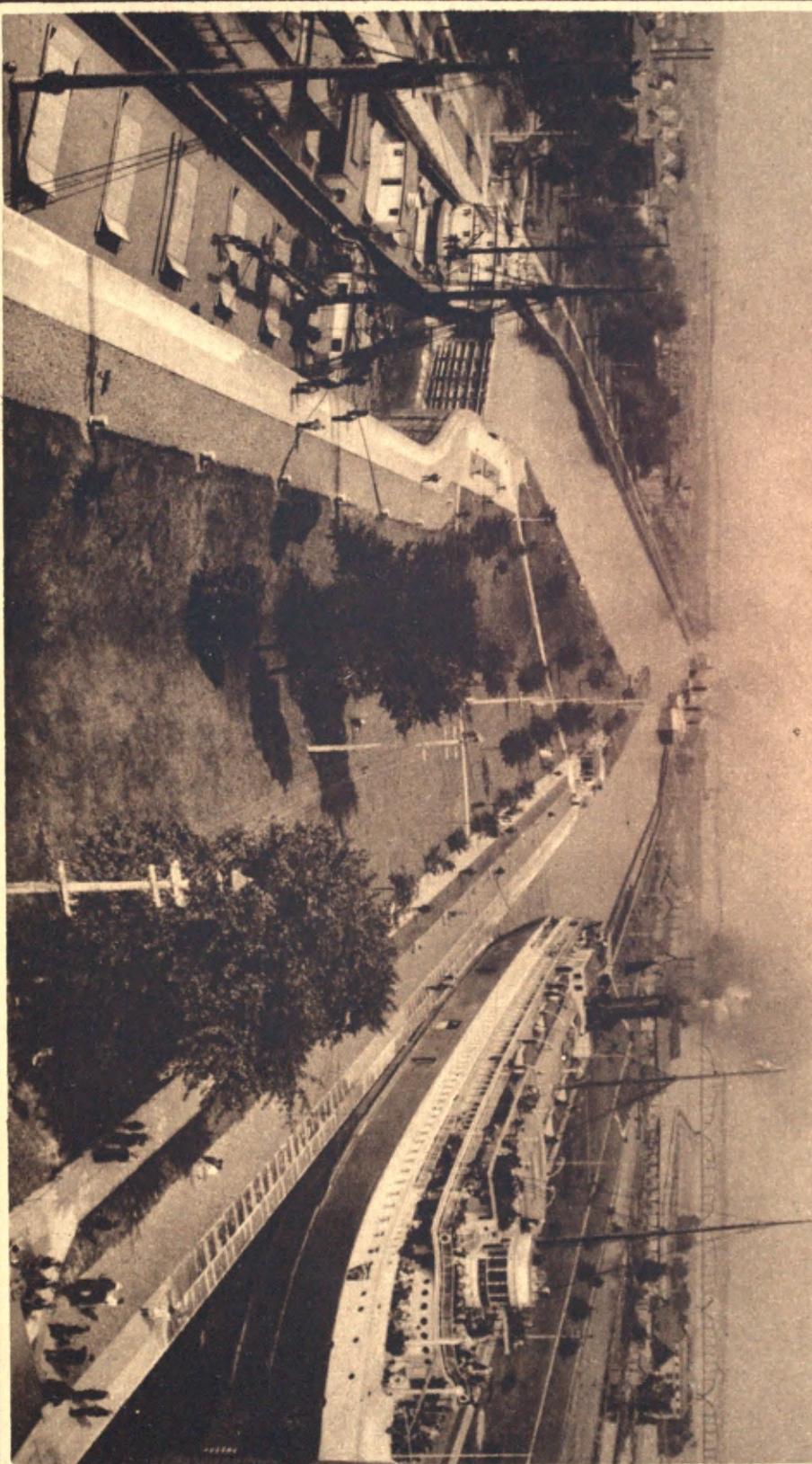
THE SOO LOCKS

THE LARGEST SHIP LOCKS IN THE WORLD

LAKE Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, discharges through the St. Mary's River 86,000 cubic feet of water per second. The rapids of St. Mary are swift and rough. The only way, therefore, to make navigation between Lake Superior and Lake Huron possible was by the construction of ship canals and locks. In the course of years the engineering problem was settled in a supremely successful way by the construction of the largest ship locks in the world. There are four American locks and one Canadian; constructed and maintained by the respective governments. The first canal on the Canadian side was built by the Northwest Fur Company in 1797. It was a small affair, only about thirty-eight feet in length and nine feet in width. In 1855 the first of the great canal locks was built on the American side, 64 feet wide at the bottom and 100 feet wide at the water's surface. The facts and figures of these early canals are, however, only of historic interest. They have been destroyed to make way for the modern locks which are huge in size—varying in length from the shortest, the Weitzel lock, 515 feet long to the Davis lock, 1,350 feet long. The locks are 80 to 100 feet wide and 24 feet

deep. This is necessary, for the large passenger boats of the Great White Fleets of the Lakes draw about 18 or 19 feet. Some of the heavy freighters draw as much as 20 or 21 feet. Reckoning the cost of these modern locks from the beginning, we find that Uncle Sam has spent about \$25,000,000 and Canada about \$5,000,000.

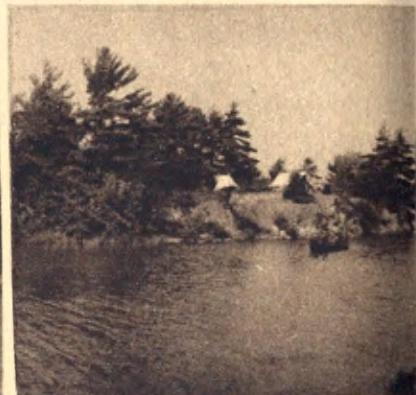
The Soo Canal locks are not only the biggest in the world—they are the busiest. Over 25,000 vessels pass through the canals in the course of a year, and the total annual tonnage of the ships is three times as great as that of the Suez Canal. The human interest in it, is indicated by the fact that nearly 100,000 passengers are carried through the Soo Canals during a season of tourists' traffic—which is about four months. Visitors to the Soo are told that the thing to do there is to engage an Indian, with a canoe, and "shoot" the rapids of St. Mary's River. It is exciting, and, with a safe guide, not dangerous. The Rapids, however, have a much more serious and important occupation than simply tossing tourists around in canoes. The water power of the Rapids has been harnessed by man, and generates electrical energy of 60,000 horse-power that runs many mills and factories in that region.



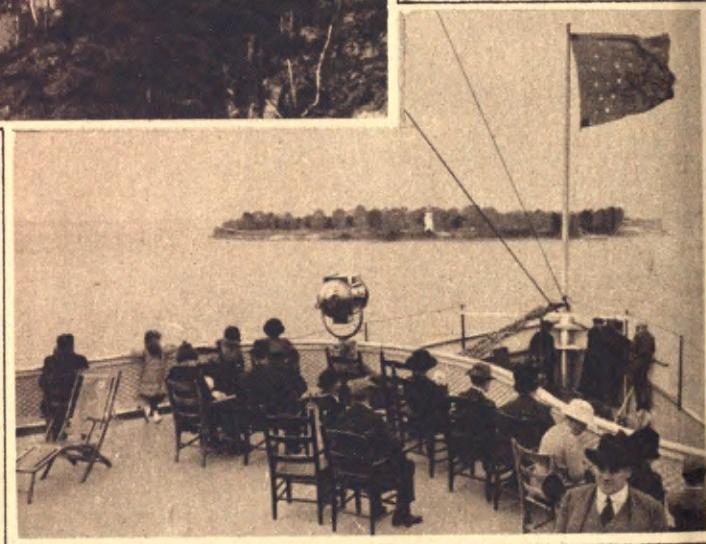


A BIT OF WILD NATURE—THOUSAND ISLANDS

Though a popular and much frequented resort, many of the Thousand Islands are as wild today as when man found them.



CAMP LIFE IN THE



ISLAND NEAR DETROIT

DOTTING the shores of the Inland Seas are islands countless in number, and of all sizes, kinds and shapes. One characteristic, however, they have in common—they are all good fishing grounds.

"Why do you go to Georgian Bay?" I asked a friend.

"Do you know nothing of rod and reel?" he replied. "It is the Bay of Thirty Thousand Delights. And as many other delights are in 'The Snows.' Why do you go there?"

"I fish not—neither do I swim. I go to 'The Snows' for the peace of my soul. All

outdoor nature is happy there, and it makes me happy to be in the midst of it."

"Fine words, but a mere apology for idleness. What is recreation that does not re-create? Have you never felt the joy and thrill of playing your line and landing your catch? You tell me you like fish. Have you ever reflected on the difference between *fresh fish* and *fresh-caught fish*? Everywhere on the Lakes your attention is invited

ISLES OF THE



THOUSAND ISLANDS



CLUB HOUSE, THOUSAND ISLANDS ©



COTTAGE LIFE IN "THE SNOWS" ISLANDS

INLAND SEAS

to the fresh fish served on boats and at hotels. Everywhere, too, you find them altogether honest and correct fish—but just such fish as you find in any good hotel. Have you yet, in your journey through the islands, come to know the taste of 'fresh-caught fish'? Confess now."

"I will, for honest confession is good for the soul. While we were at 'The Snows' we were attracted, one night, at dinner, by

an exquisite aroma that came to us from a nearby table. A party of bronze-faced men and women were enjoying a meal of their own fresh 'catch' of fish. That was the moment when we realized that we were simply tourists, doing the Lakes. Over at that other table, were the *real people*, telling the story of each and every fish—and everybody happy, except the fish. And we said to ourselves that the next time we came to those blessed islands we would catch our own fish and eat them within an hour after they wriggled their last."

THE COPPER COUNTRY

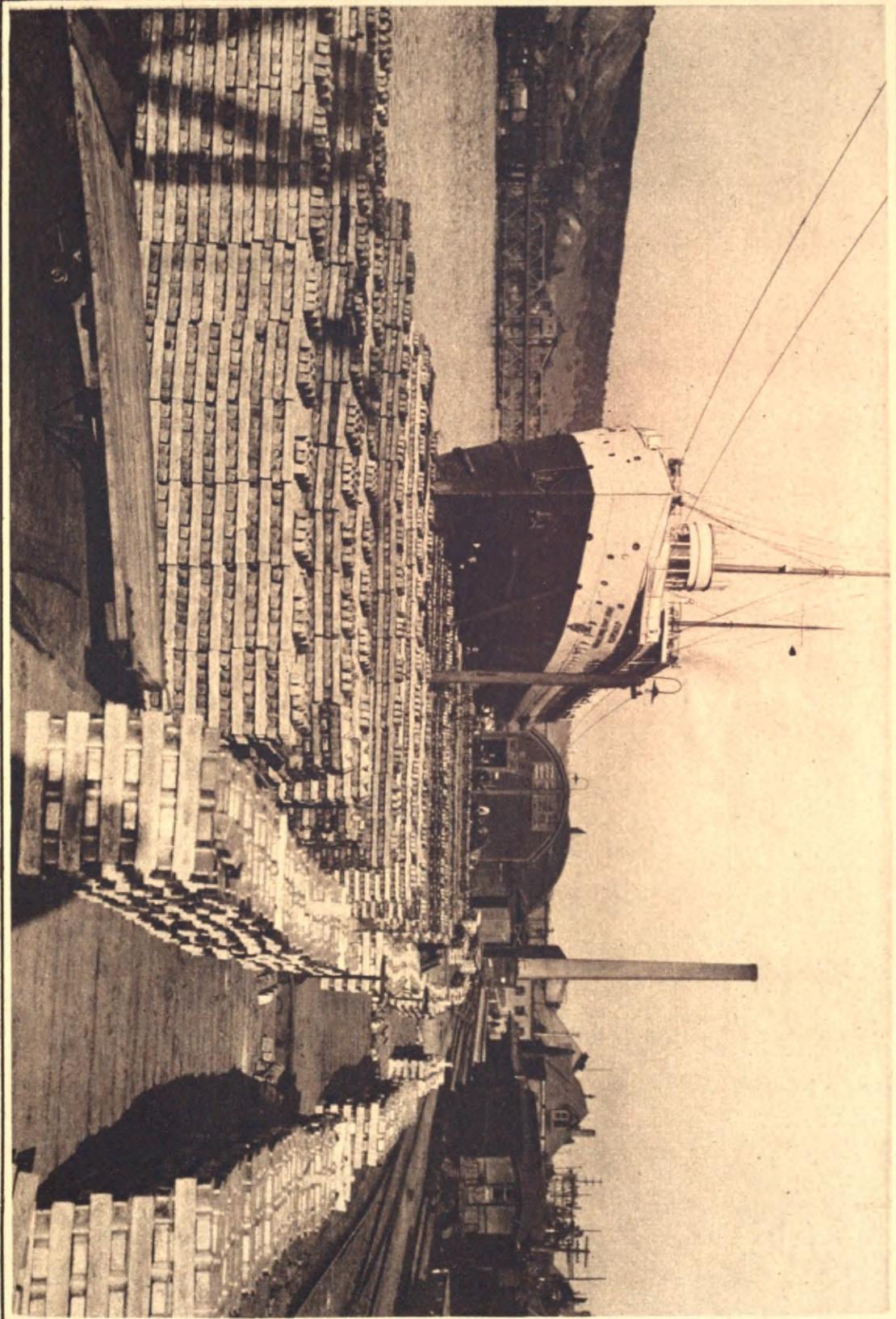
A FORTUNE IN METAL ON THE DOCKS

THE Lake Superior region of Upper Michigan is the original home of copper in the United States. You know that as soon as you reach Houghton, for there on the dock you find a vast assembly of copper greeting you as you arrive. Our picture shows \$100,000 worth of copper piled up, ready for shipment. Sometimes the old wooden dock at Houghton groans under the weight of a quarter million dollars in metal.

In the American continent copper was known to the prehistoric races. These early people used copper, and also stored it in the ground. It was a bit of this loose copper that a French farmer's pig turned up while rooting about in the back yard. This simple incident led to the discovery of the richest copper mine ever developed in history. After the loose copper found near the surface of the ground had been disposed of, excavations were made, and the Calumet lode was opened up. The French settlers and their descendants made something out of the copper resources of the Lake Superior region during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it was not until 1844 that copper became prominent as a mineral product. Since that time the increase has been phenomenal until, to-day, the United States supplies 60 per cent of the copper of the world. For

years Michigan produced the largest amount of copper of any of the states, but now Montana and Arizona have the lead, and Michigan stands third, with Utah a close rival. During the years of Michigan's supremacy in copper the Lake Superior region was an enormous hive of industry. The copper area extends for 150 miles from Copper Harbor, up at Keweenaw point, down to Iron Mountain—the richest mineral region being in the northern part. In the very center of this section are the mines of Calumet and Hecla, which have paid \$152,000,000 in dividends out of a stretch of less than one mile. During seventy-five years the life of that little peninsula has been devoted to copper. Millions of men worked in the mines, and their families made their living out of the mines. Boys were brought up to be miners. The high-schools and the manual training schools have been largely maintained by the mining interests. At Houghton there is one of the best equipped Mining Colleges in the United States.

The land of Northern Michigan is fertile and the crops are bountiful and rich. The thoughts, hopes and ambitions of the working men there, however, have not rested on the surface soil; they have, for years, been centered on the riches lying deep in the earth.



THOUSAND ISLANDS

THE WATER PATHWAY OF THE PIONEERS

BY the rushing water road of the lovely St. Lawrence came explorer, friar and *voyageur* to the glittering seas of Indian fable and adventure. Samuel Champlain, on his first voyage to Canada, in 1603, had heard rumors of "the great water of which no one had seen the end," and alluring reports of a vast unexplored land in the north, rich in furs and copper. When he learned, in the summer of 1615, that a long-robed missionary named LeCaron had left Montreal to visit Indian settlements on the distant Lake of the Hurons, he started post haste after him, greatly concerned for his safety. Up the familiar path of the St. Lawrence sped Champlain's canoes, and on over strange river trails, to Lake Nipissing. Then, one July day, Huron drew its shining silver line across the horizon—first of the Great Lakes to greet the eye of Europeans.

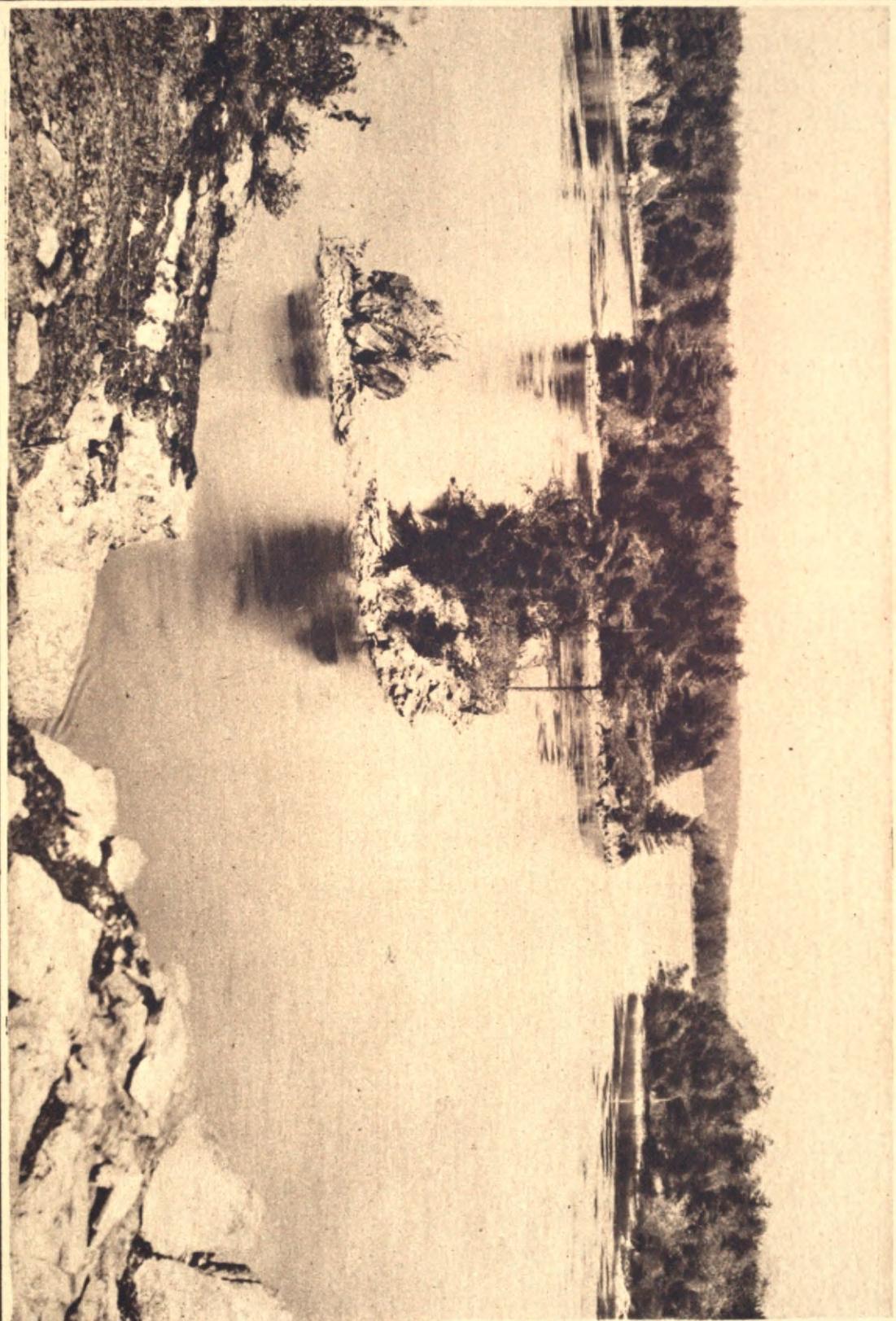
Champlain found his friar unharmed in a palisaded settlement, one hundred miles from the entrance to Lake Huron. In September, he led a flotilla of Indian war canoes, across the Lake of the Ontarios, against the Five Nations.

One of Champlain's two white companions on this, his last journey of exploration, was a young French interpreter, Etienne Brûlé. It was he that discovered Lake Superior in 1629; but this greatest of all lakes was first explored by Pierre Radisson and

his brother-in-law, Groseillers, two dashing wood-rangers, who roamed the wilderness of land and water in search of treasure.

Jean Nicolet (nick-o-lay) was commissioned by Champlain to make a far journey to the "People of the Sea," and try to persuade them to bring down their catches of furs to the market held every year in Quebec. In his baggage he carried "a grand robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors." He and his patron felt sure he was going to find in that remote land a race living on the shores of Asia, and he wanted to be able to appear before them in impressive and appropriate costume. Nicolet was much disappointed that the tribe on Green Bay turned out to be Indians instead of Mongols, and that the waters he discovered were fresh instead of salt. He didn't find Asia—instead, he discovered Lake Michigan and the island of Mackinac.

Last of the quintette of inland seas to be seen by the path-makers was Lake Erie, probably discovered by Father Joliet in 1669. Well may we say with Father Hennepin, who first described Niagara Falls, and companioned La Salle on the ill-starred voyage of the *Griffin*, "Those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that noble country cannot but remember with gratitude those that discovered the way by venturing to sail upon unknown lakes."



THE LOST CHANNEL, THOUSAND ISLANDS

PICTURE ROCKS

THE LAKES IN LEGEND AND ROMANCE

ABOVE the rocks and waves of the Five Lakes broods the spirit of Michi Manitou, the Supreme Being. Indian legend says he made the wondrous isle of Mackinac for his earthly home. When the island was completed, the Maker sent messengers "to all lands of heat and noise and troubulous insects" to say that, in these Northern waters, there was a place of refuge from every disturbing thing that beset men and spirits. The portal of this Arcadian retreat was Arch Rock, on the eastern shore of the island. Through it passed stranger friends from near and far, and entered into a land of quiet and content. Centuries went by, and the wigwam of the Great Spirit was changed into stone. As the pyramidal rock called "Sugar Loaf," it is now a place of pilgrimage for the multitude of visitors that journey to this fair spot every year to partake of its peace and joy.

And the healing qualities with which Manitou the Great Being blessed the Fairy Isle endure unto this day, for each season, the spirit of Manitou calls from Mackinac: "Come all ye that cough and suffer, and I will give relief." And they say that Manitou keeps his word.

By the Big-Sea-Water lived Hiawatha with his grandmother, Nokomis. Longfellow's tale had its source among the dunes and

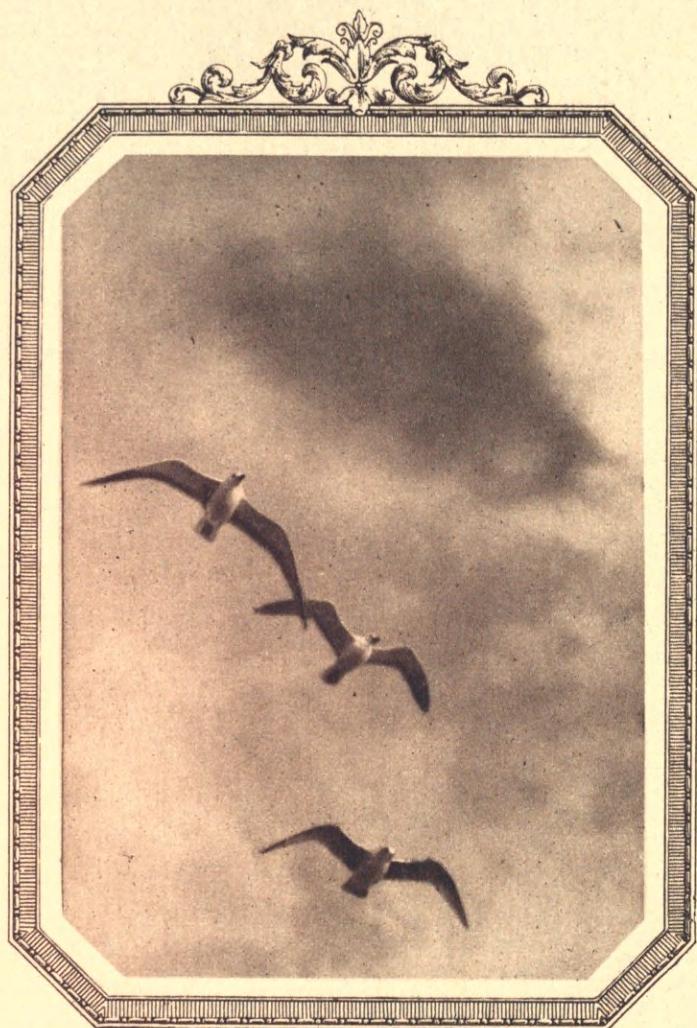
cliffs of Lake Superior. Each Lake claimed its special coterie of mythical creatures whose deeds, written down by white men, constitute the first school of literature in the lake region. Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, a pioneer in the study of Indian tribes in this part of the continent, traveled through the Lakes a hundred years ago, and gathered a rare sheaf of Indian tales, which included, among others, the legend used by Longfellow.

Of early days on the Lakes, Constance Fenimore Woolson has given us a charming reflection in her "*Lake Country Sketches*," and in the widely-read novel, "*Anne*."

That amazing gallery of nature sculptures, the Picture Rocks, ranged with magnificent effect on the eastern shores of Lake Superior, have stirred the imagination of many literary travelers—Charles Dickens and Hawthorne and Bayard Taylor, and countless others famous in the world of letters, have paid tribute to Niagara in its varying seasons and moods.

The poet, William Cullen Bryant, wrote with enthusiasm of the "light green waters" of the Lakes, of their rocks and islands and turbulent rapids, and of the smoky villages of redskins born on their shores. So, historian, romancer, and poet, alike, fall under the spell of the Inland Seas.





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THE GULLS—OUR COMPANIONS OF THE AIR

*Close-following, feathered friends of the
sky—bold in approach yet ever shy*



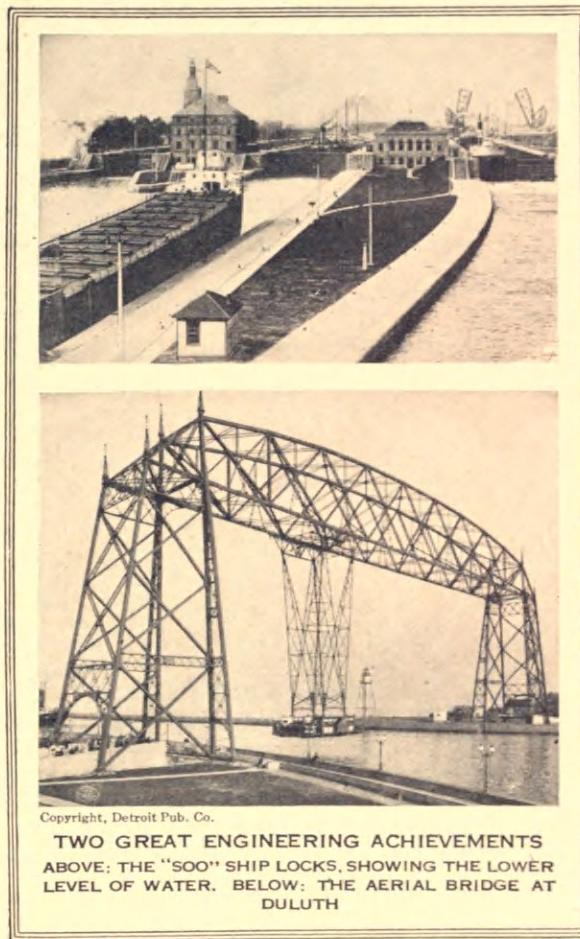
ingots, and we decide that no one would be tempted to try to carry away much copper. Houghton, on one side of the river, and Hancock, on the opposite side, are the two citadels of the Copper Country. The boat lies by for five hours so that tourists can take the electric car over to Calumet, about twelve miles distant. This is the Mecca of the Copper Industry. Here the first great American treasure in copper was found, and here are situated two of the most famous mines in the country, Calumet and Hecla—names that stand for fabulous wealth in copper production.

DULUTH AND RETURN

Early the next morning we sail into the harbor at Duluth under the great Aerial Bridge. This novel affair is the only bridge of its kind in America. They tell us that there is only one other like it in the world. It is an interesting curiosity, but a slow

vehicle of transportation. I wonder what it does when a fire-engine has to cross. As we first gazed on Duluth from the lake we recalled Lady Jane's characterization of herself in the operetta, "*Patience*": "Not pretty—massive." Countless buildings, large and small, spread along the mountain-side, which rises 600 feet above the lake. The attractive parts of Duluth are not seen from the steamer. The city looks big, busy and important—but not beautiful. When, however, we land and ride about, we meet with fairer sights than huge warehouses

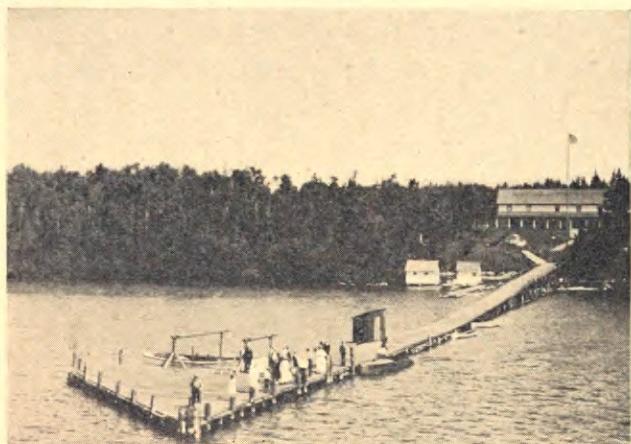
and business buildings. There is much wealth in Duluth, and it shows in the many luxurious houses in the shaded residence district. Lester and Lincoln Parks are lovely oases of green, and the view from the boulevard at the summit of the hill, commanding the city, the harbor, and the lake, is inspiring.



COMPANIONS OF THE AIR

We are back again on our boat in the late afternoon with our faces turned to the East. And our faithful flock of gulls turns with us. They have been waiting there in the harbor all day. They are native-born sailor-birds—and Captain Lawrence's historic words, "Don't give up the ship," are ever in their hearts.

They don't give up the ship—and they never will, so long as there is food on board. This snowy bodied "flapper" is the most engaging living feature of the trip. He is distinctly one of the party. He sails with us, rests on the harbor waters when we dock, resumes flight when we set off—and he knows the meal hour as well as we do. If he is overlooked he makes known his wants in heart-appealing



WAITING FOR THE BOAT
AN AFTERNOON SCENE ON A DOCK IN "THE SNOWS." THERE IS ALWAYS A GROUP AWAITING MAIL OR FRIENDS

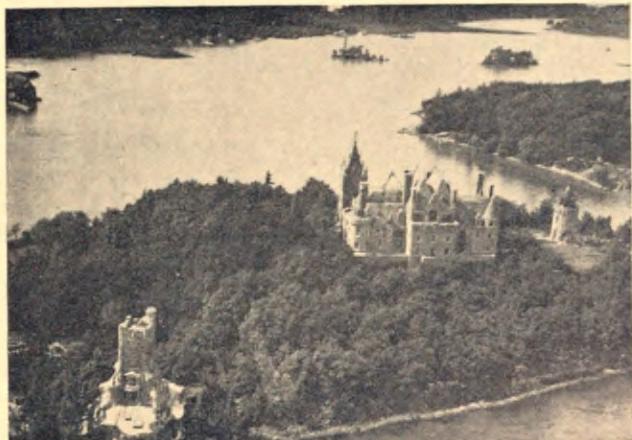
lamentations. We grow to love the gulls, and we leave them with regret when our Lake trip is over.

THE 30,000 ISLANDS

The next "leg" of our trip takes us across Lake Huron to Georgian Bay, and we land at Parry Sound for a day's run down through the 30,000 Islands. A little boat picks us up at Rose Point at seven o'clock the following morning and gives us five hours of rare delight, while it threads its way through the tortuous channels of the Islands of Georgian Bay. "Why 30,000 Islands—why not 60,000?" "Perhaps there are 60,000," we are told; 30,000 have been actually surveyed. These Canadian islands have a wild beauty of their own. Many of them are steepbanked and rocky, others thickly covered with pine, hemlock, spruce and birch. Some of the islands are privately owned—the price of island property



DOLLAR ISLAND
THE SAUCIEST LITTLE ISLAND IN "THE SNOWS"



A TWO MILLION DOLLAR ISLAND
IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, WHICH THE LATE GEORGE C. BOLDT
SPENT A FORTUNE ON, AND THEN LEFT UNFINISHED

is ten dollars an acre. Others are occupied by little summer communities.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

At Penetang, a little town at the southernmost point of the 30,000 Island trip, we take train for Toronto, and the next day set out to "do" the last of the Lakes—Ontario. Fair weather is still our good fortune, and so we find ourselves "taking the moon" on deck when the boat reaches Charlotte, the lake port of Rochester at a late evening hour. The next morning early we are at Kingston, and, by breakfast time, we reach Clayton and Alexandria Bay. The Thousand Islands, with their many natural beauties, fittingly crown our Great Lakes trip. This cluster of Island jewels, ever holds its charm. The population of the resort has increased greatly in recent years, and there is an impressive display of luxurious homes. Some of the islands

seem almost *too* magnificent for the recreation season—we heard one of them described as "a million dollars, entirely surrounded by water." Many of the Islands, it is true, are still in their original wild state, but many others have been captured, domesticated, and cultivated to the water's edge—we might almost call them "manicured." Trees are

properly pruned, lawns cut, paths trimmed, hedges cropped smoothly, and the edges of the Islands carefully finished off with masonry and concrete walls.

It is the same lovely old Thousand Islands—as delightful as ever. We bring home, however, from the Great Lakes trip a particularly warm and tender feeling for the simple life of picturesque, historic Mackinac, and for the gracious green isles and quiet waters of "The Snows."



PEACEFUL SHORES
AMONG THE ISLANDS OF "THE SNOWS"

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TRIP

CONTRIBUTIONS OF A FELLOW TRAVELER

THE MAN THAT IS ALWAYS LATE

WHAT would the trip be without him—the fat man that is always late for the boat! He was the last thing that came aboard at Buffalo, and the last thing everywhere on the Lakes. When the gangplank had been pulled in and the trumpeter had sounded the note of departure at Buffalo, down the wharf ran the late fat man, red-faced and perspiring, followed by a porter with his luggage. The ship sighed patiently and hung by the dock, while two burly negroes swung him and his traveling bags aboard.

While we were at Mackinac, the late man appeared on the dock when the *Tionesta* was out in the harbor and ready to turn. The Big Boat good naturally pulled in again and took him aboard.

At Detroit, the *Tionesta* and the *Juniata* meet, and one docks as the other leaves. The *Juniata* had cast off her hawsers and her bow was well out in the water when the late fat man came running down with a suit case in each hand. He flung them on board through the freight door near the stern, and followed them with a jump of about four feet over open water, landing in a heap. When he and his belongings were assembled, it was discovered that he held a perfectly good ticket for the *Tionesta*. So the *Juniata*, already fairly started, turned back, unloaded the late fat man, and set him right—with the loss of twenty minutes' time. Nice, accommodating boat service, I call it.

SHALLOW WATERS AND DEEP

On leaving Buffalo for the Great Lakes Trip, we go from shallow waters to deep. We enter Lake Erie with twenty or thirty feet of water under us at Buffalo, and progress to more than a thousand feet in Lake

Superior. An inquisitive little girl of our party had been asking questions from the start, and the depth of Lake Erie appeared to prey on her mind. She came to her mother on the afternoon of the first day with a serious countenance.

"Do you know," she said very earnestly, "that where we are now the water of Lake Erie is only a little over a hundred feet deep? We won't get into real deep water till we reach Lake Huron. There it's over eight hundred feet deep—the Captain told me."

"Never mind, my dear," answered her mother in reassuring tones. "If we walk gently and breathe quietly, I am sure we will get across Lake Erie without bumping the bottom." And we did, though there

were times that stormy night when we thought we *would* bump the bottom.

NERVES ON THE LAKES

The transportation folders tell us, "If you are suffering from nerves, take the Lake Trip. It will build you up anew," and so on. We had all read it, and, apparently, nearly everyone on board, at the start, had taken the trip for some kind of nervous disorder. Some of the nerves subsided when folks found they had their baggage safely with them, including the baby, and had made their state-room, dining-room and steamer-chair arrangements. Then came the question of weather, and the Captain had a trying hour.

"Will the Lakes be smooth?"

"Will we run into a storm?"

"Will we be seasick?"

The Old Salt of the party, who had circled the globe several times, snorted in contempt. "To an ocean traveler," he said, "doing the Lakes is simply an indoor water sport. If the water out there gets any smoother than it is now I'm going to get off



LOOKING FOR THE LATE MAN

and walk." A timorous friend, however, was not convinced, and confided to me that he had bought three different seasick remedies. As the days and the nights wore on, nerves about the weather grew calmer and more confident. On the fourth day of the trip I came upon my timorous friend at the novelty counter of the boat, offering to exchange his seasick remedies for chewing gum. The only thing that concerned him then was his appetite.

WHAT IS THERE TO SEE?

I was standing on the piazza of the Grand Hotel at Mackinac when an elderly woman addressed that question to me.

"Surely," I said to myself, "this must be the worthy woman that asked the same question of Samuel Blythe last year at the Grand Canyon."

I looked out over the harbor, where the sun played magic on the dimpled water; we seemed to be enveloped in a sea of sparkling silver. "What is there to see?" I echoed. "Why, here are the Lakes."

"They're nothing but water," she answered, "and only *fresh* water at that. There is no salt in them. I miss the tang of the ocean air."

"But these beautiful green islands," I ventured.

"I've seen islands all my life," she replied. "They mean nothing to me. Isn't there something interesting to see here?"

I bethought me of Blythe's answer to the lady at the Grand Canyon, and took my cue from that. "There are a number of odd little shops down in the main village street," I suggested; "perhaps you may find something interesting to see there."

The lady nodded, and we parted company. Late that afternoon, when the setting sun had turned the silver sea into liquid gold, I wandered down into the village and found the old lady in one of the curio shops, poring over picture post cards, Indian novelties, and junk jewelry. As she went out she recognized me with a smile and a word of thanks. It was the Ending of a Perfect Day—for her.

GREETINGS FROM THE SHORE

We passed through St. Mary's River, to the Soo, on the Fourth of July. The river is narrow and the big boat was in close touch with life on land on both sides. Every bungalow, farm house, and United States Service Post had the flag waving on a pole, or, in the hands of friends at the little landing docks. Groups greeted us gaily from both shores. The Big Boat responded to the greetings with deep, hoarse roars. As we passed a small shack, a wee tot, about four years old, came running down a rickety landing and vigorously waved a tiny flag. Would the Big Boat notice this mite of humanity? We waited, watched, listened . . . Three mighty blasts roared out for the little patriot, and she ran back to her mother calling, "It slooted me! It slooted me!"

Farther on, a man and woman stood on a small wharf watching the Big Boat go by. There was no flag—no greeting. "We have known that pair for years," said the Captain. "They are Germans. They used to float the Stars and Stripes, but when we entered the War they took down the Flag." The Big Boat passed on in silence, and the man and woman stood there together on their lonely wharf, gazing after us. No one saluted—no one waved a greeting.

SUCH IS FAME

In crossing over from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, there is time enough in Toronto to take a ride in a sight-seeing bus. The crowning features of the tour around

the Canadian city are two institutions of world-wide interest. One is the house of parliament; the other is the *Birthplace of Mary Pickford*. The relative importance of these two public monuments, in the minds of our party, is indicated by our type-setter. The house of parliament was greeted with a cursory glance and silence. A hubbub of chatter and a craning of necks hailed the *Birthplace of Mary Pickford* as long as the little brick house remained in sight. For real fame we must look to the film.



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BIRTHPLACE OF MARY PICKFORD,
TORONTO

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

LAKES have their natures as distinctly marked as the human children who tread their shores. One child is imaginative and the brother next in age has a practical mind; one sister is beautiful and another without a charm; the children of the same parents grow up as dissimilar as though born in the four different quarters of the earth, and yet the influences surrounding them are the same. In like manner, the sister lakes have their distinct characteristics; each in turn comes to the front with her one superlative adjective whose fitness cannot be questioned, but whose rank in the scale varies according to the temperament of the traveler. Thus, Superior is the most mysterious of the lakes, its northern shores but half explored, strange tales of its gold and silver, amethysts and rubies, tin and copper, being brought down by the fur traders and hunters to old Fort William and the Sault.

Michigan is the most beautiful of the lakes, with its islands, its shifting silver fogs, its long Green Bay, and unsurpassed Straits of Mackinac. Blue Huron is the most romantic of the chain. An atmosphere of romance rests over Lake Huron; its depth, its color, and its wild solitude bring to the surface all the latent poetry in one's heart; and the same man who sleeps through Ontario, talks "iron" on Superior, "grain" on Michigan, "oil" on Erie, will surprise you with sentiment on Saginaw's expanse, and with verses off the blue headland of Thunder Bay. Ontario is crushed by Niagara Falls; if the lake is seen first its placid memory is effaced by the great cataract, and, if afterward, eyes, wearied with admiration, gently sleep over its gray waters and only waken for the Thousand Islands. Yet Ontario has its adjective and is not without its partisans, for it is unquestionably the safest of the chain.

And brown Erie has now its turn. It possesses the most historical interest. It has relics, antiquities, the memory of many battles on land, and one important naval engagement on its waters. Their waves hide the sunken chambers of British vessels; their banks hold in store the rusty swords and muskets of the days before the Revolution; their sand beaches cover cannon; and their rocks preserve the inscriptions of the lost tribe of Eries, driven in a day from the face of the earth by the fierce Iroquois.

The Lake has its heroes, also, and its sayings famous all over the land. Pontiac's spirit haunts the mouth of the lovely Detroit River; Tecumseh flits through the woods and shore; the name of Perry is associated with the western islands; and the memory of mad Anthony Wayne hangs over Presque Isle. Compared with the other lakes, Erie is shallow; and the difference has been described as follows:

"The surplus waters pour from the vast *basins* of Superior, Michigan and Huron, flowing across the *plate* of Erie into the deep *bowl* of Ontario." Lake Erie is the only member of the chain which is reputed to have any current. The current, if there is one, is probably owing to its shallow bed and the great force of its outlet, the Niagara River. But it has another reputation which is founded on certainty. It is the most dangerous of the fresh-water seas. Its waves are short and chopping, its harbors insecure, especially along the northern shore, and it has little sea room. Mirage is seen on Erie at times, but fogs rarely, unless it be that soft haze of the twilight through which the vessels steal by each other like so many phantom ships. In the winter come the ice fields, hummocks, plains and moving floes; while above gather the spears of the Aurora Borealis stretching from end to end of the northern sky.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson



"MYSTERY BROODS OVER THE LAKES"

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

THE morning of September 10, 1813, dawned fine and clear. Commander (Master Commandant) Perry, with his fleet, was anchored in the quiet waters of Put-in Bay. Suddenly the British fleet was discovered sailing toward him. Perry was ready, and, in twelve minutes, he was off to meet the enemy. The flag-ship of Perry's was the *Lawrence* and on the masthead flew a pennant bearing on it the last words of Captain Lawrence, "Don't Give Up the Ship." Perry had serious work cut out for him. There had been several single fights between the English and American vessels in the War of 1812, but this was the first engagement between fleets—and on it rested the possession of the Great Lakes.

About noon the British commenced firing and the *Lawrence* suffered so that she became unmanageable and would soon have had to lower her flag. There was only one chance for the young commander—and he took it. He lowered the only seaworthy boat left on the *Lawrence*, left the ship, and, bearing with him his new pennant and the banner with Lawrence's stirring words on it, he ordered four seamen to row him over to the *Niagara*. It was a desperate adventure. Three of the British ships poured shot at the small row boat, but by some miracle Perry got past and reached the *Niagara* in safety, where he raised his flag to the masthead.

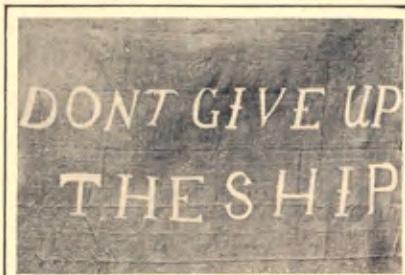
Though the *Lawrence* was helpless, Perry, like Paul Jones, "had only just begun to fight." He brought the *Niagara* into position, broke the enemy's lines of

battle and raked the enemy with fearful broadsides. A little after three o'clock in the afternoon a white flag was raised on the British ship, *Hunter*. The *Lawrence* was now slowly drifting. Perry was rowed back to his old flagship and there, on deck, he received the surrender of the British officers. When the formalities were over, Perry ripped off the back of an old letter and using his stiff hat for a writing desk, scribbled the historic message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

The simple old flag, designed in homely fashion by Perry's order, and carried by him through the Battle of Lake Erie, now hangs in the Flag Room at Annapolis. The letters are in white on a dark blue field, and they were rudely fashioned by the hands of jack tars. When the British squadron came in sight on that memorable morning of September, 1813, Commander Perry jumped up on a gun slide and addressed the crew of the flagship; "My brave lads, this flag bears the words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" Wild cheers rang out as the bunting rose to the main royal mast head, and the men hurried to their places at the guns. So began the historic battle that ended with a complete victory, and that saved the

Great West for the United States.

The flags of all the vessels in the Battle of Lake Erie are in the Navy Collection, but the place of honor is given to this time-worn piece of bunting, with its inspiring message, "Don't Give Up the Ship."



THE HOMELY OLD FLAG
MADE TO COMMANDER PERRY'S ORDER AND
CARRIED BY HIM THROUGH THE BATTLE OF
LAKE ERIE



From the painting by W. H. Powell

In the Capitol, Washington

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

AN OLD MASTER COMES TO STAY

DID you notice an item in the newspapers—about a half column or so—last June, that told us of the arrival in this country of a certain Old Master, Leonardo da Vinci by name? Leonardo lived and worked in Italy over 400 years ago—and he was many kinds of a Master. He was famous as a painter, architect, sculptor, scientist, engineer, mechanician, and musician. We know him especially as the painter of the immortal "Last Supper" and the portrait of the mysterious "Mona Lisa,"—that much written-about picture that was stolen from the gallery of the Louvre in Paris, and finally returned there.

There are only a few original paintings by Leonardo da Vinci known to exist today—some say nine, some eleven. One of them, the first ever to leave Europe, has come to America—and Cupid brought it. A love match made the belated trip of the Old Master across the Atlantic possible, and Harry T. Hahn, an American aviator, was the hero of the romance.

Hahn, a young Kansan, went to France with the A. E. F. and was attached to the air defense of Paris, under Capt. Lardoux, now a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The meeting of the youthful aviator and the daughter of his chief was a case of love at first sight. When the war was over the two were married. Mrs. Hahn is the niece of the Comtesse de Pontbriand, who married the grandson of Chateaubriand. A treasured possession of the family of the Chateaubriands was an original painting by Leonardo da Vinci, the portrait "La Belle Ferroniére." The date of the picture is fixed by art authorities as about 1499, and the subject is supposed to be Lucrezia Crivelli, a royal favorite of the time. The

painting is valued at 3,000,000 francs (\$600,000). During the war, the painting was kept in the Louvre—along with another of the same subject, which, for years, was attributed to Leonardo but was afterwards pronounced a copy. The Louvre's "La Belle Ferroniére" is not in good condition; the original, now in America, is in a fine state of preservation, and is declared by experts to be a work of equal merit, technically, to the famous "Mona Lisa"—which, by the way, it resembles in some of its characteristic features.

And now for Cupid's part in the transaction. The French Government laid a prohibitive tax of 100 per cent. on the exportation of old works of art. This would have made the trip of "La Belle Ferroniére" to America impossible—but, the owner had become the wife of an American citizen, and, therefore, had the right to take her property with her. Where all other powers would have failed com-



LA BELLE FERRONIÈRE
LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GREAT MASTER PAINTING, NOW
IN THE UNITED STATES

pletely, love opened a simple and easy way to release "La Belle Ferroniére" and send her to a new home across the sea. The picture was brought safely to America, and is to become the superlative treasure of the new \$500,000 art museum of Kansas City.

"La Belle Ferroniére" is certified as Leonardo da Vinci's original painting of that name by Georges Sortais, official expert of the French Government, in a document attested by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and by the American Consul-General in Paris. So our newly acquired treasure is well authenticated. We have had plenty of "Old Masters" that have proved to be old in name only—it gives us a stir to be assured that Leonardo da Vinci is really here.

—Gene Berton

NOBILITY IN LETTERS

TRUE nobility in human life is achieved by the realization of one's highest ideals.

The title of Nobility in Letters was conferred on W. D. Howells, not by any special ceremonial, but by the general tribute of his fellowmen. It was simply a cordial and sincere recognition of the fact that Mr. Howells' heart beat warmly for his fellowmen.

From his earliest years he sought eagerly to make the most and the best of life—to learn the facts of life, to enter completely into life,—to judge life rightly and discriminately, to enjoy all that was good and beautiful in it, and to make the beauty and meaning of life clear to others. He had no natural advantages. He began his career as apprentice in a printing shop—a “printer’s devil”—and ended his long adventure here as Dean of American Letters.

And what was the secret of his success? A natural talent for writing? Not at all—we have his word for that. Writing was not easy for him—it was hard work. He had no schooling; he had to teach himself while working in the little Ohio printing shop. But he brought to bear on years of application and close observation an enthusiastic and sympathetic interest in all the fine and inspiring things of life that gave him the full degree of a cultivated man. Add to this, a deep, abiding love of humanity—and you have the soul of W. D. Howells’ success.

From the beginning, Mr. Howells was destined to be a writer. The fascination of the printed page took possession of him almost before he was in his “teens.”

“My life was always full of literature to the bursting,” he tells us in his own story. From “printer’s devil” he became a “cub” reporter on the *Ohio State Jour-*

nal. He gathered news and set it up in type himself. He had the knack of “dual composition”—that is, he could compose his articles in his mind while he was setting them up in type. While a newspaper reporter in Columbus, Ohio, just before the Civil War, Howells, in supporting Abraham Lincoln, wrote a campaign book, “The Life of Lincoln.” This changed the current of his life—it brought him some money, and it brought him East, where he settled in Cambridge, Mass., and came to know many literary men of the time—Longfellow, Emerson,

Holmes, Lowell and others.

Thereafter, his life was one of steady and progressive literary accomplishment. He was a constant and steady writer of fiction, beginning with his first story, “Their Wedding Journey,” published in 1872, and ending with a manuscript unfinished at the time of his death. Altogether, he turned out seventy-five books. About twenty years ago the writer asked Mr. Howells in the course of an interview: “May I say in my article that you are busy on a new novel?” He answered with a smile. “You may *always* say that. It is true at any time.”

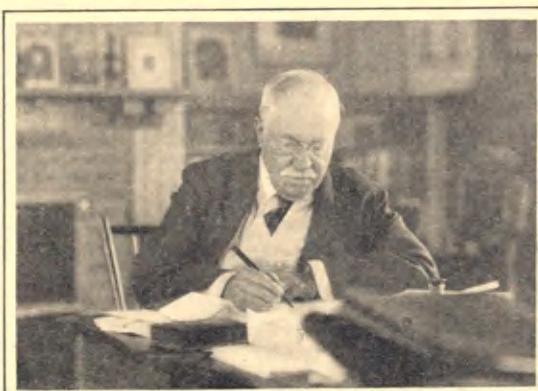
Mr. Howells’ creed in literary work was tersely expressed in an answer to the question, “Should art or truth be the purpose of story telling?” His reply was: “The truth cannot be told without art, but art without truth is of no effect.”

Take to heart Mr. Howells’ words to young writers of fiction. “Life, I should like to say for the thousandth time, is a very beautiful thing, even when it is very ugly, if it is made the stuff of art. There is no other stuff but the life stuff which will lastingly avail either the young or old writer.”

—Clement King



W. D. HOWELLS



FOR YEARS THE DEAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS

THE VOICE AROUND THE WORLD

THE wonders of wireless multiply so fast that the only way to keep up with them is to predict astounding miracles for tomorrow. When tomorrow comes, we find the miracles wrought—and what we wrote today as a prophecy becomes an item of news. Last July, Nellie Melba, of opera fame, gave a concert by wireless to an audience spread over the greater part of Europe—and the incident was a seven-day wonder. That achievement, sensational as it was, has been eclipsed several times since. Madame Melba sang into the Marconi instrument at Chelmsford, England, and her songs were picked up by amateurs with wireless apparatus 700 and 800 miles away—in capitals so widely separated as Paris, Rome, Warsaw, Madrid, Berlin, Stockholm, Christiania. The concert began at quarter past seven, and it was opened by a beautiful long trill by Madame Melba which served notice to the listening world of Europe that the entertainment was on. Then followed "Home, Sweet Home" and several songs of Puccini's.

The concert was declared a great success all over the continent, and it was enjoyed by everyone present.

The incident made good newspaper reading, but it created no stir in scientific circles. Like incidents had occurred at various times, and in various places. A short time after there was a demonstration in wireless telephone transmission from

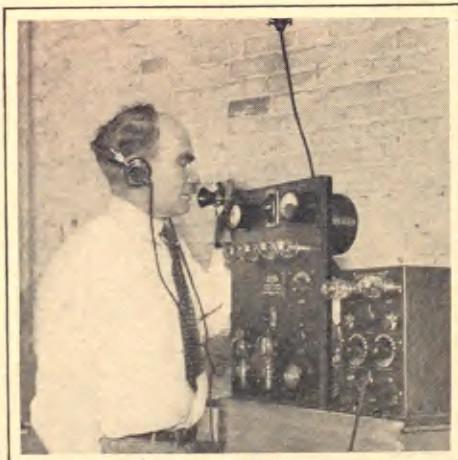


Photograph by Bain News Service

MELBA SINGING FOR ALL EUROPE

Chelmsford to Denmark which was picked up readily by the experimental station at Signal Hall, St. John's, Newfoundland. A short concert by the Danish singer, Melchior, was distinctly heard at St. John's—as well as the conversation that followed between Denmark and Chelmsford. Now St. John's and Chelmsford are 2,673 miles apart, so this is nearly four times better than the Melba incident.

Beside the Melba picture we show here the great wireless wonder-worker, Lee De Forest, talking at ease over a space of a thousand miles. We may regard him as addressing the world—for that is now possible. A few days after we had written the foregoing words, the news was printed that a wireless message had been sent from the new Lafayette station at Bordeaux, France, that had gone "round the world." As a matter of fact, the new station had a sending power of only half the distance, but the message went *east as well as west*, and, so, met itself half way around the earth. The "voice around the world" will soon be heard. Puck in "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" flashes away into space with the cry, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Some day soon, we can, like Mr. De Forest, stand at a wireless telephone instrument, as pictured here, out-strip Puck, and leave him far behind in circling the earth. In that day one may cast his words upon the ether and have them return to him around the world.—A. A. Hopkins



Photograph by Paul Thompson

LEE DE FOREST TALKING TO THE WORLD

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

OLYMPIA was not a city, but a sanctuary. The ancient Greeks were worshipers of beauty and valor; their games were a religion to them. To the Greeks, Olympia was the concrete expression of the principle that the body should be glorified as well as the soul and the mind, and that by the discipline of both body and intellect men best honored Zeus, the Supreme Deity.

The Games were held every four years on the Olympian plain, "the fairest spot in Greece," on the bank of the River Alpheus. A youth named Heracles and his four brothers were wont to run foot races, and these races, legend says, were the real beginning of the Olympic Games. An olive tree that was planted near the Temple of Zeus at Olympia yielded leaves for the crowns of the conquerors.

Every fourth year, some time between the first part of August and the middle of September, the roads of Greece were a-teen with the brilliant cortege of embassies appointed by all the native states, and with bands of pilgrims, officials, poets, orators, artists and musicians, whose steps were turned expectantly toward the vale of Olympia.

The Games lasted five days. Before the first event the athletes gathered in front of the statue of Zeus and made their prayer for victory. Among the most popular events in the stadium, near the temple were foot

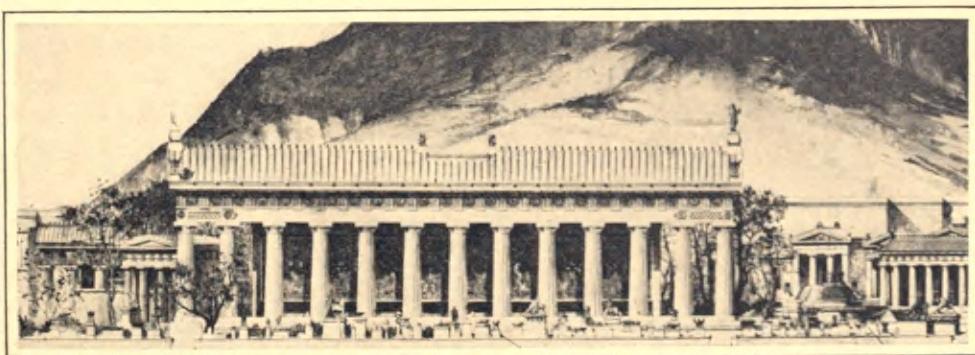
races, wrestling and boxing. In the hippodrome, which was of immense size, forty chariots sometimes raced apace. In these contests the prizes were given to the horses that won, and not to the drivers. On the last day of the festival the victors were crowned, and there were processions and feasts, and music and dancing. The best

Greek poets recited triumphal odes at banquets in honor of the conquerors. Within the sacred enclosure was a space filled with statues erected to victors—a spectacular open-air hall of athletic fame.

The religious and festive rites of Olympia came to an end in 394 A. D. War and the elements demolished the splendid sanctuary. Comparatively recent scientific search has disclosed its outline and foundation. Almost to the year, fifteen centuries after the final race was run in the stadium at Olympia, a group of European sportsmen organized an international athletic meet, which was held in Athens, in a magnificent new marble stadium. Six times the modern Olympic Games have been celebrated—at Athens, Paris, St. Louis, London, Stockholm, and Antwerp. More frequently than to the entrants of any other country the awards for superior bravery, strength and skill have gone to the representatives of the United States. Thus the youth of the New World carry on the traditions of the Old.—*J. Parker Ross*



THE DISCUS THROWER



SCENE OF THE OLYMPIAN GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE

LARGE BUILDING IN THE CENTER IS THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS. THE OLIVE TREE IS AT THE LEFT, FROM WHICH THE VICTORS' CROWNS OF WILD OLIVE WERE TAKEN

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

With the present number we enter upon a larger and broader field of Mentor Service. It means that we shall now realize many things that we have planned. Opportunity has opened the door, and pointed the way; it is our privilege to make the most of it.

Making the most of one's self is the keynote of Mentor Service. In the appreciation of Mr. W. D. Howells, printed on another page, attention is called to the fact that he was inspired, from earliest years, by a purpose to "make the most and best of life." That is the aim and purpose of The Mentor—to develop an interest in, and a fuller understanding of the finer things of life.

★ ★ ★

Men and women of the right sort are very much interested in making the most of themselves. They want to know how to think clearly, judge justly, and act wisely. They want to acquire that mental balance, self-confidence and intelligent decision that commands the respect of others, and makes for success. Real success in life does not come to the man that seeks the secrets of *success*, but the one that seeks the secrets of *life*.

★ ★ ★

"I know how to make a living, that's enough for me," is a selfish, cynical creed. The beasts of the field know where and how to get food and drink. What credit or satisfaction is there in that? Even knowing many things does not, of itself, bring full

satisfaction and happiness. It is only the man who, like W. D. Howells, seeks eagerly to know things because he wants to *enter completely into life*, to understand it, and to enjoy its fullness and beauty, that really makes the most of himself.

In opening this new chapter in The Mentor history, we pledge ourselves anew to our original purpose and ideal, and we reaffirm the faith underlying the Mentor Service. Life means much more than a bitter fight in the market-place. Mankind has a desire for something finer than mere material gain. We resent the dyspeptic philosopher who pictured humanity as "a jar filled with vipers, each one striving to get its head above the rest." Poetry and Art do not bloom in a jar of vipers.

★ ★ ★

If life is simply a selfish struggle to *make a living*, how can it be *really worth living?* If

life brings no joy or satisfaction in the appreciation of beautiful things, what a miserable, sordid existence it must be, indeed! There is surely something better in the game than merely learning how to grab all we can and do the other man.

★ ★ ★

There is practical instruction a-plenty that deals with the plain job of *making a living*. The Mentor is devoted to the purpose of *making the most of life*.

W. D. Howells
EDITOR

NOVEMBER MENTOR THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

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Pilgrim Housewives and Home Life.

Pilgrim Hall and The Pilgrim Society.

The First Thanksgiving and the First Dinner.

Pilgrims in Art.

ART—"Prairie Architecture"—an article on the latest thing in architectural style.

MUSIC—"Grand Opera—Our Music Luxury," an interesting consideration of the elements and conditions that go to make up Grand Opera.

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THE MENTOR

NOVEMBER, 1920

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

WHO THEY WERE AND WHY
THEY CAME TO AMERICA

An Informing Article by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University

SPECIAL ARTICLES giving interesting lights on Pilgrim History—The Voyage of the Mayflower; The Landing at Plymouth; The First Winter; The Leaders, Miles Standish, Brewster and Bradford; The Story of Plymouth Rock; Pilgrim Home Life; First Things in Pilgrim Life; Good Eating in Puritan Times; The Pilgrims in Art.

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A BEAUTIFUL ART NUMBER NEXT MONTH

The December Mentor will be devoted to

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE

An ideal Christmas number, breathing the very spirit of Home. All the varied and most endearing phases of home life are pictured—mother love, childhood happiness, social joys, youthful romance, and the peace and calm content of the mature years. The main article is written by Mrs. Lorinda M. Bryant, author of many popular art books. She describes with sympathetic appreciation the lovely paintings that picture life in the home, and tells us about the great artists that made them. Fine prints in gravure reproduce for us many of the notable pictures that depict the familiar scenes and experiences in home life—ranging in the light and shade of sentiment from the warm glow of Millet's "Cosy Corner" and W. L. Taylor's "Homekeeping Hearts are Happiest" to the tender pathos of Thomas Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties."

DESCRIPTIVE MONOGRAPHHS in the number tell us about the lives, personalities, and work of the great artists that have made these pictures of home—Hovenden, Taylor, J. Alden Weir, F. D. Millet, Eastman Johnson and E. C. Tarbell.

SPECIAL ARTICLES—"Christmas in Art," "Christmas Flowers," "The House in which 'The Night Before Christmas' was written." "Something about St. Nicholas."

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T H E M E N T O R

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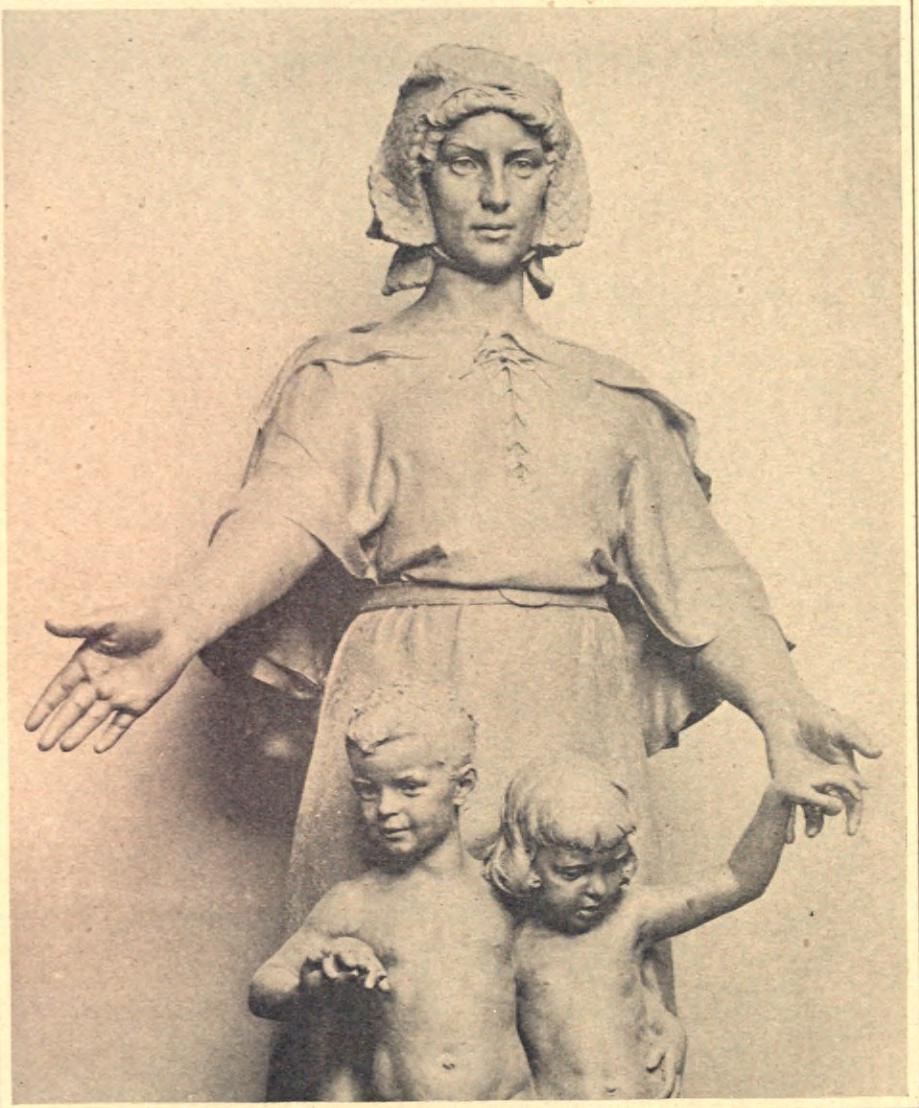
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THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS



THE PILGRIM
BY J. Q. A. WARD

This fine figure, designed by Mr. Ward—for years dean of American Sculptural Art—was set up in Central Park, New York, by the New England Society, in commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers



THE PIONEER MOTHER

THE ANCESTRESS OF THE NATION—THE MOTHER OF US ALL—LOOKS WITH BROODING EYES UPON THE FUTURE, WHEN HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS AND THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN SHALL PEOPLE THE PLAINS AND HILLS OF AMERICA. CHARLES GRAFLY, THE SCULPTOR, HAS PRODUCED A STUDY AS VITAL AS A PAINTING, AS ENDURING IN ITS RESOLUTE POISE AND LOFTY DEDICATION AS THE FAITH AND FORTITUDE OF THE PILGRIMS, FROM WHOSE LOINS THE NATION SPRANG

NOV 19 1920

DECEMBER 1920

THE MENTOR

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SERIAL NUMBER 213

No. 17

THE PILGRIMS

WHO THEY WERE, WHAT THEY WERE,
AND WHY THEY CAME TO AMERICA

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Professor of Government, Harvard University

WHAT about the Pilgrims? Why should America recall with so much interest that three hundred years ago a band of 102 men, women and children, including only thirty-four responsible adult men, debarked on the forbidding wintry coast of Massachusetts Bay, and there planted a model popular government?

The Pilgrims never gave themselves that name. In their own estimation they did no more than others. They were not the first Englishmen and English women to cross the western seas; they were never a strong and numerous colony; the half independent state that they set up, after a career of seventy-one years, was merged into a sister colony, and is now to be traced only as a county and town of Massachusetts.

Plymouth is not even the only Plymouth. The Pilgrims seem to have chosen it as a name after that

elder Plymouth, famous English seaport, which was the last English land they had trod.

The Pilgrim Fathers in their own minds were only one of many congregations of God-fearing Englishmen, who regarded not Act of Parliament, nor Prayer Book nor even the commands of "The King's Majesty"; but looked to the Word of God as expounded by its readers according to their own consciences. Throughout England were bands of Puritans, who believed that it was the duty of the times to purify the church and its forms of worship.

Some of them turned toward the Presbyterian order, such as Scotchmen set up in the time of John Knox of the stout heart and bitter tongue; but the Independents, or Puritans, would accept no Assembly as fit to fix the conditions of saving faith, and insisted on the right of each church to call its own minister and perhaps



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THE BIRTHPLACE OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD
AT AUSTERFIELD, IN YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

to formulate its own doctrine. This opposition to the organized church of England was also a revolt against the King, who had power over forms and beliefs and decisions.

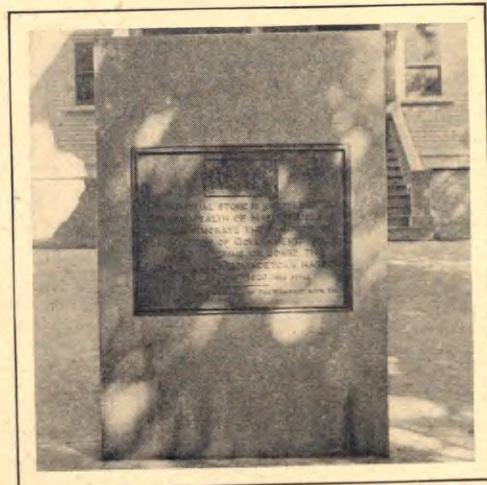
DRIVEN FROM HOME

The question came to a head in the famous Hampton Court Conference of 1604, in which Puritan clergymen pleaded before King James for the sacred right of private judgment. His Majesty's reply was the starting point of the Pilgrim Emigration. It pointed straight toward the future Commonwealth of Plymouth. For said he: "I will make them confirm themselves or I will harrie them out of the land, or else do worse."

That "worse" was Archbishop Laud's systematic persecution of the Puritans who preferred what they held to be the word of God to the word of king. At Scrooby and at Austerfield, in the east of England, they kept up little churches till they were "harried out of the land." One

congregation of the Puritans, under their Minister Robinson, settled at Leyden, Holland. Then, finding it hard to bring up their children to the pure gospel, they turned their thoughts across the ocean. Many were the obstacles. Some ecclesiastics would have stayed them, lest they "make a free popular state" overseas. Notwithstanding this warning, friends in England

loaned them money and exercised an influence which protected them in their voyage. One of the chartered ships, the *Mayflower*, made the stormy wintry voyage across the Atlantic. Thus the Pilgrims came.



PROVINCETOWN

THIS MEMORIAL STONE, "ERECTED BY THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS TO COMMEMORATE THE COMPACT OR CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT, SIGNED BY THE PILGRIMS, ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER IN PROVINCETOWN HARBOR," STANDS BEFORE THE TOWN HALL IN PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

They carried no royal charter—only a permission to settle somewhere on the coast; but Providence, through the medium of a surly Dutch ship-master, brought them north of Cape Cod, and so to a sandy, forested, uncompromising stretch of coast, which no man disputed with them. There they landed, no longer a handful of humble people, but already an organized church and body politic, with their ruling elder, Brewster, their chosen governor, Carver, and their state document, the famous "Mayflower Compact," drawn up on shipboard—first self-made germ of a constitution for an American Commonwealth.



From a painting by Henry Sargent in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

EARLY HARDSHIPS

Then came the dreadful winter, the scarcity of food, and the death of half the colonists before the spring of 1621. Emigration was a new thing in those days: neither at Jamestown nor at Plymouth did the would-be colonists realize the climate, or the wild beasts, or the more dangerous Indians. Gradually they learned the hard lessons of the frontier—how to build log houses; how to raise corn, and to shoot wild turkeys, how to contrive Thanksgiving out of the slender blessings of the wilderness, how to cook that combination of corn and beans, which still bears its Indian name, "succotash."

The friend and stay of Plymouth was the fish. Posterity has been so eager in its study of the church and the commonwealth in Plymouth that it has paid too little attention to the hard-headed and manful Plymouth business folk, who soon paid the heavy debt to their friends in England, and thus owned their own



CAPE COD

THE TABLET, ERECTED BY THE RESEARCH CLUB OF PROVINCETOWN ON THE SANDY SHORE OF CAPE COD BAY, MARKS THE "FIRST LANDING PLACE OF THE PILGRIMS, NOVEMBER 11 (NOVEMBER 21, NEW STYLE), 1620. THE MAP IN MOUNT'S RELATION SHOWS THAT NEAR THIS SPOT THE PILGRIMS FIRST TOUCHED FOOT ON AMERICAN SOIL"

THE PILGRIMS



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LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

ONE OF FOUR HIGH-RELIEFS ON THE PEDESTAL OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS. THE OTHER THREE RELIEFS REPRESENT THE "DEPARTURE FROM DELFS HAVEN," THE "SIGNING OF THE COMPACT," AND THE "FIRST TREATY WITH THE INDIANS."

homes and boats and fishing tackle. They became a self-sustaining and prosperous community—the first decided success in English colonization.

Plymouth was a fishing community. The Plymouth craft entered all the rivers as far north as Maine, which they long occupied as a kind of a colony planted by their colony. They brought home great stores of codfish, which they salted and sent to the West Indies and overseas. "The Cape Cod Turkey" as the dried cod came to be called, meant independence.

The Pilgrims were, almost from the

beginning, physically able to take care of themselves; and they were so few and so distant that nobody in England minded the growth of the little self-governing commonwealth. So they made treaties with the Indians, and when treaties were out, let loose their army of 100 to war. When Massachusetts and Rhode Island planted alongside, Plymouth, as an independent community, negotiated and made treaties with them on boundaries. On one occasion the intensely Protestant Plymouth government received and negotiated with a Jesuit Father, representative of the French in Canada.

PILGRIM CHARACTER

The first thing necessary for a modern understanding of the Pilgrims is their matter-of-fact simplicity. They did not look upon themselves as appointed to teach the principles of republican government;



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THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH



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THE TREATY WITH THE INDIAN CHIEF, MASSASOIT

THE SCENE, REPRODUCED AT THE BASE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS, REPRESENTS A FAR-REACHING INCIDENT IN PRIMITIVE NEW ENGLAND HISTORY

they simply felt themselves a body of folk who would rather live in the wilderness than in Merrie England under Archbishop Laud. After 1640 the Puritans back in England were tied up in a struggle with the church and the king, which left them little time to think of their New England brethren over-seas, who by this time had set up six little colonies,—Plymouth, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Haven, and New Hampshire.

Of these, only Massachusetts had a charter and was recognized by the home government. Plymouth was the first colony of Europeans in any part of the world to establish itself in a savage country without a charter or a permission and there remain. The Puritans came near inventing the great modern doctrine of self-determination.

They left personal memorials that are treasures of American literature.

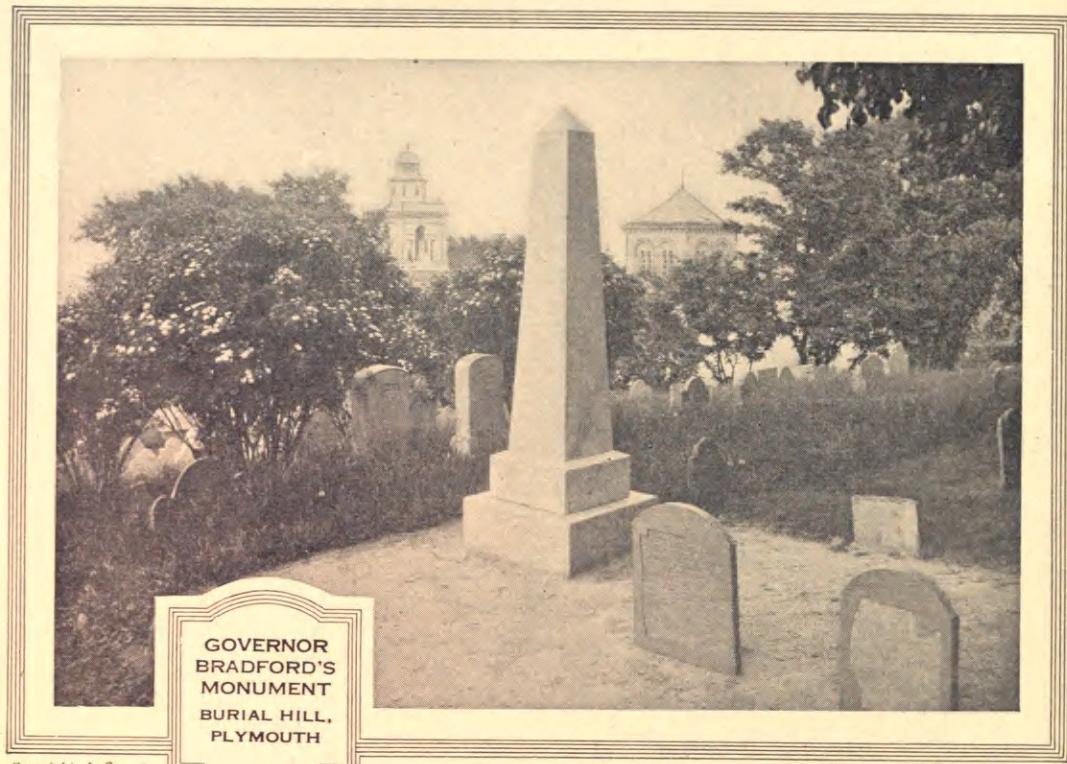
There were the unwritten traditions, passed down from generation to generation, seized upon by the poet Longfellow, and cherished by the present descendants of that veritable John Alden and that real Priscilla Mullins, who never became Priscilla Standish. There are the letters "home"—for England was still "home" in the colonial mind till the Revolution, as it is now to Canadian and Australian. There were town and colonial records in cramped and unsimplified spelling.

Above all there is Bradford's written



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PLYMOUTH HARBOR
VIEW FROM COLE'S HILL



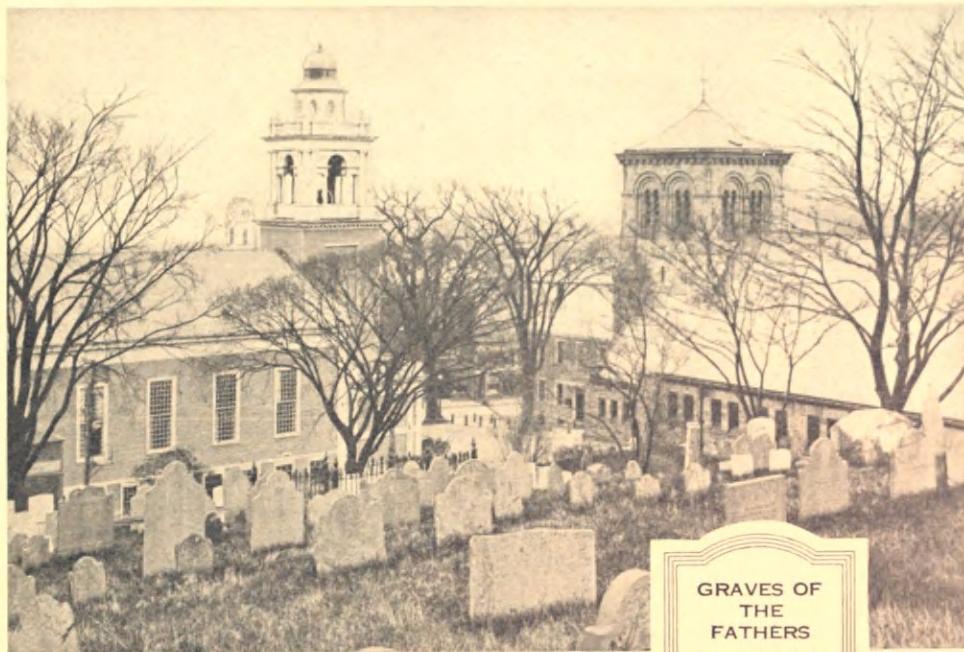
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"History of the Plimouth Plantation," forgotten in manuscript, and marvelously discovered in 1855 in the library of the Bishop of Lambeth, who courteously restored it to its friends and lovers in New England. Bradford shares with Winthrop's "New England" and Smith's "General Historie," the honor of being the best source of early American history. The theme is that of the unconscious growth of a ship's company into a neighborhood, of a neighborhood into a community, of a community into a commonwealth.

Let Bradford's own words tell us in their quaint and lofty diction some of the trials and sufferings of the early Pilgrims. "In these hard & difficulte beginnings they found some discontentants & murmurings arise amongst

some, and mutinous speeches & carriage in other; but they were soone quelled, & overcome, by ye wisdome, patience, and just & equall carriage of things, by ye Govr: and better part which clave faithfully togeather in ye maine. But that which was most sadd, & lamentable, was, that in, 2 or 3 moneths time halfe of their company dyed, espetialy in Jan: & February, being ye depth of winter, and wanting houses & other comforts; being Infected with ye Scurvie and other diseases, which this long vioage & their Inacomodate condition had brought upon them; so as ther dyed some times 2 or 3 of a day in ye foresaid time; that of 100 & odd persons scarce 50 remained."

That is the human side of it,—the suffering and the dying; and Brad-



GRAVES OF
THE
FATHERS
BURIAL HILL,
PLYMOUTH

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ford goes on to tell how brave, helpful and loving were the survivors. Charles William Eliot, a modern Puritan, of a lineage of Puritans, has remarked that he was never sorry for the Pilgrim Fathers, but he was sorry for the Pilgrim Mothers, who had to live with the Pilgrim Fathers. The Puritans were an austere folk; but great Puritans like Cotton Mather and William Bradford show themselves very affectionate fathers and good neighbors. Of all the groups, the Pilgrim Puritans seem to have had most serenity and good fellowship.

PILGRIM PRINCIPLES

That the Pilgrims were not a harsh and forbidding people is proved by the characters of the men that directed the little colony. Elder Brew-

ster, the revered minister; Carver, the first governor; Bradford and Winslow, who followed him—Standish, the soldier man of sense and education. Bradford, to be sure, looked unfavorably on the celebration of Christmas, but he and his people stood more for God's love than Man's justice.

The annals of the colony and its statute book both bear witness to a community of high standards and wholesome lives.

The Pilgrims are held by many moderns responsible for the severity of their Christian doctrine. The colony was not ruled by ministers, like early Massachusetts, and its theology was always of a milder type. Genuine religious toleration was nowhere known at that time, and is

still unknown in many parts of the world. But the Pilgrims never thought it necessary to exile their own people; they found gentle means of dealing with the Quakers; and they were not carried away by the terrible witch delusion that affected so many other colonies.

Let it never be forgotten that the American Puritans were milder in theology and in their relations to their enemies than their fellow Puritans in England. There was no "Praise God Barebone" in America, ranting and declaiming. There was no execution of unpopular rulers like Charles I of England. In the matter of witches the colonists were among the first of Christian communities to see the folly and the misery of those fears.

BIRTH OF FREE GOVERNMENT

Another priceless gift of which the Pilgrims were the bearers, though not the makers, was free government. We are accustomed to think of them as the founders of American democracy. That privilege they shared

with all the colonists from Maine to Georgia; but they did work out a peculiar democracy, unknown anywhere else in the world of that time, except in the cantons of Switzerland. They built their government on certain English privileges and usages, which, in a new world of few men and boundless resources, took on a different form. For instance, some English parishes had a system of parish meetings which, developed by the men of Plymouth and their neighbors, became the town meeting, a genuine democratic assembly, with large powers. The suffrage in England was confined to the few holders of real estate; in the colonies, where land was easy to get, the voters became many. On the general model of the English parliament, the Colonists set up a General Court, with greater powers. The result has been that, building on that foundation, American Democracy has far outstripped all its precedents.

In one of the greatest and most successful of the developments of



HERE SLEEPS THE VALIANT CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH
NEAR THE OLD TOWN OF DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS



IN THIS COTTAGE AT MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, PEREGRINE WHITE, THE FIRST NATIVE NEW ENGLANDER, LIVED AND DIED. IN AFTER YEARS THE WHITE FARM WAS THE HOMESTEAD OF DANIEL WEBSTER, WHO DIED HERE IN 1852



Photographs copyright,
A. S. Burbank



THE ALDEN HOUSE—BUILT IN 1653 AT DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS



democratic government Plymouth shared. In 1643 that colony joined Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven as charter members of the New England Confederation, an offensive and defensive alliance, which squinted toward resisting the Indians and the Dutch. The town of Plymouth was one of the four rotating capitals of this federal union, whose written constitution was lying at the hand of Benjamin Franklin when he prepared a draft of an American Federal Government in 1775. It was an exciting federation, for Massachusetts was a kind of Prussia in the little empire, having more population than the other three together; and was, therefore, inclined to question the constitutionality of the fed-

eral bond, whenever the federation attempted to do things that were disagreeable to Massachusetts.

THE PILGRIM SPIRIT

In truth there is little ground for limiting the term "Pilgrim" to the inhabitants of Plymouth. All the New Englanders were Puritans together; some more puritanical, Plymouth less puritanical. The difference was that the Pilgrims were the earliest of the Puritans, and always the mildest. In turn, it is fair to say that all the New England colonists were Pilgrims in a sense. Yes, and their children, who founded settlements in New Jersey and North Carolina, and New York, were Pilgrims, too. So were their grandchildren,

who carried Pilgrim ways into Ohio and Michigan and the Northwest. So were their great-grandchildren, who bore the same ideas across the Continent. For the spirit of the Pilgrims was that of the pioneer in moral ideas, who carries them into the wilderness.

Hence the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims shows no lessening of the significance of their pilgrimage. The Pilgrims were the first successful English pioneers in the New World. We honor them, not for their strict theology, or formal habits of life, but for being strong, vigorous, individual, responsible men and women. Pilgrim and pioneer are nearly identical terms in the New World,—yet not exclusive; for the Middle Colonies and the South have furnished their cohorts of axemen and commonwealth makers. Abraham Lincoln was of both strains,—Puritan by heritage from his Massachusetts ancestors, and frontiersman by grace of his Virginia forbears.

WHAT THE PILGRIMS ACHIEVED

What is the main thing that makes the Pilgrims stand out in history? They were first to make the great decision of emigration; first in their part of America; first to plant a tree on that coast—a tree that is still budding; first (along with Virginia) to show the democratic

sense, the willingness to yield peacefully in minor things for the common weal. They came also as protestors against the attempt to fetter their minds and souls by an authority which England presently destroyed. They came as prudent, hardworking business men, who made a living for themselves and their children, where none had worked before. They succeeded where all previous attempts in New England had failed; they were the pilot ship for the Puritans; they lifted the big end of the dominant forces of the world. The English-speaking world admires the Pilgrim Fathers because of their English pluck and determination, and English respect for law and power of organization which they bore into the New World. They were a feeble community, weighted with debt, no favorites of their king, had no backing of a rich company, no colonizing policy, no consciousness that they were making history—just a plain, substantial, honest, upright, religious body of men, who trusted God and kept their powder dry.

They educated their children; they shared in the duties and obligations of their simple government; they gave to the world a proof that can never be gainsaid,—the proof that a few human beings with high hearts and good lives can make a commonwealth and a government which is fitted to last for ages.



THE PILGRIM MOTHER
FROM A SKETCH IN CLAY FOR A STATUE, BY PAUL BARTLETT



FROM A PAINTING BY W. L. TAYLOR.
Copyright, The Curtis Publishing Co. Philadelphia.

PRISCILLA THE SPINNER

*Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve of his body.*

From "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE PILGRIMS

WHO THEY WERE AND WHAT THEY WERE

THE general answer to this question is that the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers were those members of the Separatist Church at Leyden, Holland, who voted for emigrating to America, whether they were actually able to go there or not; together with such others as joined their church from England.

Membership in the Pilgrim Church was the first qualification; intended or actual emigration to New England was the second one. This definition will include the Reverend John Robinson, the minister of the exiles' church at Leyden, who was unable to cross the ocean with his parishioners.

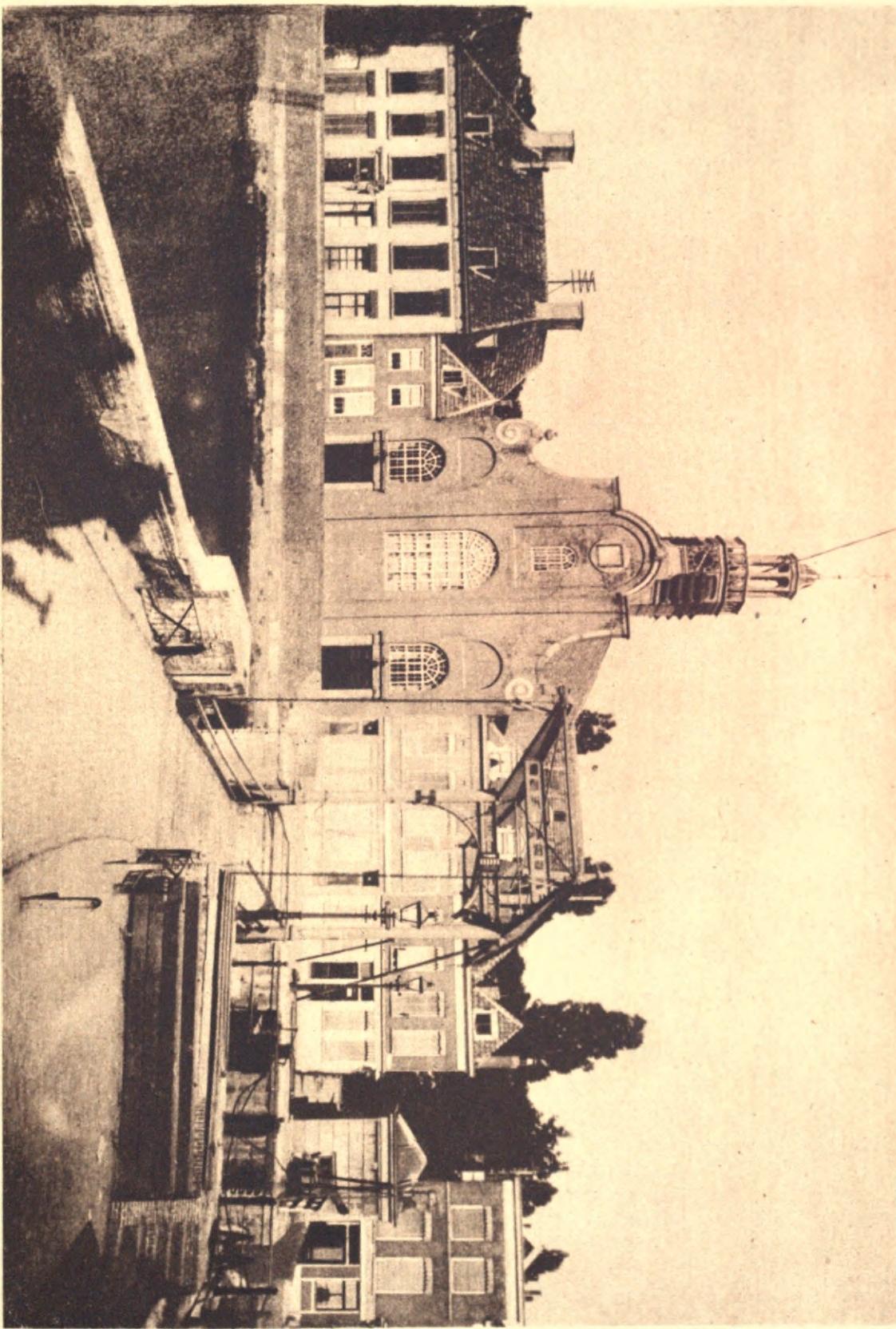
It also includes the thirty-five members of the Leyden Church who arrived at Plymouth, in New England, in the *Fortune*, November, 1621; the sixty that arrived in the *Ann and Little James*, August, 1623; the thirty-five, with their families, who arrived in the *Mayflower*, August, 1629; and the sixty that arrived in the *Handmaid*, May, 1630. So we see the *Mayflower* was only one of several Pilgrim vessels.

Those members of the Pilgrim Church who had no wish to go to America are not of course to be numbered among "Pilgrim Fathers"—nor are the hired men who went out in the *Mayflower* in 1620, and did not become members of the church in the American colony. All the *Mayflower* passengers were, therefore, not Pilgrims. Governor Bradford, writing in 1650, calls the passengers in the *Mayflower* on its first voyage, the "Old Stock." Dr. Alexander Young states, "Those who came in the first three ships, *Mayflower*, *Fortune*, *Ann and Little James*, are distinctively called the Old Comers or Forefathers."

One hundred and two persons left Plymouth, in Devonshire, on board the *Mayflower* in September, 1620. Governor Bradford's own story of the pilgrimage is authority for this figure. While at sea one passenger died, and a child, Oceanus Hopkins, was born; so the number on board was still one hundred and two when the *Mayflower* first anchored in Cape Cod Harbor in November, 1620, at which time the Compact was signed.

The number of different individuals conveyed by the ship was further increased to one hundred and four by the birth, in Cape Cod Harbor, on board the *Mayflower*, of Peregrine White, the first child of English parentage born in New England. So one hundred and two individuals left England, one died at sea, two were born on board, and one hundred and three actually arrived in New England.

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OLD CHURCH AT DELFSHAVEN, HOLLAND
IN THIS CHURCH THE PILGRIMS WORSHIPPED AND FROM THIS PLACE THEY SAILED

THE MAYFLOWER

THE FIRST OF THE PILGRIM VESSELS

THE journey of the Pilgrims to America began with the movement of a dozen little boats down placid Dutch canals from Leyden to Delfshaven, now part of the city of Rotterdam. Some of us have stood on the Pelgrim Kade (Pilgrim's Quay) at that great port; and tried to picture the confusion, the trepidation, the hopeful farewells of that little company of sixty-eight, and of the friends that came to see them off.

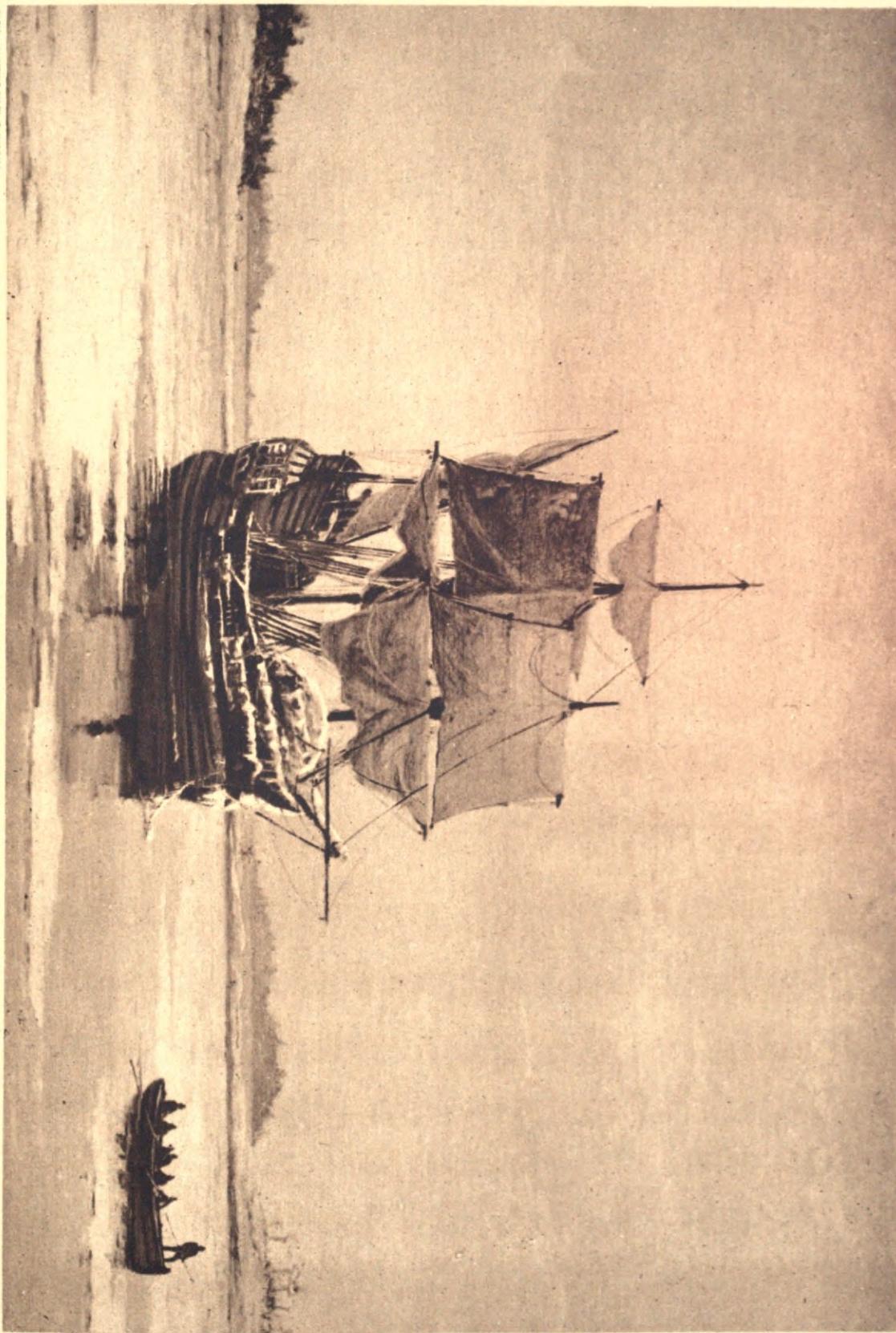
The *Speedwell*, engaged to carry the emigrants to Southampton and continue to America, made the crossing in four days. There in the harbor that has since sped so many great ships to America, the *Mayflower* swung at anchor, with a score of recruits from London already on board. To meet unexpected preliminary expenses, the Fathers had to sell eighty tubs of good Dutch butter—so that they had barely enough for the voyage, and scarcely any for many months after arrival in the new land.

The colonists had set off in good time to reach America before the storms of winter, but one delay after another held them back. A number of faint-hearts returned to London in the *Speedwell*, which the captain declared unseaworthy. It was September sixth when the *Mayflower* finally got away. And now, for two months, the ship of destiny ploughed “the blue plain of the sea.” Day after day, with hopes flying ahead, but thoughts lingering with the friends they had left behind, the adventurers of the Faith told off the record of the log, and computed the distance before them.

The vessel of 180 tons burden was greatly over-crowded. Comforts were few and tempers sometimes grew testy. Meals, served from wood and pewter dishes, were of the plainest. The few luxuries that had been provided had been sold to meet the harbor dues at Southampton. The hold was tiny. And yet, today, there are enough pieces of furniture that are said to have “come over in the *Mayflower*” to sink a huge modern ocean liner!

When the decision to emigrate had first been taken, back in Leyden, some were for sailing to Dutch Guiana, but it had finally been decided to go to North America, as reports had been brought back of an agreeable site at the mouth of the fine river that Henry Hudson had recently discovered. But the *Mayflower* came to land off stormy Cape Cod. The plan to go on to the Hudson River was abandoned because there was no pilot aboard that they could trust to take the ship through the dangerous coast waters.

And so it was that the Pilgrim Fathers, landing on the barren coast of Massachusetts, instead of the Island of Manhattan, changed the course of history.



THE LANDING

SIGNING THE COVENANT ON BOARD THE MAYFLOWER

THE cabin of the *Mayflower* shares with a number of other places in the world the title, "The Birthplace of liberty." The little ship, battered by the autumnal waves, had at last come to anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod.

The leaders of the company, realizing that the miniature republic they were about to form must have a common ideal of righteousness and liberty, drew up a covenant that all the members should "combine togeather into a civill body politick," to frame laws that were for the general good of the colony. Forty-one of the seventy-three adult males on board signed the Compact, and John Carver was chosen governor for the ensuing year.

It was on the twenty-first day of November that a sturdy group of the ship's passengers put off in a small boat to investigate the adjacent shores. On one of the first trips of the shallop to land, a number of the women were conveyed—on a Monday morning—to the banks of a shady creek for the homely purpose of washing the linen that had accumulated in the hundred and thirty-three days that had elapsed since the departure from Leyden.

And here, with their vigorous arms up to the elbows in soapsuds, we have the first portrait in the new land of Pilgrim Mothers, Wives, and Sisters.

Under command of Captain Standish the men of the party continued their search for a likely place of settlement. The first reception committee to greet them was a group of Indians and a dog, half-wild, but curious, like all dogs—and this dog had good reason for his curiosity, for no white man had ever before stepped on that sandy beach.

On a stormy Saturday evening the clumsy shallop neared the entrance to Plymouth Harbor. The next day—Sunday—was passed on an island now called Clark's Island. The day following (another historic Monday) they saw from afar a steep cliff on the edge of Plymouth Harbor, and at the base of it a broad oval rock. Toward this rock—we spell it now with a capital R—they steered the shallop. The dozen or more men of the party stepped upon the dry boulder,—and thereby wrote their names into the annals of the ages.

The explorers carried back the good news of their discovery of a suitable site, and a short time later the *Mayflower* sailed into the welcoming haven. Cold, ill, and distressed by the trying hardships all had undergone for many weeks, the shivering women and children watched on board the vessel, while the men went ashore, hewed the wood and built cabins for their occupancy.



PILGRIMS SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER

FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN WHITE

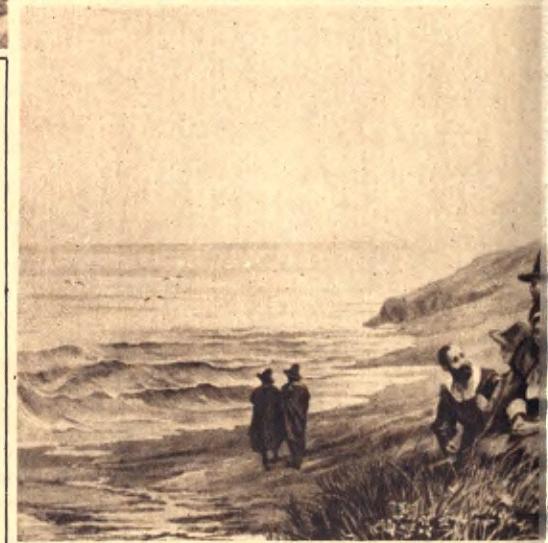


PILGRIMS
FROM A PAINTING



(ABOVE)
RETURN OF THE
MAYFLOWER
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

(AT LEFT)
PRISCILLA
AND JOHN ALDEN
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON



FROM A PAINTING BY A.W. BAYES

DEPARTURE

THE PILGRIM

art was his son, J. Alden Weir, a noble figure in the world of American painting, who died last year after a long life of splendid service to the Fine Arts.

It remained for George Henry Boughton to find something in the life of the Pilgrims besides misery and gloom, and to picture them in ways that are endearing and inspiring to those of us today who look back to our Puritan forbears with proud appreciation of their splendid courage, their simple upright character, and their steadfast devo-

THE Pilgrims have suffered in art almost as much as they did in life. Most of the early paintings and drawings that depict incidents in Pilgrim history are gloomy and depressing affairs, inferior in art quality and incorrect in historical detail. Some are so bad in every way that it would be a service to the cause of education if they were destroyed.

The two big pictures by Lucy and Weir hanging on the walls of Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, referred to elsewhere in this number, are interesting chiefly as examples of early American historical painting. Robert Weir was instructor in drawing in West Point Academy for over forty years, beginning in 1837. His most important contribution to



MAYFLOWER
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON



WORSHIP IN THE WOODS
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

IN FINE ART

tion to the cause of Liberty. Boughton has caught and reflected sympathetically the spirit of that struggling little community of Plymouth, and has shown us how they lived, loved, worked, and worshiped. It is Boughton's "Priscilla" that we all know today, and it is through his picture of her, as much as through Longfellow's poem, that the Puritan maiden has come to hold such a warm place in our hearts.

Though Boughton's art is identified in our minds with Puritan New England, he



(ABOVE)
PILGRIM EXILES
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

(AT RIGHT)
PRISCILLA
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE H. BOUGHTON



was not a native American painter. He was born near Norwich, England, in 1834, and, when three years of age, was brought to America by his parents, who settled in Albany, New York. He showed art inclination at an early age, and he was self-taught. In 1853 he made a sketching tour through the English lake country, Scotland and Ireland. When he was twenty-four he moved from Albany to New York; two years later to Paris; and, finally, in 1861, he fixed his residence in London, where he lived until his death (1905). The search for Pilgrim art leads us inevitably to the door of Boughton's studio, for it is there that we find the pictures of Pilgrim life that are grateful to the eye and heart.

THE FIRST WINTER

THE OLD FORT AND FIRST MEETING HOUSE

WHILE the frames of their future homes were rising on Plymouth shore, winter descended upon the watchers on the *Mayflower*. More than once snow had to be shoveled from the decks, and when the disembarkation of the Pilgrim families was finally begun, it was sometimes necessary for men, women and children to wade through the cold water to make land.

Many of the weaker ones were already ill, because of the "inac-commodate condition" of the over-crowded ship, on which they had made their home for many months; and nearly all were infected by scurvy, due to the monotony of the diet during the long voyage.

It is not surprising that the "common house"—the first shelter completed, soon became a house of suffering and pain. The saddest passage in the story of the Pilgrim settlement is the story of that dread first winter. Scarcely a day passed without the slow winding of a funeral train up the slopes of Cole's Hill.

The greater number died in the depths of the winter. Most frequently the colony was called upon to mourn the passing of one of the married women, so that there were a great number of households bereft of the ministrations of a wife and mother. "Of a hundred persons, scarce fifty remain," says one narrator, "the living scarce able to bury the dead; the well not sufficient to tend the sick, there being in their time of greatest distress but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them."

In the spring, corn was planted on Cole's Hill with the object of covering the graves, so that the Indians would not discover to what extent the colony had been ravaged.

By common consent the first houses and the fort-church were built on high ground. A "very sweet brook" ran under the hill-side, and there were "many delicate springs of as good water as can be drunk." On an abrupt rise, over-watching the harbor and the growing fleet of fishing-boats, cannon pointed across the plain and afar to Cape Cod and the ocean.

The common house and nineteen separate log cabins were erected, and before the new year, the main street, later named for the city of Leyden, Holland, was laid out, lots being drawn for the plots of ground—"to the greater families, the larger plots."

Soon other vessels arrived, bringing new adherents to the colony. Farmers, fishermen and tradesmen prospered; the widowed and the single chose for themselves partners from among the late arrivals; cottage windows began to bloom with flowers, and the voices of new-born Pilgrims arose in the heroic little settlement.



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OLD FORT, AND FIRST PILGRIM MEETING-HOUSE, PLYMOUTH 1621

THE LEADERS

BREWSTER THE PREACHER; BRADFORD THE RULER; STANDISH THE SOLDIER

CHIEF among the Pilgrim Fathers were three men of distinctly different characteristics. William Brewster was the ruling elder of the Pilgrim Church; William Bradford was governor of the colony; and Miles Standish was commander of the detachment of armed volunteers.

Brewster and Bradford, who grew up in neighboring villages in England, were the sort of lads that were always "up and doing, with a heart for any fate." When a student at Cambridge, Brewster had an offer to go as page to Queen Elizabeth's envoy to the Dutch. In Holland he learned his first lessons in religious liberty.

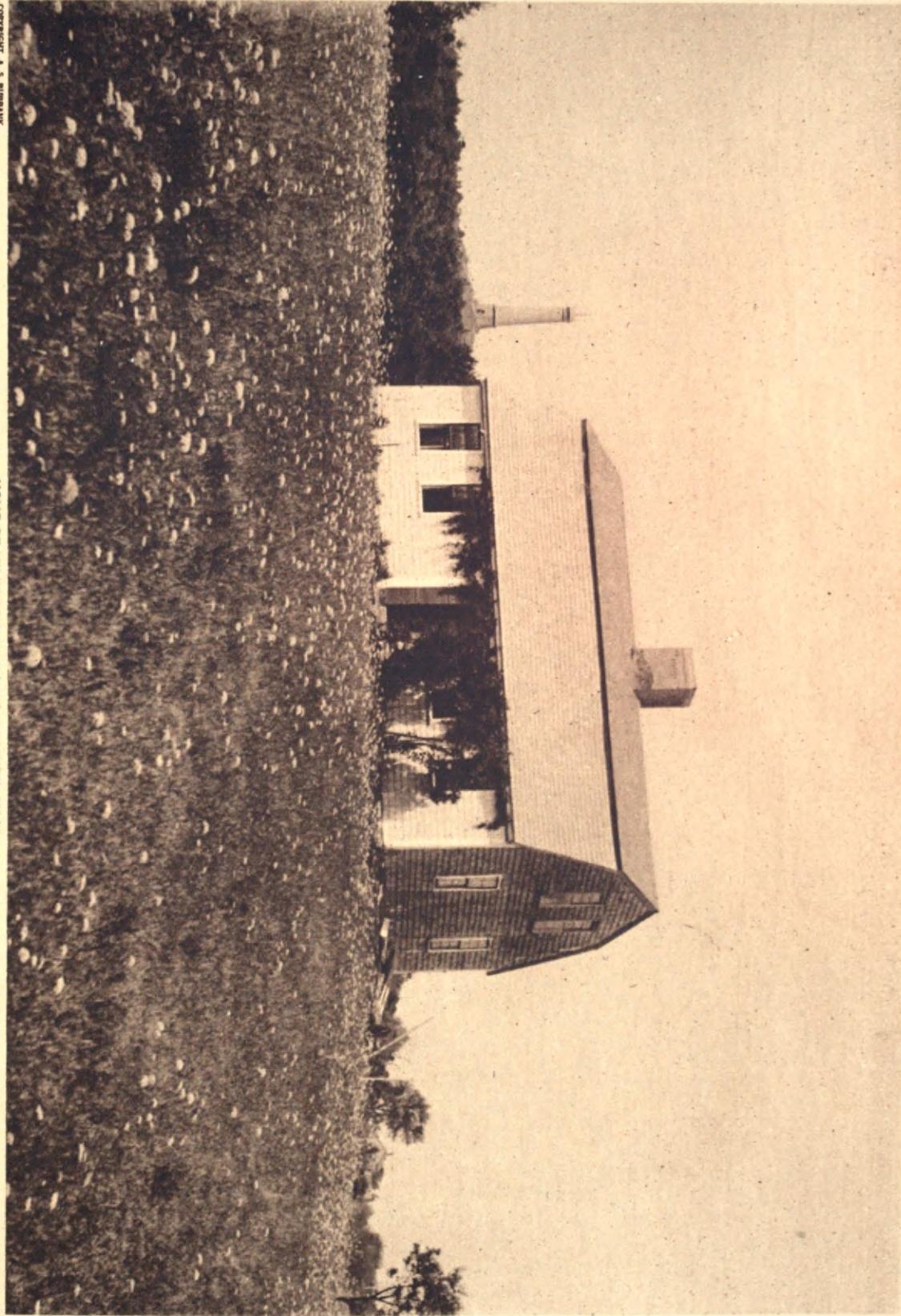
Afterwards he became the lay leader of the band of Separatists that were turned out of England and were refuged in various cities in the Netherlands.

He, Bradford, Carver and Winslow were the main promoters of the scheme to emigrate to America, and, arrived there, he continued to teach and preach and cheer his associates until the end of his life, in 1644.

Governor Bradford was "the practical, all-around business man" of the community—more, he was the typical Pilgrim, deeply imbued with the love of Christianity, and a true disciple of the Faith. He guided the material affairs of the Nonconformists in America between the years 1621 and 1657, except for five years when he was relieved at his own request from his duties. His "History of the Plimouth Plantation" is the basis of all the historical works since written about the Pilgrims.

Miles Standish was the first real pioneer soldier to live in America. He was the youngest son of a well-to-do Lancashire family whose name was originally "Standanaught"—Stand-at-nothing. His Christian name means in Latin, "a soldier." "If ever a man unconsciously shaped his character and career in conformity with the names he bore, it was Miles Standish—a soldier that stood at nothing."

After a period of service in the Dutch wars, Standish enlisted in the cause of the exiles. When the *Mayflower* came to anchor in Cape Cod harbor, it was he that conducted the exploration of the unfamiliar shores, and after the founding of the settlement he fought the Indians, or treated with them, until the countryside was at peace. In his declining years he lived at Duxbury, Massachusetts, where a statue and a monument bring his stalwart deeds to mind.



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HOME OF MILES STANDISH (1666) DUXBURY, MASS.

MILES STANDISH MONUMENT IN THE BACKGROUND

PRISCILLA

WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?

ONE of the fairest daughters of the Pilgrim community was Priscilla Mullins. She had been orphaned soon after her arrival in the *Mayflower*, and the brave Miles Standish, also bereaved through the loss of his wife, Rose, thought to defend her in her lonely position and make her his wife.

With Standish lived young John Alden, a blond and likeable fellow, who had come over in the *Mayflower* as a ship's carpenter. Now the Captain did not know that it was for love of Priscilla that John had joined the pilgrimage to America. Else he certainly would not have asked him to go to the maiden of his choice and do his wooing for him. Faithful to his friendship, the youthful emissary did not betray his own feelings. Unflinching, he went to the house of Priscilla.

"I have come, Mistress Mullins," he began, "to ask your hand—your hand in marriage, on behalf of the worthy Captain Standish. Though well used to making war, he is no expert in the art of love-making. So he prays your indulgence for sending me to plead his cause."

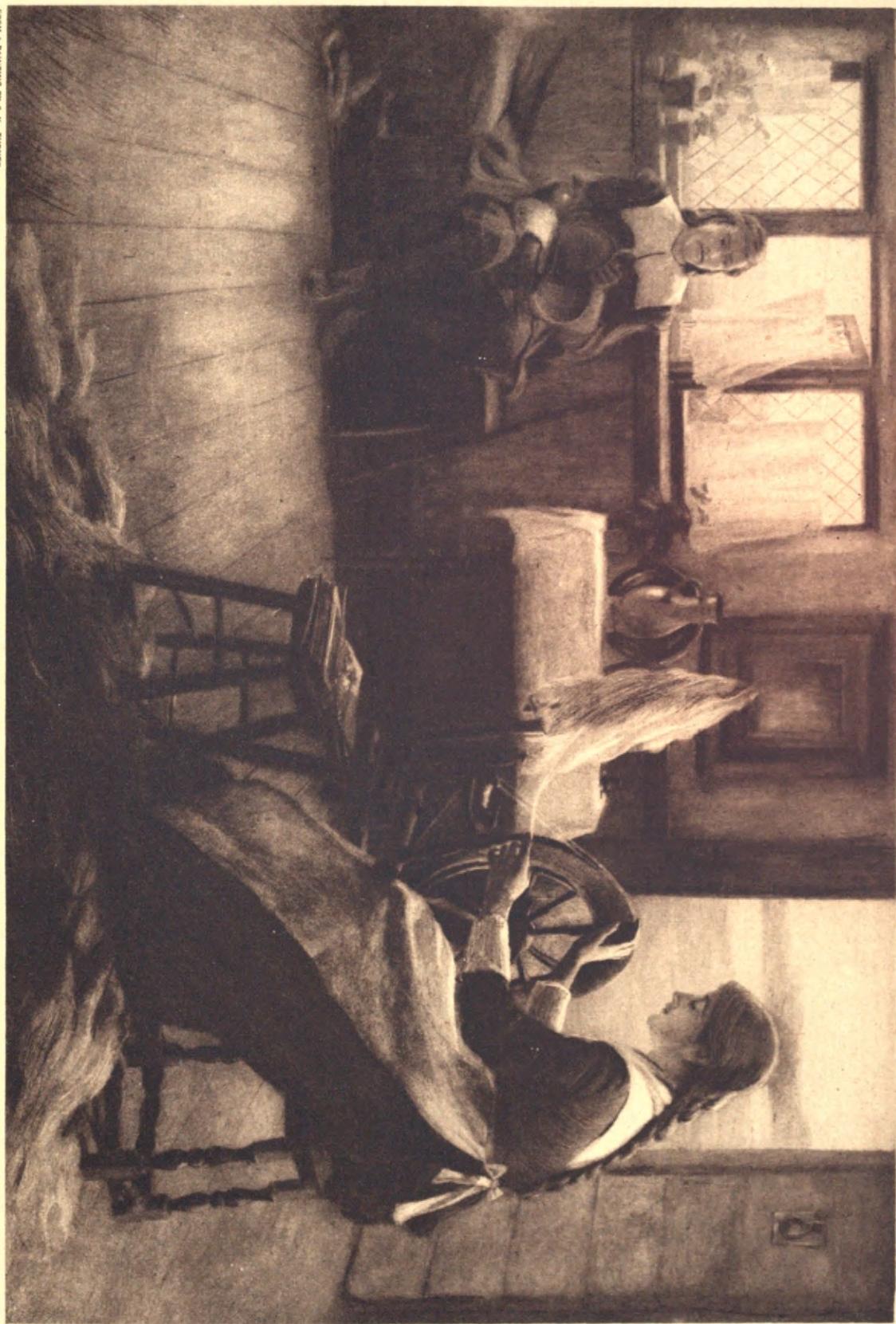
Priscilla listened in amazement as her visitor continued to expatiate on the exploits of the doughty Captain, and then, archly, she interrupted him. "Pray, why do you not speak for yourself, John?" Confusion overcame John Alden. He had not guessed that while his own heart had been beating for love of the Pilgrim maid, hers had secretly responded.

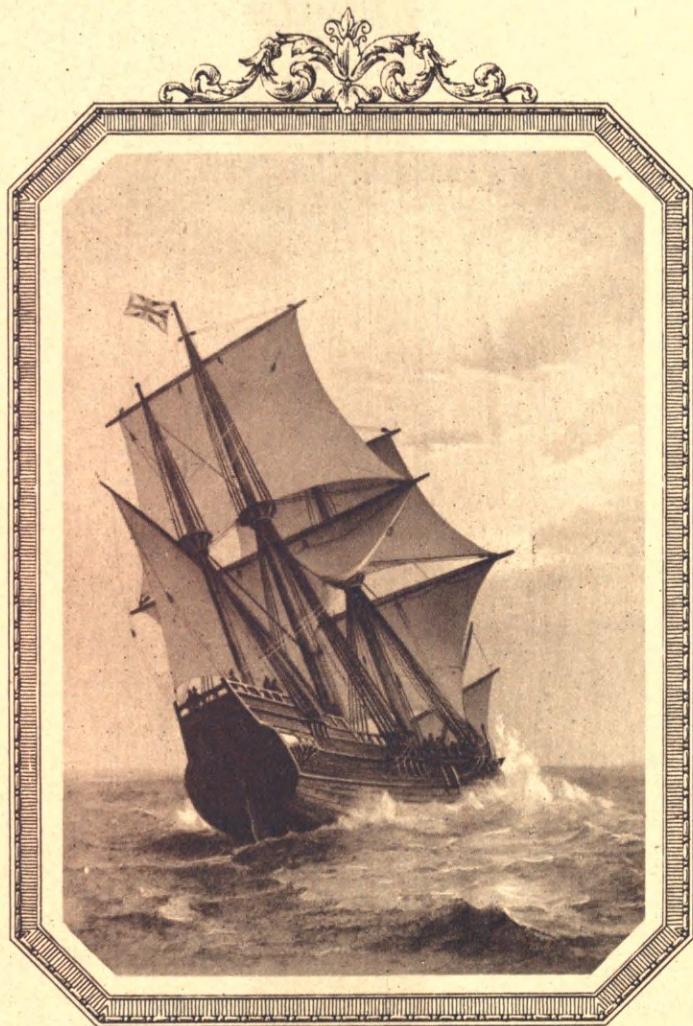
Distraught, yet strangely elated, he made his way back to the house of his friend, whom he found ready armed for departure on a hazardous expedition against the Indians. Captain Standish heard the news of Priscilla's refusal, and grimly set off on the colony's defense.

John determined to take passage on a ship that was about to return to England. But in the group that gathered to witness the vessel's departure was the girl he loved. And when John Alden saw the pallor of her cheek, he turned back to the cottage of Miles Standish. It was there that word came to him of the Captain's death by an Indian's arrow. So, then, John felt no longer in honor bound to keep silent, and one morning the Governor married the lovers.

As they came out of the fort meeting-house, there stood Standish himself, unhurt and smiling! He was the first to wish the bride and groom long life and happiness—a wish well fulfilled.

John Alden was for fifty years a magistrate in the colony, and was the last to die of all the signers of the *Mayflower* Compact. He and his wife became the Darby and Joan of the Pilgrim settlement, and in old age, grandchildren played about their knees.





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THE MAYFLOWER

FROM A PAINTING BY MARSHALL JOHNSON IN THE ROOMS OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER DESCENDANTS, BOSTON

*Adventurous vessel,
Freighted with the prospects of a future state
And bound across the unknown sea.*

—Edward Everett

WHAT DID THE PILGRIMS WANT?

From an address by Lord Bryce at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Pilgrim Tower at Provincetown, July, 1907.

I ASK myself, when I think of these exiles coming to make their home on what was then a bleak and desert shore: what was it that brought them thither? Was it the love of civil liberty? They loved civil liberty, for they had suffered from the oppression of the royal officers, but it was not mainly for the sake of that liberty that they came, nor indeed had the great struggle yet begun when they quitted England to spend those years in friendly Holland which preceded their voyage hither. Nor were these Pilgrims made of the same stern fighting stuff as the Puritans, who came to another part of Massachusetts Bay a little later and became the founders of Salem and Boston.

Was it for the love of religious liberty? Not at any rate for such a general freedom of conscience as we and you have now long enjoyed, not for the freedom that means an unquestioned right to all men to speak and write and teach as they would.

What these Pilgrims did desire and what brought them here was the wish to worship God in the way they held to be the right way. It was loyalty to truth and to duty as they saw it that moved them to quit first their English homes and friends, and then their refuge in Holland, and face the terrors of the sea and the rigors of a winter far

harsher than her own, in an untrodden land where enemies lurked in trackless forests.

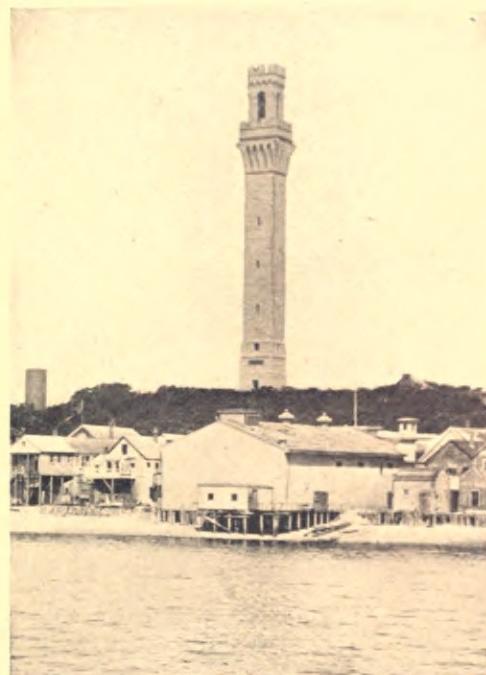
Not in the thirst for gold; not in the passion for adventure; not for the sake of dominion, but in faith and in duty were laid the foundations of the colony and state of Massachusetts. Is not this what their settlement means to us now after three hundred years? Faith and duty, when mated to courage, are the most solid basis on which the greatness of a nation can rest. The strength of a state lies in the character of its citizens.

Many generations have come and gone since the days when the little *Mayflower* lay rocking in yonder bay. But one thing remains as true now as it was then; the fearless man who loves truth and obeys duty is the man

who prevails and whose work endures.

★ ★ ★

From Cape Cod to Cape Flattery, on the far shores of the Pacific, cornfields and mines, railroads and populous cities, State Houses where the legislators meet, and Courts where justice is dispensed, all bear witness to the men who here began the work of civilizing a continent and establishing in it a government rooted from the first and rooted deep in the principles of liberty.—*James Bryce*



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THE PILGRIM MONUMENT

ABOVE THE HARBOR OF PROVINCETOWN CALLS TO MIND THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAYFLOWER, NOVEMBER, 1620. THE CORNERSTONE WAS LAID IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN 1907, AND THE TOWER WAS DEDICATED THREE YEARS LATER BY PRESIDENT TAFT. INSIDE THE STRUCTURE ARE SCORES OF MEMORIAL STONES CONTRIBUTED BY PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES AND COMMUNITIES

“FIRST THINGS” IN THE PILGRIM STORY

FIRST LANDING

THE passengers on the *Mayflower* first sighted Cape Cod, November 19, 1620. Two days later, while the vessel was at anchor in Cape Cod harbor, the Fathers signed the Compact. On November 25th the first exploring party left the ship and made their way in a small boat to a place on the mainland near the site of Provincetown, Massachusetts. During a later expedition, on December 18th, Captain Standish and seventeen companions had their first encounter with Indians. Shot and arrows were exchanged for the first time in the land called New England, near the town now named Eastham. The same party spent their first Sunday on New England soil on Clark's Island, December 20th. On the next day, known to posterity as “Forefathers' Day”—the third exploring party landed on the shore of Plymouth harbor, and searched the coast for a suitable place for a settlement. On the occasion of the landing, Mary Chilton, springing ahead of the others in the shallop, tradition says, stepped first on Plymouth Rock, thus establishing her claim to fame as the first woman to put foot on the historic boulder.

THE FIRST BABY

The first baby born after the *Mayflower* reached America was Peregrine (Pilgrim) White, who came into the world during a raging snowstorm, on board the historic vessel, December 7th. He was a little over two weeks old when his birth-ship left Cape Cod and entered Plymouth harbor. The second day of the New Year, preparations were begun for building a shelter on shore, the exact spot selected being the rise now known as Burial Hill. The first guns for the defense of the colony were mounted on the hill in March, 1621. The first buildings erected were the “common house” and the fort-meetinghouse.



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR AND THE CRADLE OF PEREGRINE WHITE

THE FIRST SERMON

The first sermon preached before the Pilgrims in the New World was delivered by Reverend Robert Cushman, in January, 1621, on the “Sin and Danger of Self-Love.” On this Sunday the company all came ashore for the first time, and met in the new “common house,” the first building erected for public use in New England.

The first edifice erected in Plymouth exclusively for church worship rose on the hill a quarter of a century later.

The first meeting called to mature plans for the formal defense of New Plymouth was held February 27, 1621. Miles Standish was appointed chief in command. The Pilgrim settlers first sowed gardens in their new home in March, and in that same month they received the first of many friendly visits from natives, led by the educated chief, Samoset. Governor Carver, who died in April, 1621, was the first of the colony's leaders to succumb to the dread malady that carried off so many of the Pilgrim families in that year of 1620-1621. Governor Bradford was his successor.

FIRST EXPORT CARGO

On the first anniversary of the Pilgrims' arrival they rejoiced in the sight of eleven buildings on the hill where they had chosen to dwell. In November, 1621, the first vessel after the *Mayflower* to come from England entered the harbor—the *Fortune*, with thirty-five passengers. On the very night after these later Pilgrims had landed a child was born to goodwife Ford. The *Fortune* carried back the first cargo shipped overseas by the colonists—beaver skins in great quantity, sassafras and timber; but was overhauled by a French man-of-war and her cargo confiscated before reaching England. So ended the first effort of the Fathers to trade with the mother country.

THE FIRST WEDDING

At the first wedding celebrated in New England, May 22, 1621, Edward Winslow, afterwards governor of the colony, and Susanna White were the groom and bride. Winslow's wife and Mrs. White's husband had died since their arrival in Plymouth, and the widow White was left with two young children to care for. One of them was the babe, Peregrine, who found in the excellent Edward Winslow a devoted step-father. Thus the mother of the first Pilgrim baby became, by her second marriage, the first bride of the colony.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

The first harvest was so abundant that Governor Bradford proclaimed a week of Thanksgiving. Hunters went into the woods and shot great numbers of wild game.

Wild turkeys, geese, ducks, and water-fowl, fish, barley loaves, corn-bread, and vegetables, formed the chief articles of food at this feast, not to speak of five deer brought in as offerings by the Indians. This celebration was the first Thanksgiving Dinner.

The next year, 1622, was filled with misfortune. Food became scarcer every day, and everyone was glad to see Spring come, so that they could plant and harvest new crops. During the third week in May, a drought set in which lasted until July, under which the growing crops were withered and almost destroyed. A special day was appointed for fasting and religious service,

and, after nine hours' prayer, the Pilgrims saw, with great joy, clouds spread over the sky, from which descended, the next morning, a rain that revived the corn in the fields, and hope in the hearts of the colonists. In addition to the happy turn of the weather, Captain Miles Standish brought back from an expedition a liberal supply of provisions. The colonists thought it only right, in acknowledgment of all these blessings, to hold a public service of Prayer and Thanksgiving. This was on the 30th of July, and it may be justly considered as the origin of our Thanksgiving Service, not only because it was both a religious and social celebration, but also because it was the first time in the history of America that the Governor appointed a Day for Thanksgiving.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Governor Bradford tells us in his chronicle of the first Christmas Day in New Plymouth. In the ship *Fortune* had come several "lusty young men, many of whom were wild enough." On Christmas Day they begged off from work saying that "it went against their consciences to work on that day." At mid-day, when Bradford and his helpers returned to the village for dinner, they found these young immigrants playing games in the street. The Governor indignantly took away their implements, telling them that "it was against his conscience that they should play on Christmas Day, and others work."



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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER

AT THE BOARD ARE GOVERNOR BRADFORD, MASSASOIT, ELDER BREWSTER, JOHN ALDEN (WITHOUT A HAT.) MILES STANDISH (WITH THE SWORD AT HIS BELT), AND OTHER NOTABLE FIGURES IN THE EARLY LIFE OF THE COLONY

From a painting by W. L. Taylor

THE STORY OF PLYMOUTH ROCK

"The Rock whence we were hewn"

SIXTY thousand visitors flock every year to the shrine of America's oldest and most sacred relic. The pedigree of "Forefathers' Rock," handed down orally and in written record, has been confirmed seemingly beyond dispute. Ten of the Fathers made use of the flat-topped rock as a landing-place from the *Mayflower's* shallop while on an exploring expedition in December, 1620. Also, the broad, dry boulder is believed to have served as a stepping-stone when the *Mayflower's* company was put ashore some time later. There was no other such formation for miles along the sandy coast. For years the greenish-gray rock at the base of Cole's Hill was a landmark observed by incoming colonists. A document dated 1715 refers to it as the "great rock."

In 1741, when there was talk of building a wharf near the foot of the hill, Elder Faunce, then nearly a hundred years old, hobbled down to the waterfront to give his testimony concerning the landing of the Pilgrims at that spot. His father, John Faunce, came to Plymouth three years after the arrival of the *Mayflower*. In his boyhood the old man had been told that this was the very rock that the first settlers of New England stepped out upon, on coming to Plymouth shore. The town council of Plymouth intended to cover over the Rock; but after the venerable elder's visit they concluded to build the approach to the wharf around it, and so preserve it.



PLYMOUTH ROCK

*"To their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown
—the cornerstone of a nation."*

—Longfellow

A generation later came a day when the Rock was again a center of local interest. Plymouth was, consistently, a hotbed of revolt against British tyranny. A group of Whigs, who wanted to separate from the State itself as their ancestors had separated from the Church of State, conceived the idea of utilizing the Rock as a pedestal for a Liberty Pole to be raised on the square. With twenty yoke of oxen they repaired to the shore and began lustily to pry the staunch old boulder from its sandy bed. But the seven-ton mass of granite resisted and split in two. Whereupon, half of it was removed to the recruiting center on the square; the lower half was allowed to remain in its original position. In the sun-drying of the Rock, the townsfolk saw a happy omen of the eventual separation of the colonies from the motherland.

On the Fourth of July, 1834, the upper part of the broken boulder was again moved

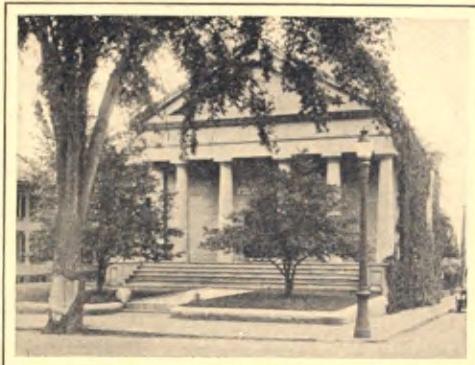
—this time to a place of honor in front of Pilgrim Hall. There it remained until nearly half a century later, when the parts were reunited beneath a protecting granite canopy. One of several new plans, approved by the Federal and the Massachusetts Pilgrim Tercentenary Commissions, provides for the resetting of the "stepping-stone to freedom" at the edge of the sea, where zealous multitudes will continue to render their tribute of sentiment and veneration.

—Ruth Kedzie Wood



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CANOPY COVERING PLYMOUTH ROCK
VIEW FROM THE DOCK, SHOWING COLE'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND



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PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

ATREASURE-HOUSE of memorials is the classic edifice erected nearly a hundred years ago by the Pilgrim Society, on a shady street in Plymouth. The building was altered and the exhibits rearranged in 1880 by Mr. Joseph Stickney, the same benefactor that provided the stone shelter for the Rock.

These halls are a sanctuary for objects beyond valuation. Few there are "with soul so dead" that will not thrill at sight of the veritable sword of Miles Standish—the "Damascus blade" inherited by him from Crusading ancestors, and put to valiant use in the New World. A wicker cradle of early Dutch handiwork was one of the few pieces of furniture that was granted space in the cramped hold of the *Mayflower*. Here it is—the cradle that rocked the first Pilgrim baby—the ship-born infant, Peregrine White. The sword and the cradle, the great chair of Elder Brewster, and a number of well-worn household implements are authentic relics of the historic voyage. Precious, too, are books that belonged to the first families of Plymouth; yellowed documents that record the primitive business transactions of the settlers; original manuscripts of familiar poems; portraits and paintings that recall poignant episodes in the Pilgrims' story. In the main gallery is a large copy of Weir's "Embarkation from Delfshaven," from the original executed for the Capitol, Washington, and near it is Charles Lucy's painting of the Embarkation.

THE STORY OF PILGRIM HALL

These pictures, shown on the wall of the museum in the accompanying illustration, are familiar to us all through their frequent reproduction in histories and various narratives of early American incidents.

Original portraits of Governor Winslow and his descendants are hung in the library of Pilgrim Hall. We pause longest before the portraits of Edward Winslow; of his son, Josiah, first native-born governor of Plymouth Colony; and of Josiah's grandson, Major-General John Winslow, in the brilliant uniform of the British army. It was General John Winslow that performed the ungrateful task of turning the Acadian farmers off their homesteads in Nova Scotia in 1755. The house he lived in when at home in Plymouth may still be seen at the corner of two of the main streets. The picture of Governor Edward Winslow is the only portrait of a *Mayflower* Forefather that was painted from life.

We respond with a feeling of tenderness to the appeal of the faded sampler worked by the painstaking fingers of Lorea, daughter of Miles and Barbara Standish. In fancy we can see the prim little Puritan maid stitching in, with conscientious care, these devout sentiments:

Lorea Standish is my name,
Lord, guide my heart that I may do Thy will;
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
As will conduce to virtue void of shame,
And I will give the glory to Thy name.

—Anna Foster Corwin



INTERIOR OF PILGRIM HALL
A MUSEUM OF HISTORICAL RECORDS, RELICS AND ART

HOME LIFE OF THE PILGRIMS

A TRAVELER of the year 1628, coming from the Dutch colony on the island of Manhattan to visit the colony of the Pilgrims, described New Plymouth as lying "on the slope of a hill, stretching east toward the seacoast, with a broad street leading down the hill. The houses are constructed of hewn blocks, with gardens, also enclosed behind and at the sides with hewn blocks, so that their houses and courtyards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the center on the cross street stands the Governor's house, before which is a square enclosure upon which four small cannon are mounted. Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof, upon the top of which they have six cannon which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the Preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand, the Captain with his arms and cloak on and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march

in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day."

Neither Bradford nor Winslow in their journals gives us any clear pictures of the home life of the colony. Yet occasionally we do get glimpses of the Pilgrims at the hearthsides of their frontier homes. The years spent by many of the colonists in Holland before arriving in America influenced the conduct of their daily affairs.

The first dwellings erected by the Plymouth settlers were made of logs, chinked with mud or clay. The roofs were thatched and the windows were made of oiled paper. Lacking stone for chimneys, the house-holders cut a hole in the roof to allow the smoke of the fires to escape. They had but the crudest of stoves, and only the simplest dishes were attempted by Pilgrim housewives in the early years of the colony. In Pilgrim Hall, at Plymouth, there is a pewter porringer and platter that once belonged to Miles Standish. As other ship-loads of colonists came in succeeding years, new goods and furnishings were brought out, including bolts of kersey, linen cloth, and material for the making of stockings, which were not knitted in that day but were cut out of cloth. Spinning wheels undoubtedly came over in the *Mayflower* or, if not quite so early, at least in the *Fortune* or *Ann*, and, mothers and daughters of the family, and the fathers, too, spun and wove flax and hemp.



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PLYMOUTH IN 1622

From a drawing by W. L. Williams

SHOWING HOUSES AS FOLLOWS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: STORE HOUSE; RESIDENCES OF P. BROWN, J. GOODMAN, W. BREWSTER, J. BILLINGTON, J. ALLERTON, F. COOKE, E. WINSLOW—AND GOVERNOR BRADFORD (ON RIGHT OF ROAD). THE OLD FORT AND MEETING-HOUSE WAS ON THE TOP OF THE HILL.

GOOD EATING IN PURITAN DAYS

DURING their first winter in America, the founders of New England lived on groundnuts, which were not nuts at all, but tubers of the Indian potato, or wild bean. Boiled, they are agreeable and nutritious. The Puritans raised corn (or maize) which they got from the Indians; and they soon learned the virtues of "nocake"—a name derived from the Indian of *nooh-kik*. Nocake was made of selected Indian corn, parched in hot ashes, then well sifted and thoroughly pulverized. It was mixed with cold water and drunk. The early Virginians knew it sa "rockahomone."

Nocake was the rudiment with which the New England folk began the study of foods prepared from Indian corn. Indian corn and its associate, the pumpkin, played an important part in the morning of New England history. Both were used separately in various food preparations and they were united in primitive New England johnny cake, the unsweetened corn meal being mixed with a paste of mashed pumpkin that enriched it in flavor and color. Out of corn were made more articles of food than we can tell. There was corn bread, mixed with milk and eggs. There were corn fritters; fried batter cakes of grated sweet maize, with eggs and milk added. There was "ryaninjun," compounded of rye flour, corn meal, milk, water and yeast—raised by the fire and baked in a brick oven. There was the pudding, inseparable from the original New England boiled dinner, and, most famous of all—there was hasty pudding, the basis of which was a batter made by stirring corn meal into boiling water and cooking it until it attained the proper body.

Beans were liberally grown and much used—stewed, baked, or made into porridge. Genuine old New England baked beans, it may be said here, have nothing in common with the mess served today under that name in many city restaurants. The

Bean porridge was thick, rich, and seasoned with fried pork, pepper-pods and salt. The beans were first softened by being soaked over night in cold water, and after the other ingredients had been added, the porridge was made by long, slow boiling. It could be warmed over indefinitely.

Succotash was as near as the early New Englander could get to "msick-quatash," which was Indian for "boiled corn and beans." The New England cook usually added a piece of pork. In earliest New England, potatoes were grown in gardens only. Gradually, however, they came to



IRON POT, PEWTER DISH, AND SWORD OF
MILES STANDISH

be raised in quantity as a field crop. They were practically, from the beginning, an element of the boiled dinner, which further included salted beef, a cut of pork, the "pudding," and such vegetables of the domestic stock as beets, cabbages, carrots and turnips. Rye, wheat, and buckwheat were all extensively grown in early New England, and flour made from them was utilized in bread-stuffs.

After a time, cultivated fruits furnished materials for pies; before that, wild brambleberries were used, as were also wild black cherries and even chokecherries, which for puckery taste are equaled by few other known things in nature. New Englanders brought the basic idea of pie from Old England, but they developed it and embroidered upon it with an almost unlimited ingenuity; and eventually they extended the term to "Washington pie," which is nothing more than two layers of sponge cake with pastry cream between them.

Of meat there was plenty—venison, wild fowl, and both salt water and fresh water fish, salted pork, ham, bacon, mutton, and, sometimes, beef.

Pure food laws were not needed in early New England. Good food, well cooked, was a prime necessity of life and the culinary art was cultivated as an essential to existence.—*George S. Bryan*

THE MONTH OF METEORS

"**M**ETEORS" derive their name from the Greek, and mean "things in the air." The earth is undergoing a constant meteoric bombardment. The rate of speed of meteors is about 40-45 miles a second upon their collision with the atmosphere. Scarcely a night passes, particularly in the fall of the year, without a display of "shooting-stars," "falling stars" and "meteors." These shining specks are really not stars at all, but are merely little stones and particles of matter a few miles from the surface of our planet and rapidly burning themselves up as they approach the ground. During the day there are probably as many flashing through our atmosphere, as there are at night, only we cannot observe them owing to the

daylight. It has been calculated by astronomers that every day the dust of millions of meteors falls to the surface of the earth; but the whole lot would probably not weigh a hundred tons.

November seems to be the favored time for meteoric displays, and on November 12 and 13, 1833, the finest display ever witnessed by man was observable. It was then estimated that their frequency was about half that of snowflakes in an ordinary snow-storm. It was calculated that no fewer than 240,000 meteors were visible. Such a celestial manifestation naturally alarmed the ignorant who considered that the end of the world was at hand. The negro slaves on Southern plantations were in abject terror. Astronomers were aware that these meteor showers appeared in

cycles of thirty-three or thirty-four years, so November 13, 1866, was fixed as the date for another display, and their calculations were correct to a dot. At first the meteors came singly, and then, as the hours wore on, they arrived in twos and threes, in dozens, in scores, and in hundreds. Altogether it was a gorgeous spectacle.

The November showers are known as the "Leonids," as these meteors radiate from a point in that star group. We have also an August group called the "Perseids," radiating from the constellation Perseus. Two other important showers are known as the "Lyrids," seen in April, and the "Andromedes," seen about November 23rd.

Meteors are the products of the breaking up of comets, and consist of particles



From a drawing by J. F. Campbell

A METEOR SHOWER

that certain comets have abandoned along their way. None of the ordinary meteors reach the ground whole. They are reduced to dust and fall imperceptibly to the surface of Mother Earth, which is, consequently, getting heavier. There are other meteoric bodies which do reach the ground without being consumed, or turned into dust. These are known as "uranoliths," "bolides," and "aerolites." Astronomers now regard these as simply larger members of meteor swarms,—fragments of comets. The same chemical elements have been detected in them as we find in the comets themselves. Meteorites vary in weight from a few ounces to several tons; for example, a splendid specimen weighing nearly 100 tons may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York.—A. A. Hopkins

THE MAN THAT CLEANED COUNTRIES

"**P**HYSICIAN to the World" is what General Gorgas was affectionately called. Men who conquer weakness, who cleanse their systems of disease by intelligent treatment, who add to the span of their lives by following the rules of simple right living—have always been subjects of interest to us. We print their pictures and give out the regimen, diet and exercises that they have pursued. We respect and admire men that have built themselves up in health and strength.

What many men have done for *themselves* in a spirit of self-interest, General Gorgas did for the world. He made foul places clean; he scoured countries, drove pestilence from the face of the land, and made whole nations sound and healthy. He even succeeded in reducing materially the effects of the ravages of war.

As Head of the Medical Corps he kept down the rate of mortality for our Army during the recent war, to six-tenths of one per cent.—a lower rate than that of the Japanese army, which had previously been the model of hygiene in all military history. His recent death took from us a great beneficent human force.

General Gorgas was born in Mobile, Alabama, in 1854, and was the son of a West Point graduate who fought in the Confederate Army as a brigadier-general. General Gorgas' father, in his later years, was president of the University of the South at Suwanee, Tennessee, and it was at this institution that the son received his college education. From there he came North and studied medicine in Bellevue Medical College, New York. On graduating he applied

for Army service, and was sent to Fort Brown, Texas, where, by a wise dispensation of Fate, he met that mortal enemy of man in the South—Yellow Jack. His brief conflict with the disease arrested his interest and so eventually led to the efforts by which he succeeded in eliminating this dreadful

malady from the list of tropical plagues. During the Spanish War he was put in charge of the yellow fever wards in Havana. It was there that he seized upon the idea of mosquito transmission, which led to the systematic cleaning up of the Cuban capital. In 1905 it became necessary to make the Panama Zone healthful. It is to the credit of General Gorgas that the twin scourges of malaria and yellow fever were removed from the Isthmus, thus making possible the great engineering achievements

of General Goethals. Colonel Roosevelt said that Gorgas had made pest-ridden Panama "as safe as a health resort."

In 1913 Gorgas went to South Africa at the request of the British Government, to investigate conditions in the mines, where thousands of kaffirs were dying from pneumonia. After two years' service there, he carried through a campaign against yellow fever in its last stronghold, Guayaquil, in Ecuador. He returned from that trip last October, after a complete success.

General Gorgas had many honors heaped upon him—medals, degrees, and testimonials of various kinds. There is, however, no better title by which to keep in memory this great and useful man than that of "Physician to the World."

—J. Parker Ross



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GENERAL GORGAS

HIGH NOTES COMMAND HIGH PAY

GRAND Opera is our greatest music luxury. If the little group of Italian music enthusiasts who gathered at the home of Count di Vernio, in Florence, three centuries ago, with the purpose of restoring, in a musical form, the drama of the Greeks could have foreseen the future of Opera, they would have been astounded. One of their first efforts at Opera was Jacopo Peri's "Dafne" which was privately performed in 1597. From this modest musical undertaking of a company of gentlemen musicians, no great results were expected. In the course of 300 years, however, Opera developed through various changes, grew bigger, and richer in all its features, scenic as well as musical, until it has now become the most brilliant, elaborate, and imposing form of music in the world.

New Orleans was the first home of Opera in America, where the first performance was given in 1791, with a company of players that came from France. The old Orleans Theater, which was America's first opera house, was opened in 1813. Certain ballad operas had been heard in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston even earlier than the establishment of Opera in New Orleans, but New York enjoyed only a few occasional performances until 1844, when Palma's Opera House was opened with a performance of "Puritani." The famous Garcia family were the leading singers in early New York Opera, and they were such favorites with the public that they set the fashion of "star worship" which has persisted to this day in Opera. The beautiful Malibran, daughter of Manuel Garcia, was as much the rage in 1825 as Patti a quarter century ago, or Galli-Curci today.

This is the month when Grand Opera begins its annual parade, and the sumptu-

ous Music Show opens. The expenses of the season, for orchestra, chorus, scenery, and, above all, the high priced "stars," are enormous.

Who pays for it all? Not the public; not the music-lover of modest income, who can only go occasionally;

and, certainly not the music-hungry individuals that stand in the long line at the Opera House waiting to buy a family-circle seat or a "general admission." The reason for Grand Opera is found in the "Glittering Horseshoe"—The Grand Tier of boxes, where the wealth and fashion of the city hold sway. Grand Opera is made possible only through the support of prosperous citizens, some of

whom subscribe in a spirit of civic interest, as they do to the public art galleries, and others who consider Grand Opera as a feature of their social season.

The manager of Grand Opera must have a substantial backing of rich stockholders to give the public the golden notes of Caruso. Our real music-lovers—and there are thousands of them—dote on those notes. They crowd the aisles at the end of performances, and hail the star before the curtain repeatedly until the lights are turned down. But they don't pay the bills. The folks that have made the performance possible are at home, and their limousines in the garage, by the time that the fervent music-lovers have left the darkened Opera House.

I have often wondered what would happen if the wealthy, public-spirited citizens should decide to give up supporting this splendid music luxury and say: "Let the sopranos and tenors and baritones sing for what they can earn from the public." What a flutter there would be among the "golden birds of song." Would they sing for us at our price? I wonder.—Clement King



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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK
OPENED IN 1883, THE EDIFICE HAS SEATS FOR 3700 PEOPLE

A DOME LIKE HANDS IN PRAYER

IN Chicago, on the borders of Lake Michigan, an architectural dream is soon to be realized, fair as a dream in form, but embodying in design and ornamentation the practical ideal of universal service. "The Dawning Point of the Commemorations of God" (as the English translation of the Persian title reads) is to become a great modern institutional temple for worship, without respect to creed or race. The intention of the builders is to provide a center for philanthropic service to humanity, as well as to afford a place in which Mohammedan and Jew, Theosophist and Zoroastrian, Protestant and Catholic, may unite with the common aim of promoting the "oneness of mankind." This is the highest—perhaps we might say the final, expression of spiritualistic idealism. The Bahais believe that this is the beginning of the Golden Age upon earth—the age of universal peace and love. "Light is good in whatsoever lamp it is burning," is the keynote of Bahaiism.

The temple of the spiritual brotherhood of Baha, of original and beautiful conception, is to be the central feature of a group of buildings, housing auxiliary charitable and educational institutions, and occupying, with surrounding parks and approaches, nine acres at the lakeside. The architect, Mr. Louis J. Bourgeois, has created a design that critics declare to be "the first new idea in architecture evolved in six centuries."

A writer in the *Architectural Record* analyzes the novel features of this striking plan, which the architect has wrought in plaster instead of drawing it on paper. "In form, the temple is nine-sided, and its lower story offers a complete innovation in architecture in the use of nine

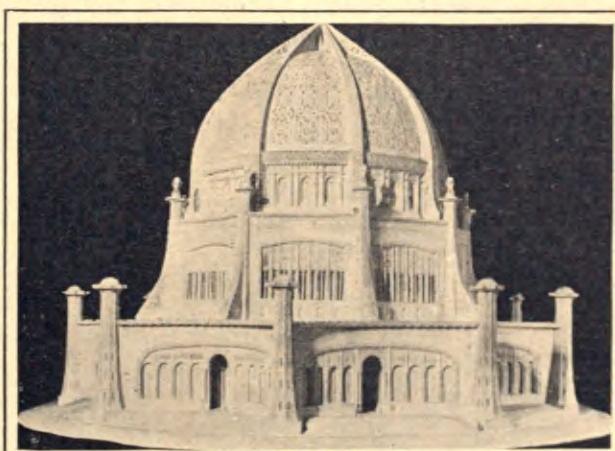
inverted half circles, with a great doorway in the center of each, so that from whatever side one approaches the edifice it seems to extend a welcome. From dome to foundation it is a unique creation and unlike any building in existence, yet one reads in its curving beauty the story of the architecture of the world.

"The first floor in its simplicity of line suggests the Greek and Egyptian temples; while the treatment of the doors and windows is Romanesque in form and both Gothic and Arabic in the intricacy and beauty of ornamentation. The second story is Renaissance in line and Gothic in the interlaced arches of its openings. The third is restful, quiet, and Renaissance in treatment. Above it rises a lovely dome, suggestive of Byzantine forms; but above the closed top rise other beams of the dome itself, like hands clasped in prayer, so that the dome gives the feeling of ascension and aspiration found previously in the Gothic towers alone.

"In the geometric forms of the ornamentation covering the columns and surrounding windows and doors of the temple one deciphers all the religious symbols of the world. Here are the swastika cross, the circle, the triangle, the double triangle or six-pointed star (or Solomon's seal, the magic symbol of necromancers of old); but more than this, the noble symbol of the spiritual orb, or sun behind the Savior

of mankind; the five-pointed star, representing the man Savior—Christ or Buddha or Mohammed; the Greek cross, the Roman or Christian cross; and, supreme above all, the wonderful nine-pointed star, significant of spiritual glory, figured in the structure of the temple itself."

—Gene Berton



Courtesy the *Architectural Record*

BAHAI TEMPLE

TO BE ERECTED IN CHICAGO. DESIGNED IN PLASTER BY LOUIS BOURGEOIS

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

"Water will not rise higher than its source."
"Man cannot raise himself by his bootstraps."

Proverbs as old as the hills, and, in a physical sense, as sound and substantial as the hills. And yet, while these sayings are frequently on Man's lips, and while he accepts them as unquestionable principles in the physical world, his spirit instinctively rebels against them, and he strives, in every aspiring effort of his life, to set them at naught. If Man could not, in spirit, rise higher than his original condition, how could there be human progress? If Man could not raise himself by his own energies, how could life be worth while?

★ ★ ★

By the light of a wood fire in a humble log cabin of the Middle West, a lanky, ungainly boy spent his evenings poring over the few, dog-eared books that came his way. He was the son of an ignorant, shiftless "poor white" who could not read nor write. The stone fireplace was the boy's school, and his early visions were formed in the flames of the burning logs. He rose to be a Leader of his Fellow Men; he set free an enslaved race; and he gave his life that "Government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth."

★ ★ ★

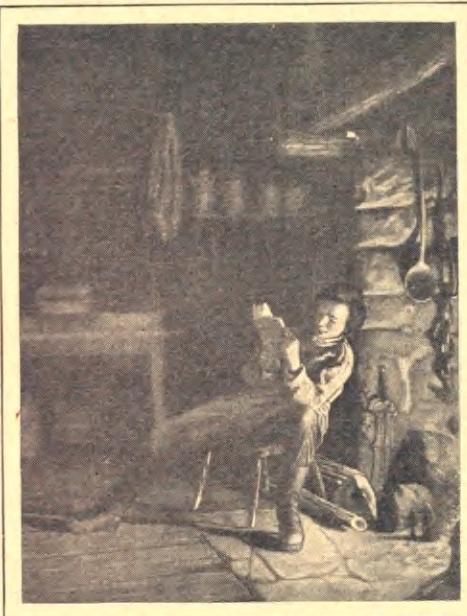
By candle light at night, and in the early morning hours, another boy found his schooling in a few hard gained books. He was the son of a poor Scotch immigrant, and he began life with nothing. From the lowly job of bobbin-boy in a cotton factory, he rose to be one of the great Ironmasters of the world, and, out of base metal, forged golden fortunes for himself and his asso-

ciates. When he retired, his fortune was so vast that it required the service of many busy organizations simply to give part of it away. Before he died he had dotted the map of the United States with free libraries that made easily accessible to people of all classes the wealth of books that he longed for when a boy.

★ ★ ★

In a county workhouse a sickly, hungry-souled boy found his first home, and spent his early years. His parentage was not only humble but clouded. With nothing but his own mental resources to draw on he sought the open world and, in the course of years of splendid enterprise, he became the supreme Explorer of his age—the great Adventurer who searched and made known the secrets of Darkest Africa.

★ ★ ★



From a painting by Eastman Johnson

THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN

"He borrowed and read every book within twenty miles of his home"

the soil, born of the dust like many others who remained all their lives in the dust, unheard of and unknown. But, in these three, as in all natures that aspire, there was kindled a quickening flame. There was no mystery here—no special call. It was simply that these men, in the beginning, saw the world as a field of boundless opportunity, and life as a span of years in which to grow and make the most of themselves. It was such a vision as any boy might have—and their pathway was such as many boys might follow.

When we consider them, and countless other men of achievement in every generation, we know well that the stream of human progress does rise higher than its source, and that Man can raise himself by his *mental* bootstraps.

W. D. Moffat

EDITOR

The Pilgrim's Thanksgiving

By ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

In Puritan New England a year had passed away
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild-fowl, to increase the scanty-fare:—

“Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,
Though ‘the peas be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent
good.’

Who blessed the loaves and fishes and the feast miraculous,
And filled with oil the widow’s cruse, He hath remembered us!

“Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, ‘Give us our daily bread!’
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land’s Thanksgiving Day.”

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the brake,
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes with
tears were dim—

“The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!”

Then Bradford stood up at their head, and lifted up his voice:
“The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least,
Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast!”

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

FOR PILGRIM HISTORY

HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH PLANTATION	- - - - -	By William Bradford
THE MAYFLOWER AND HER LOG	- - - - -	By Azel Ames
ROMANCE OF THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS	- - - - -	By Albert C. Addison
THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS	- - - - -	By E. J. Carpenter
THE PILGRIMS IN THEIR THREE HOMES	- - - - -	By W. E. Griffis
THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR HISTORY	- - - - -	By Roland G. Usher

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of *The Mentor*.



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THE MENTOR



DECEMBER, 1920

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE

A Christmas Number Devoted to the Home

By LORINDA M. BRYANT

Author and Critic

OLD FAVORITES, beautiful gravure reproductions of famous paintings, "Homekeeping Hearts Are Happiest," "Breaking Home Ties," "Cosy Corner" and others. The story of these pictures and the artists who painted them.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS told in special articles in this number.

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JANUARY MENTOR

A VISIT TO PORTO RICO

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

PORTO RICO is not only one of the scenic beauty spots of the world, but it is also an amazing natural wonder. The island is made up of the summits of oceanic mountains. Together with Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica and other West Indian islands, it is part of a mountain chain that is now entirely submerged, and which extends under the ocean as far as the Isthmus of Panama. This mountain chain rises a little north of Porto Rico almost perpendicularly from the depths of the ocean 27,000 feet to sea level—then thousands of feet in the air above water. The depths of water around Porto Rico are the greatest known.

In the January number of The Mentor Mr. Elmendorf gives a delightful account of a visit to Porto Rico, accompanied by many beautiful pictures and interesting sub-articles, descriptive of various phases of Porto Rican life. In this superb number Porto Rico is seen not only as a beautiful island of the West Indies, but also as a new member of Uncle Sam's family. Most interesting and instructive accounts are given of the history of the island from its discovery by Columbus down to the surrender of it by the Spanish in 1898, with clear, simple accounts of the progressive work done in developing the Island, the improvements in government, education, hygiene, and business methods. A rich, entertaining, instructive and beautifully illustrated number.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Mentor, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1920. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee W. Maxwell, who, after being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Mentor, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, W. D. Moffat, 114-116 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, W. D. Moffat, 114-116 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.; General Business Manager, Lee W. Maxwell, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) The Crowell Publishing Company, a New Jersey Corporation; American Lithographic Co., New York, N. Y.; Thomas Denny, Henry K. Pomroy, H. Arthur Pomroy and Charles N. Newcombe (all residents of New York City, N. Y.), partners doing business under the firm name of Denny, Pomroy & Co.; Louis Ettinger, New York, N. Y.; Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Joseph P. Knapp, New York, N. Y.; Florence Lamont, New York, N. Y.; Arthur H. Lockett, New York, N. Y.; Antoinette K. Miller, New York, N. Y.; John S. Phillips, New York, N. Y.; Henry K. Pomroy and H. Arthur Pomroy (residents of New York City, New York) and A. H. Lockett (a resident of Englewood, New Jersey), partners doing business under the name of Pomroy Bros.; Ida M. Tarbell, New York, N. Y.; J. W. Walter, The New York Times, New York, N. Y.; Irwin Untermyer, New York, N. Y.; Alvin Untermyer, New York, N. Y.; Alvin and Irwin Untermyer, Trustees for Irene Myers Richter, New York, N. Y.; William Scott, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are as follows: (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the Company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the Company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the Company as trustee hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. (5) That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only). Lee W. Maxwell, General Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1920. Mary B. Lambkin, notary public, New York County Clerk's No. 5, New York Register No. 9035. My commission expires March 30, 1921.

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WILLIAM LEWIS

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE



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MOTHER AND CHILD

In painting this exquisite conception of maternity, George de Forest Brush has given us portraits of his own wife and child. Pictures of similar design and appeal, by the same artist, and with the same models, are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.



Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries

THE FAMILY, BY IVÁN G. OLINSKY

*Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Gaze upon her living eyes,
Mirror back her love for thee.*

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THE MENTOR

VOL. 8

SERIAL NUMBER 214

No. 18

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE

BY

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

Author of "American Pictures and their Painters," "What Pictures to See in Europe," etc.

NOTHING is more wholesome in the art of our American painters than their home pictures. In these the artists delight to emphasize the subtle influence of simple incidents in our daily lives.

A new home begins with the marriage ceremony, under the law, and rightfully ends in eternity. Vitally important as the ceremony is, it is so largely conventional that an interesting picture of it is not easy to make.

Originality of arrangement in recording a wedding, except in a very limited degree, is impossible, yet Gari Melchers has achieved success by picturing the very formality of the marriage ceremony. He has gripped the fundamentals of marriage. No one can look at his picture of "Marriage" without feeling the simple, elemental truths underlying the beginnings of a home—faith, self-control and constancy. That young man and young woman, now man and wife, are bigger than the conventional sur-

roundings because Mr. Melchers sees deeper than orange blossoms and veil, dress suit and button-hole bouquet.

Mr. Melchers' home scenes are simply deluged with color—they are a riot of rainbow tints. In fact, we would be impatient at the prodigality in this day of simple decoration were we not overpowered by the personality of the individuals in the homes he paints.

Mr. Melchers is a native of Detroit. He was trained in Paris but, contrary to his critics of a quarter century ago, Americanism is most pronounced in the splendid vigor of his art.

Carl Marr, a native of Milwaukee, never painted anything finer than the picture called "Silent Devotion." The play of light on the young wife's figure is a master-stroke. Her simple dress is beautiful in its fitness, and the expression of detachment in face and posture gives a sense of spiritual insight untroubled by questioning doubts. How forcefully the forgotten

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE



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HAPPY DAYS
BY ELIZABETH NOURSE



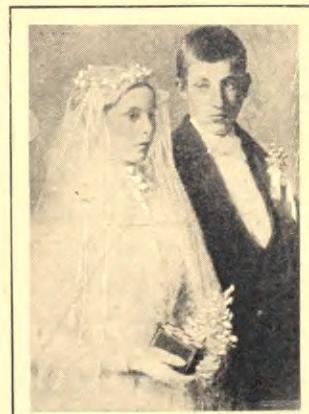
ELEANOR WITH HER DOLL
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

pipe and unturned leaves tell of the quickened interest in the Scriptures!

John W. Alexander holds a unique place in American art. He was a law unto himself, and yet was not erratic in an age of many strange art movements. His remarkable perception of color value, of atmospheric effect and of decorative pattern made him specially sensitive to pictorial quality. His pictures always have the charm of originality. In fact, his portrayal of personality is so pronounced that the term "Alexandrian" has been coined to express his peculiar genius. This is as true in little daily incidents as in the sketch of the father, mother and baby (page 12). A father stops to look at his baby and then imprints a kiss on the uplifted head of the mother before he passes on.



Copyright Gutmann and Gutmann
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS
BY ELIZABETH GUTMANN



Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.
MARRIED
BY GARI MELCHERS

It would be difficult to think of Alexander as not belonging to the ages. His portraits are masterpieces of simplicity.

Often the main canvas is scarcely more than stained, yet the whole picture is full of the quivering vitality of life.

Elizabeth Nourse, though she resembles Mary Cassatt in her art work, is as individual in her way of working as the older woman herself. The composition of the little family group in

"Happy Days" and the broad handling of the coarse simple clothes are obvious touches of Miss Nourse's art. She always chooses homely, everyday incidents to illustrate special problems of living. Sentimental nonsense finds no place in her dealing with children. Her firm, sure brush-work brings to the front the common sense of steady home-training. Her



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

TWO BOYS, BY ALBERT HERTER

work is taking firm hold of the seeing public because it is founded on true lines.

George DeForest Brush has given us pictures of Mrs. Brush and their children, beginning with the first baby and continuing until five very much alive youngsters look out at us in roguish appeal. Was ever a home more overflowing with restless, frolicsome jubilation than radiates from these young models?

Mr. Brush's intimate knowledge of his own growing family is reflected in his numerous pictures of the development of the little group. Here is an artist who is ever calling our attention to the undertones that are directing and molding the future citizen, under the watchful care of the parents' eye.

GROWING UP IN THE HOME

When Ivan Olinsky painted "The Family" he betrayed his adoption of American ideals. The mother and two children

have the traits that true freedom brings to family life. In whatever Mr. Olinsky portrays, his color is rich and warm, his people are alive and his composition is that of one who glimpses pictures in fleeting events.

Cecilia Beaux is particularly happy in her pictures of youth. Her young people live, not as types, but as ones to be reckoned with in the home. Ernesta, (in the Metropolitan Museum of Art), shows Miss Beaux' wonderful skill in picturing character. What a wholesome ideal of the American girl the artist has given us. Simple in dress, controlled in manner, alert to the call of the hour. The artist's interpretation of youth with her white palette full of light is as vital and distinct as youth itself.

As we look at the Gilder sisters in "The Dancing Lesson," we sense the rhythm of the gliding steps, the lights and shades of the falling folds and balancing figures. The canvas is full of color



THE DANCING LESSON
BY CECILIA BEAUX



SILENT DEVOTION, BY CARL MARR

and movement. Never has Miss Beaux made a more winsome picture.

Was ever a window-seat fuller of young America than this one, showing "Two Boys" taking their ease at home? Albert Herter has caught the spirit of indolence that Youth so naturally assumes. There is nothing of the weakling in these splendid specimens of growing young animals. Mr. Herter, though specially interested in illustrative work, has nevertheless given in these boys' portraits likenesses that help us to understand better those tender words of Wordsworth in "The Brothers":—

*They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's heart.*

When Whistler reveals inherited tendencies the psychologist may well take notice. Grandmother, mother, granddaughter, could no more be divorced from each in these pictures, "At the Piano" and "My Mother," than the artist himself was divorced from America because he ended his days in Europe. It was my privilege

to hear John W. Alexander say in substance, holding a letter from Whistler in his hand:

"Whistler told his mother upon leaving America that he would come home to her when he had made a success—but financial success did not come and that kept him from returning to America." His mother went to him and they now lie side by side over there. It was twenty years before his

mother's picture found a purchaser—then the French nation bought it for the Luxembourg Museum. It was offered to us for five hundred dollars, but we, in our stupidity, refused a masterpiece.

The poise of the head is the same in the mother playing the piano and the child listening as that of the grandmother who is hearing lingering melodies long since past. As we look into the faces of the three generations we see that Whistler has not



AT THE PIANO
BY JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER

only painted portraits of his mother, his sister (Mrs. Seymour Haden), and his niece, but that he has gently revealed something of his own inner self.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Bulging stockings, eager children flitting about, and a tree twinkling with lighted candles and silver stars appears. We all look forward to Christmas morning. Why? Because of the children—God bless them.

Elizabeth Gutmann has captivated our hearts with her children—and they are *her* children, too. She first began with her nieces, lovely pictures they were; but these later darlings are her own. We may be sure that "The First Christmas" is the beginning of a series of happy Christmas mornings in the life of this little tot.

Mrs. Gutmann has illustrated many books. "But," she said, several years



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE DAUGHTER'S RETURN, BY ROBERT MACCAMERON

ago, "I think—in fact, I am sure—that I prefer originating subjects to illustrating incidents already begotten. I love children and I love to sketch them."

Again John W. Alexander compels our attention by his lovely little daughter and her doll. It was my joy to see this portrait of "Eleanor and her Doll," when first exhibited in New York City about 1903. It delighted the public. As a picture this is one of Alexander's most charming productions.

An Englishman once said of John Singer Sargent, "As the Americans say, 'he works like a steam engine.'" Really the children in his portrait picture—The Misses Boit—act as though they were hypnotized, watching him as he "dashes it off right carelessly." Certainly this is "arrested action," in truth. And what a lovely pattern, decorative in every particular! The dress of the little girls is simplicity itself. Then the room—the tall vase. Who but Mr.



In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

**PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER
BY JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER**

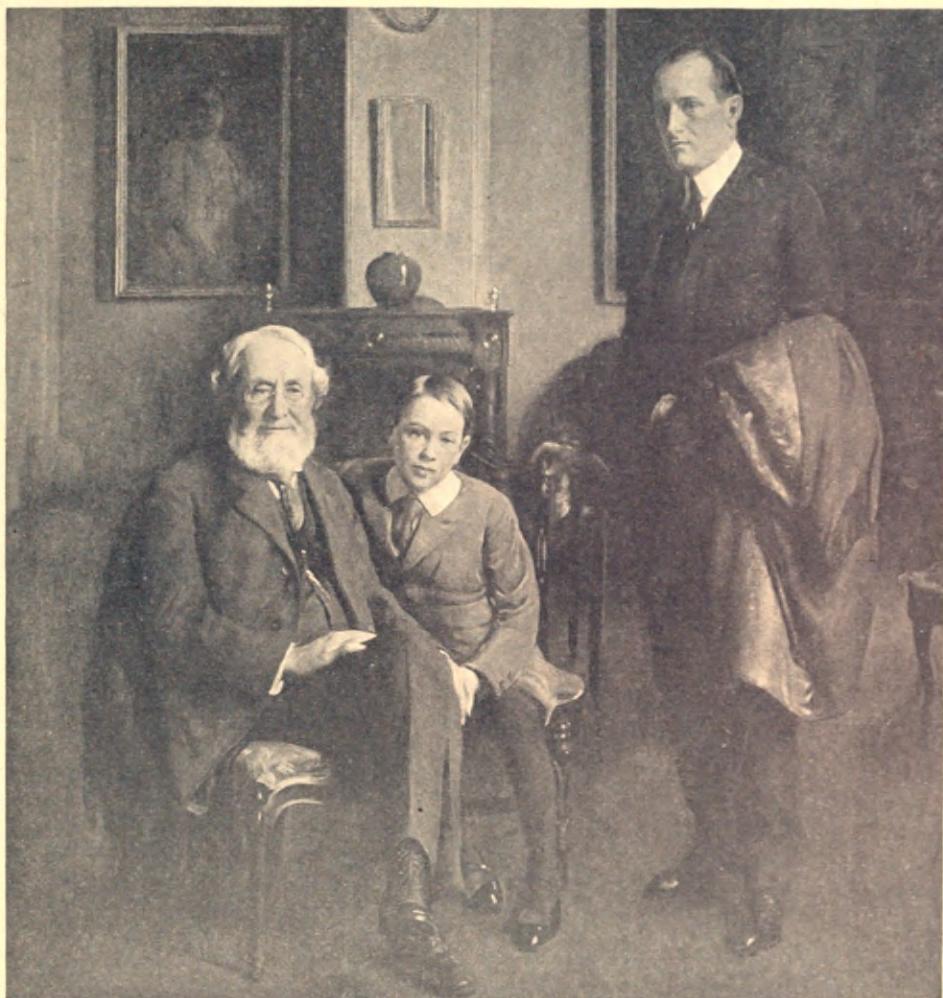


THE MISSES BOIT, BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Sargent would have thought of a scattered group or would have dared to paint it if they had? Scattered! Those children are so vital that they actually live before our eyes.

The spontaneity of William M. Chase's pictures is one of their greatest charms. Someone laughingly said that his household was ever in a state of preparedness so that no sudden inspiration of his should be

lost for lack of a subject. One can easily believe it, for he has literally caught this group unawares in a never-to-be-forgotten picture. It has all the elements of a great picture as Mr. Chase himself states them. He said, "I maintain that they are three in number—truth, interesting treatment, and quality." We may add "home-spirit" to his list in this particular picture.



THREE FRIENDS, BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

Mr. Chase's quick perception of just the right moment in catching the natural pose, was amusingly illustrated by his little daughter. One day as she stood by the window looking at the sky, she called, "Papa, come quickly! here's a cloud posing for you."

Mr. Chase always stood for dignified reserve and insistent originality, both as teacher and artist.

SPECIAL SCENES IN THE HOME

Memory is constantly registering bits of home life that later "flash upon that inward eye," and when artists with quickened perceptions portray these special scenes a haunting sense of the actual occurrence warms our hearts. The young women pouring tea and reading the leaves, as William M. Paxton pictures them, almost photographically, bring before

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE



THE PICTURE BOOK, BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

us many an afternoon of friendly chat
Over the Teacups.

Edmund C. Tarbell's mastery of interiors is most effective. Mr. Tarbell's art receives full appreciation on another page of this issue, with reproductions of two of his best known pictures.

A charming home center where the sentiment of loyalty is paramount I found in "The Jewel Box" (page 28). A home setting of his own, of rare bits of old masterpieces, of luscious colored stuffs, of tea table presided over by a winsome wife, of a joyous child just hovering at the border of her teens, are the incentives that prompt Henry R. Rittenberg to paint such scenes as the jewel box. Mr. Rittenberg unites, "Beauty of

young in years and growing in knowledge.

Joseph De Camp was a pupil of Frank Duveneck and consequently his initial training savors of Munich, though his own individuality has saved him from the deadening influence of modern German art. When Mr. De Camp paints a portrait it is a physical likeness of the individual, but not always a picture. If it were not for the composition and picture of a real boy these three friends could hardly hold us. But that boy alone compels our attention. He is the real actor, the others are very much "posed."

A MINOR NOTE IN THE HOME

When Robert MacCameron painted "The Daughter's Return" he touched a cord in the



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art
ERNESTA
BY CECILIA BEAUX

parent-heart of all countries and all time. Few have recorded that age-old problem more gently. The mother-pity that sought out the child, yet held firm to the principle, "go, sin no more," is stamped on the wrinkled face and set chin; the crushed and bleeding heart of the doting father, who could believe no wrong of his favorite, and the strange look of mingled grief and desperate, clinging faith in the face of the daughter, make a most affecting picture.

Is this really a minor note that Robert Spencer has given us in "*The Auction*"? Is it not rather the breaking up of former customs to give scope to a bigger life outside the old narrow limits? What character study is in this gathering! The larger boy might well be Mr. Spencer himself, when school days were most distasteful but life lessons were sinking deep into his soul, lessons that have borne marvelous fruit in his pictures of the homely, the commonplace and the humble. Nothing is unlovely under his brush.

Mr. Spencer, born in Harvard, Nebraska, 1879, is opening our eyes to the beauties of many a canal front,



THE AUCTION, BY ROBERT SPENCER

broken bridge and weather-beaten home. We need such strong, robust painters to teach us the real worth of the simple, ordinary things of life.

HOME CENTERS

Eastman Johnson's pictures of the Old South can never be duplicated. They are authentic records of old slave quarters preserving the picturesque quaintness of the time before the Civil War. Mr. Johnson's "*Old Kentucky Home*," reproduced in this number, is a typical example of his art.



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art
TEA LEAVES
BY WILLIAM M. PAXTON



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THE PASSING OF THE FARM, BY W. L. TAYLOR

mammy against the wall of the room, opens long vistas in our minds, of other open fires—tender memories of home life and family love.

Many of our artists are giving us intimate pictures of home centers, in various parts of our country. Possibly no one is doing more to help us understand our really true native Americans in the mountains and valleys of Kentucky than James R. Hopkins, whose work is described elsewhere in this number. He went into the Cumberlands in search of the picturesque and remained as the friend and revealer of that rugged, strange people.

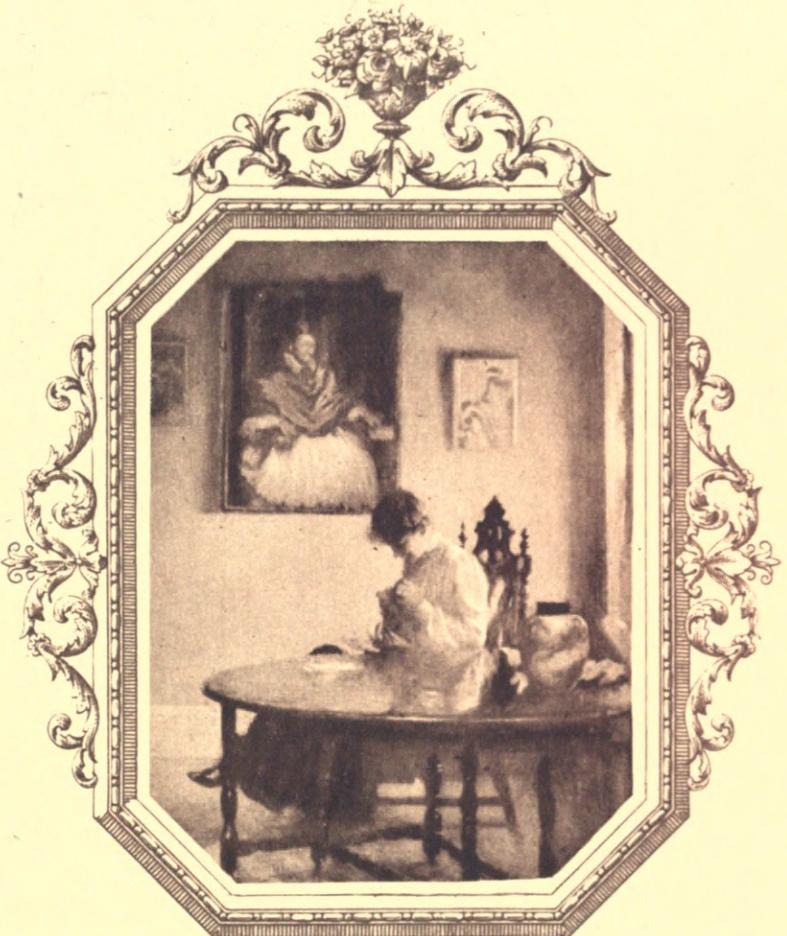
Then we have artists living among the Indians interpreting for us their strength and helping them

against inherited tendencies. Of course the picture quality comes first with the true artist, but his habit of looking into the soul of life gives him the power of revealing the meaning of things beyond what we see.

Other artists are using crowded city centers and by their pictures of home life and living conditions—wonderful just as pictures—are opening our eyes and hearts to the human element in life. Hovenden in his "Breaking Home Ties" and Millet's "Cosy Corner" are not more eloquent in the home call than are all artists who see life in the living. We need our artists. They lift us out of the sordid and give us visions of Beauty and of Truth to interpret the good in civilization.



THE FAMILY
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W.
ALEXANDER



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GIRL CROCHETING, BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

EASTMAN JOHNSON



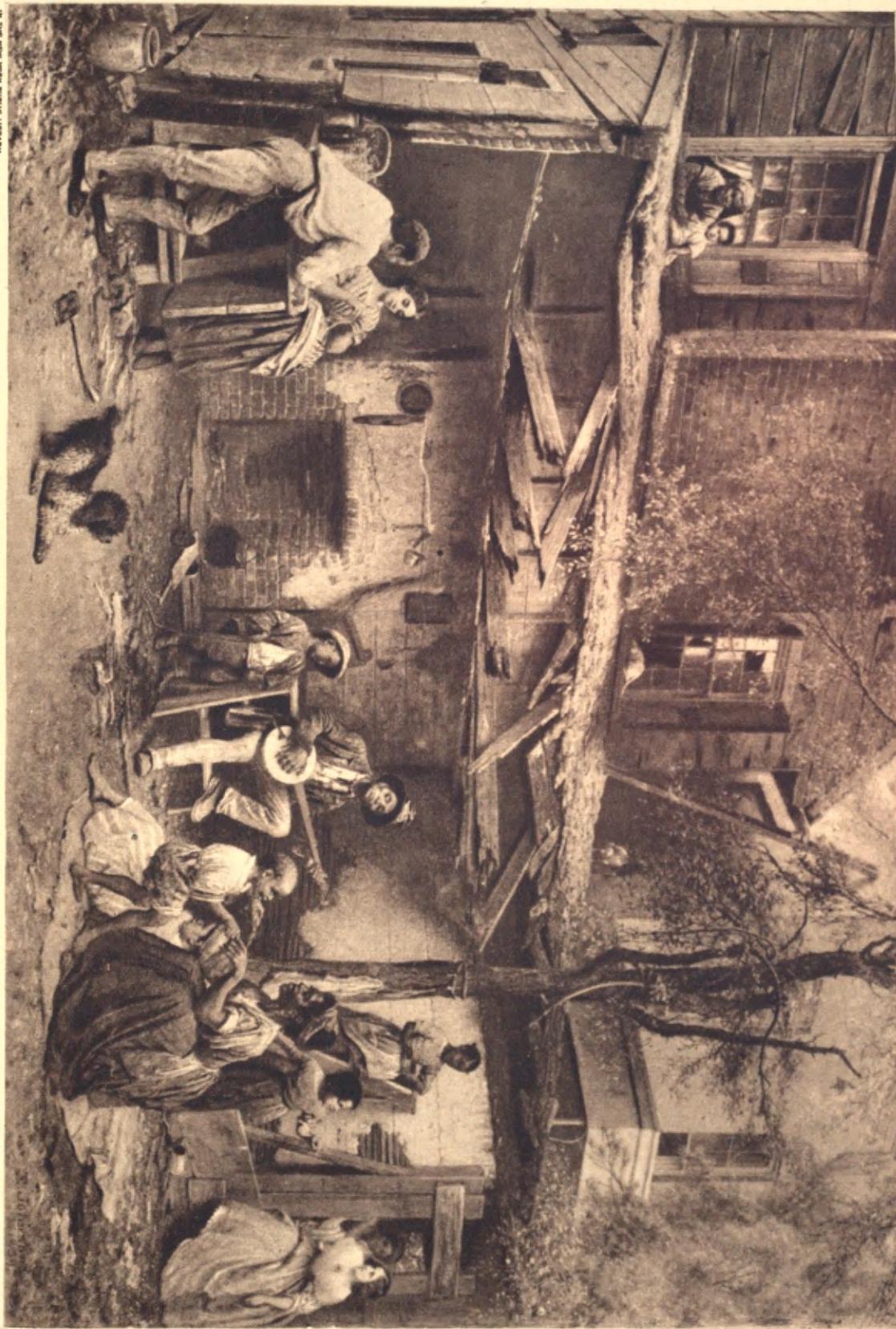
THE pioneer among painters of domestic American scenes was Eastman Johnson, born in Lovell, Maine, in 1824. When still in his teens he had the privilege of painting the portraits of some of the most celebrated men in New England. Many of his distinguished sitters were friends of his father, who for thirty years held the office of Secretary of State in Maine. As someone has remarked, the voluminous collection of paintings left by Eastman Johnson was really a record of his own life, from his student days abroad to the time of his death at the venerable age of eighty-two, when he was still at the height of his powers. For years he traveled widely, and everywhere he went he painted impressions of the people he saw.

Among various contrasting groups of *genre* (domestic) pictures are a number of scenes related to Indian life in the Lake Superior country. During the early sixties it was the artist's habit to spend the winter in the New England woods and the summer months in the South, painting battlefields and Southern folk scenes. What a joyous revel is "Old Kentucky Home"—darkies singing and courting beneath tumble-down balconies, while, unseen, the young mistress of the "big house" looks on. And how tempting is the "Call to Dinner"! The ample figure in the open cottage appetizingly suggests an ability to bring corn cake and chicken to just the right shade of golden brown.

When we leave these sunny pictures and go North with Eastman Johnson, we find him equally happy in portraying "The Corn Husker," "The Cranberry Harvest," and the typical life of Maine sugar camps. When he was making ready to paint the important canvas, "Sugaring Off," he had a cabin built on wheels and warmed by a stove. In this he drove about from one maple sugar camp to another, and made sketches, at his convenience, of the sap-gatherers and the men that boiled the juice of the trees, and of the girls' and boys that made merry about the fires and the great syrup kettles, and carried on their love affairs under the snow-laden boughs of the maple trees.

Quite as interesting in their way are this artist's pictures of old-time kitchens, among them the kitchen at Mount Vernon before the mansion was restored. One of the pictures best known to American children is of the boy Lincoln reading by the light of the hearthfire in his frontier home.

No painter ever had a more sincere love of home life than Eastman Johnson. How intimately he conveys the feeling of naive excitement in such paintings as "Hide and Seek" and "Children Playing in a Barn"; and with what complete understanding he has entered into the pleasure of the hilarious group disporting themselves about the Old Stagecoach, abandoned in a farmyard.



FRANCIS D. MILLET



AN artist greatly loved by men of various ages and conditions of life was Francis David Millet, familiarly known to his circle of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic as "Frank" Millet. There was world-wide mourning when the wires carried the news in April, 1912, that he had gone down on the *Titanic*. At the time, he was returning from Rome, where he was director of the American Academy of Art—a position for which he was eminently suited as a capable artist and equally efficient executive.

"Frank" Millet came of stirring old colony stock. Like Eastman Johnson, he was a native of Maine. His birth date was November 3, 1846. His mother was a descendant of John Alden and other vigorous New England pioneers. From her he inherited his sparkling dark eyes and vivid nature. He was a man companionable, scholarly, witty, and strikingly gifted in being able to do well whatever he turned his attention to. He seemed as well suited to the career of a practical business man as to the life of an artist. An achievement that brought him to favorable popular notice was the direction of Decorations and Entertainment at the World's Fair, Chicago. The rapidity with which he accomplished his broad-sweeping plans; his genial, democratic methods in dealing with hundreds of employees, and the genius displayed in the mural works he executed for great Exposition halls won enthusiastic appreciation from his associates and from visitors at the Fair.

In his youth Millet studied at Harvard, and then did newspaper work. He made his mark as a war correspondent during the war between Russia and Turkey, 1877-1878. William Dean Howells was so impressed by his literary style that he urged him to give up his ambition to become an artist, and devote himself to writing short stories; but the versatile Millet could not resist the impulse to paint. As a student at the Royal Academy at Antwerp he gained honor medals early in his course.

While traveling in England, the American painter was attracted by an old abbey in the ancient village of Broadway, Worcestershire. He bought and restored it, and there, amid idyllic surroundings, he painted a number of interiors of the time of the Puritans. His pictures tell a story with so sure and appealing a touch that reproductions of his canvases have found a place in many of our homes. Those that have had widest sale are scenes of old-time life—white-washed rooms, peopled by men and maids in seventeenth and eighteenth-century costume, and quiet corners that invite one to muse upon the charm of bygone days.



IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

A COSY CORNER, BY FRANCIS D. MILLET

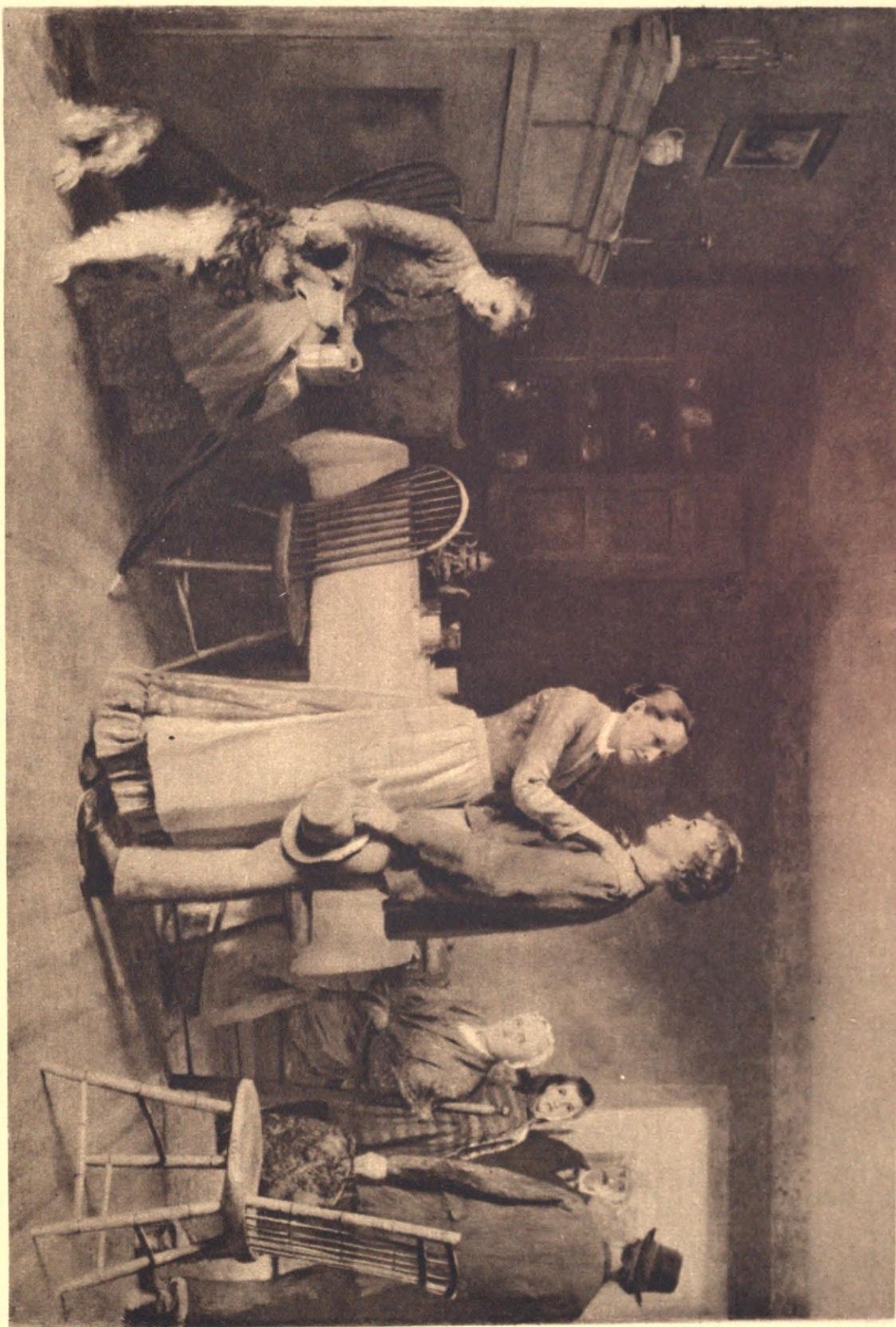
THOMAS HOVENDEN



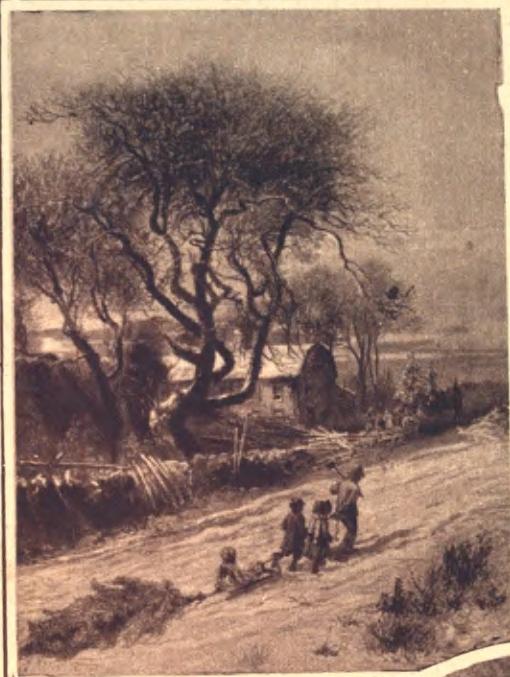
A STORY-PICTURE as popular as any ever exhibited in America is Thomas Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties." In this portrayal of a simple but moving incident in the family circle, Hovenden reached the height of his ability as an interpreter of homely sentiment. He painted a diversity of subjects,—varying from "Brittany Woman Spinning" to the somewhat fearsome "Last Moments of John Brown." But he had special appeal as a painter of domestic life; and, because of this gift, he has a prominent place among Painters of American Home Life, though he was not an American by birth.

Thomas Hovenden was a native of County Cork, Ireland. In the year 1863, when he was twenty-three, the young Irishman crossed the ocean, and, establishing himself in New York, worked at the old Academy of Design. A few years later he went to Paris and studied at the renowned School of Fine Arts. When his apprenticeship was ended he cast about to find a congenial field for his artistic endeavor. But in this he was for some time unsuccessful. He lived in picturesque parts of France and painted interiors and landscapes. His ambitious canvas, "Elaine," was a complex composition of figures, but was criticized as being "laborious and frigid." Hovenden's experience shows how vital it is for an artist to select the right medium for the expression of his talents. His work attracted only passing attention until he began to produce a series of pictures of Negro life in the South. These studies were not always as effective as Eastman Johnson's, yet they truthfully reflected the amusing habits of the darkies. "Dat Possum Smell Pow'ful Good," "Chloe and Sam," and "Dem Was Good Old Times" were followed by "The Village Blacksmith" and "In from the Meadows."

It is not given to many artists to touch the heart of poor and rich, old and young as Thomas Hovenden touched America's heart through his now famous canvas, "Breaking Home Ties." In the summer and fall of 1893 there were few visitors to the Chicago Columbian Exposition that returned to their homes without the name of this picture on their lips. Its appeal was as universal as mother love and youth's ambition. In the gallery where it hung, there was always a press of people who scanned with eager sympathy the features of the mother and her son, saying their dry-eyed farewell. "Bringing Home the Bride" was another favorite of the public at the Fair. Two years later this kindly, gifted artist sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl from death beneath the wheels of a locomotive, near Norristown, Pennsylvania.



BREAKING HOME TIES. BY THOMAS HOVENDEN



HAULING IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE
BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD



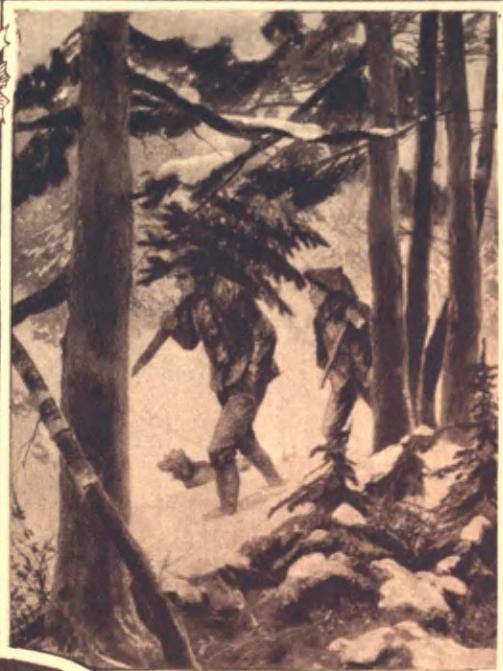
BREAKFAST
BY ELIZABETH P. GUTMANN
CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBS.



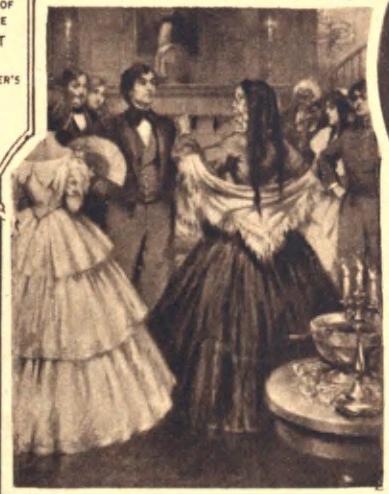
CHRISTMAS EVE, BY LEON MORAN

AMONG artists that have pictured American life, no one has found a larger and more appreciative public than A. B. Frost. Royal Cortissoz, writer on art subjects, calls him "a social historian, whose work is not only an expression of his own temperament, but also of much that goes to make up our daily life. To be in the company of his pictures is like being in the company of human beings we all know, with the difference that Mr. Frost never fails to make the experience amusing. The picture printed above is a characteristic example of Mr. Frost's vividly realistic art. His figures do not

live because they have charm. They charm because they are alive. Who has drawn the typical gaunt farmer of our countryside, the bearded and becapped idler around the stove of the crossroad store, the sunbonneted maids and wives o



FOR
HOLIDAYS
STORY OF
HUNTING
FROST
ED BY
COLLIER'S
MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH, BY E. D. STEVENS



SUPPER
BY E. G. FOSBERRY
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New England and their rural gatherings with the truth and humor of Arthur Frost?"

Born in Philadelphia, Frost worked as a boy in a lithographer's shop. He was plodding along, a shy youth, ambitious but without self confidence, when he met a friend who started him down the road to a prosperous career. He secured for his young protégé a place on the *New York Graphic* in 1875. Later, Frost worked in the art department at Harper and Brothers, with E. A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, and Charles Reinhart as fellow illustrators. He discovered in himself a vein of homely sentiment, and resolved to make his name as a portrayer of everyday American types.

Frost holds a distinguished place in American illustrative art. His subjects range from negro life to the sport of gentleman hunters and their dogs. As a pen-and-brush humorist he is without a superior.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR



IN a manner all his own, J. Alden Weir put on canvas the cheerful comfort of the farmhouse, the wholesome tints of planted fields, the warmth of the sun quivering above New England pastures. With equal skill he individualized the brown, straight-limbed men that till the fields. Such canvases as "Ploughing for Buckwheat," "Upland Pasture," and "Midday Rest in New England" speak to us in the strongest personal accents. We know them for our own. This painter expressed himself in terms that were understandable to his own countrymen. He studied for a time in Europe, but when he came home he painted the life of the people about him—not pictures of the places he had left behind, as so many American artists do.

As a boy, Alden Weir grew up at West Point, where his father, Robert W. Weir, was for forty-two years instructor in drawing at the Military Academy. An older brother, John Ferguson Weir, has been director of the Art School at Yale University since 1869, and is represented in various American museums by works in both painting and sculpture.

"Refinement of conception,—robust yet subtle," marked the pictures turned out by Weir as a pupil under the great Gérôme, in Paris. He drew inspiration from the work of French painters who in their time were thought revolutionary in their handling of light and color. He got impressionistic effects, but without radical methods. That was the charm of Weir—his ability to take the good from a variety of methods and conform it to his own tastes and ideas. His paintings of American women, and homes, and outdoor scenes are executed with such skill that the casual observer is unconscious of the amazing technic underlying them. He wove a tapestry of beautiful tones suggesting harmony and spirituality—characteristics that invariably distinguished the creations of his long and notable career.

Weir was born in 1852 and died in December, 1919. He had great distinction as a painter, and was frequently honored by awards and commissions. One of the honors that came to him late in life was the presidency of the National Academy. "There was no one like Weir," says a life-long friend. "He was a master artist, and a master of hearts as well—always ready to help wherever he could. Outside his studio he was happiest fishing, and as an angler he was as canny as Izaak Walton himself."

Weir was sincerely admired by painters of all schools. Though he was markedly individual, he was never an extremist, and his genius for bringing out the native beauty of every vision he transcribed to canvas set him high above the rank and file of the American school of painters.



IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

IDLE HOURS, BY J. ALDEN WEIR

WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR



AS an illustrator of American life and an artist of exceptional attainments, William Ladd Taylor has a special claim to be named among the group of American painters that have commemorated scenes essentially national. "To paint pictures of vital human interest and sentiment, coupled with pictorial possibilities," is his avowed delight. His types, "as veracious as they are interesting," have been drawn from the life of New England, the South, and the West. It is his sympathy with the emotions of everyday folk and his perception of romance in plain places that

have won for his pictures their place in our esteem. It has been with him a labor of love to present with fidelity the environment, manners and costumes of times that have all too quickly vanished. "His figures stand firmly on their feet," says an appreciative critic. "They move, live, act, and feel. His pictures have the true ring of nationality. The series devoted to the Nineteenth Century in New England has peculiar value as an historical record in pictorial form of a period of enormous importance. Equally precious, as documents in the history of the conquest of the American continent, is the series of the West, depicting pioneer home-makers. A charming, romantic phase of American life and history is recorded in the series entitled, 'Those Days in Old Virginia.'"

The most beloved of Mr. Taylor's illustrative works are those comprised in the two Longfellow groups, among them, "The Children's Hour," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Hanging of the Crane" (one of the most familiar of home pictures), and "Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest."

This artist, who has listened with so acute an ear to the pulse-beat of national sentiment, was born in 1854 in Grafton, Massachusetts. His art education was obtained in Boston, New York and Paris. His home is in the delightful old town of Wellesley, in his native State. Asked to name his own favorite among his pictures Mr. Taylor replies, "A man's opinion of his own work may have little value, but, although it is too sad a picture to contain any of the elements of popularity, 'The Passing of the Farm' seems to me to be one of the most notable things that I have done. It is the outcome of my love for the country life of old New England; for many generations of my own people have been thoroughbred New Englanders, and my own youth was spent on the upland pastures of the Massachusetts hills. The pathos of the abandoned farm has always moved me deeply. I have been an enthusiastic collector of furniture, tools and costumes of those earlier days. The hand loom of my great great grandmother, the fireplace of a seventeenth-century house with all its accompanying furniture, or the old benches of a district school, worn smooth by the squirming of many a sturdy youngster, are all of great interest to me, and always with the thought of their pictorial value and significance."



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HOME-KEEPING HEARTS ARE HAPPIEST, BY W. L. TAYLOR

EDMUND C. TARBELL



IN Edmund Tarbell we acknowledge a master of "modern genre." His people and backgrounds are frankly related to the life of today. The women he poses so exquisitely, reading, or bending over a delicate bit of handiwork, are creatures of the moment, who, like as not, after their period of repose, will play a game of tennis, paddle a canoe, or preside at a well-appointed tea-table.

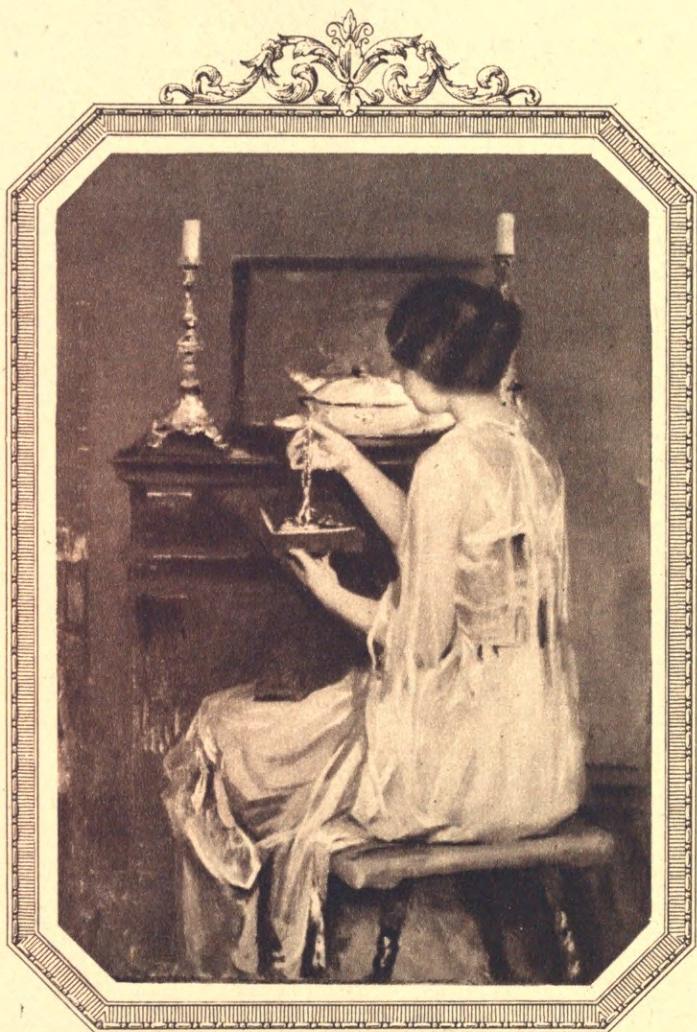
Even the pictures Tarbell painted in his student days have a look of freshness and modernity. This, in great part, is due to his superlative drawing. He is a master draughtsman, as well as a master of "design." As a layman would express it, "He puts his pictures together in a way that pleases." He knows how to arrange lines and angles that delight the eye. The oft-reproduced "Girl Crocheting" is one of a number of works that illustrate Tarbell's genius for composing figures in well-designed interiors, and in manipulating a quality of light and air that seems to envelop and permeate the objects it touches. Many of his admirers think that the tranquil and luminous canvas, "Girls Reading," is Tarbell at his best. Certainly he has never done a more subtle study in shadow and illumination, nor a more engaging group of gentlewomen at their ease. If it does not convey as true a sense of native home life as the interiors of Dutch masters, like Vermeer of Delft or Pieter de Hooghe, it nevertheless suggests these masters in sheer beauty and lustrous technic.

Quite a surprising number of our representative interpreters of American homes were born in New England. In West Groton, Massachusetts, Tarbell first opened his eyes on the world not quite sixty years ago. Before he had passed the kindergarten age he felt the urge to draw. "I always drew," he says. "When I got to be about ten, I decided to be an artist. In my modest way I decided that I was going to be the best one that ever lived." When the weather was too inclement to play out of doors, he was content to stay in and paint imaginary marines. At fifteen he quite deliberately "got himself expelled" from school, so he might give his youth to art. His mother wisely placed him in a Boston lithographic plant, where for three years he earned next to nothing, but had practical schooling in the mechanics of drawing and painting. Finally he was sent to art schools in Boston and Paris. For twenty-three years he was a guiding influence in the schools of drawing and painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is now principal of the school of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington. During a crowded lifetime he has achieved portraits and interiors that have confirmed the opinion of fellow painters, critics, and the public, that Tarbell is among the ablest of living painters.

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GIRLS READING, BY EDMUND C. TARRELL





COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

THE JEWEL BOX, BY HENRY R. RITTENBERG

THE STORY OF "CHRISTMAS BELLS"

WE all know this beautiful picture. It is doubtful if any American painting has had a more popular vogue than Mr. Blashfield's "Christmas Bells." It is almost a "household picture." We give here the story of the origin of the great painting, as it comes directly from an interview with the artist.

At the time the picture was painted Mr. Blashfield was living in Paris. The study for the bells was made from those in Giotto's (jot'-to) tower, in Florence, and principally from the bells in the church of Saint Laumer, in Blois (France), which is now called the Church of St. Nicolas. As we leave the magnificent Château of Blois (blwah) we enter a lane and descend to the old abbey-church, which is the finest in Blois, built in 1138-1210.

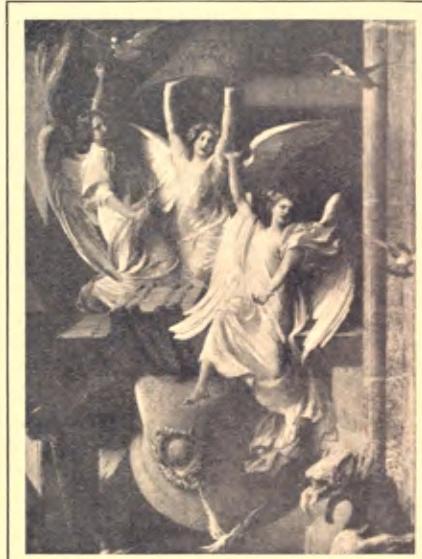
Mr. Blashfield, when asked how he got the idea of the angels, turned to John Addington Symonds' charming "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe," and pointed to the chapter entitled "Thoughts in Rome about Christmas," and read: "Angels, ever since the Exodus, played a first part in the visions of the Hebrew prophets and in the lives of their heroes. We know not what reminiscences of old Egyptian genii, what strange shadows of the winged beasts of Persia, flitted through their dreams. In the desert or under the boundless sky of Babylon these shapes became no less distinct than the precise outlines of Oriental scenery. They incarnated the vivid thoughts and intense longings of the prophets, who gradually came to give them human forms and titles. We hear of them by name as servants and attendants upon God, as guardians of nations, and patrons of great men. To the Hebrew mind the whole unseen world was full of spirits, active, strong, and swift of flight, of various aspect, and with power of speech. It is hard to imagine what the first Jewish

disciples and the early Greek and Roman converts thought of these great beings. To us the hierarchies of Dionysius, the services of the Church, the poetry of Dante and Milton, and the forms of art have made them quite familiar. Northern nations have appropriated the angels and invested them with attributes alien to their Oriental origin. They fly through our pine forests and the gloom of cloud or storm; they ride upon our clang-ing bells, and gather in swift squadrons among the arches of Gothic cathedrals; we see them making light in the cavernous depth of woods where sun or moonbeams rarely pierce, and ministering to the wounded and weary: they bear aloft the censors of the mass; they sing in anthems of choristers, and live in strains of poetry and music; our churches bear their names; we call our children by their titles; we love them as our guardians, and the

whole unseen world is made a home to us by their imagined presence."

Mr. Blashfield read these beautiful words and visualized for all time as a master of painting what the master of English had written. We can almost hear the wild clang of the silver-tongued bells as they ring out the message of Christmas.

"Christmas Bells," as painted by Mr. Blashfield, is twelve by sixteen feet. It is hoped that sometime it will form a monument, in a museum, to his great technical skill as a painter, and to his conception of a lofty, poetic idea. The painting was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1891, where it received international recognition as a most inspired picture, and also at our World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, where it was viewed by millions. Mr. Blashfield still has this picture, and its almost countless reproductions give him great pleasure; for it is, indeed, one of the great classics of American painting of the nineteenth century. —A. A. Hopkins



CHRISTMAS BELLS
BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD



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NOWHERE can we find more beautiful pictures of American home life than those made to illustrate Miss Laura Spencer Porter's tender, sympathetic sketches of old times in Virginia, published nearly twenty years ago. These lovely pictures of Mr. Taylor's have both Art and Heart in them. We reproduce two of them here with the following extracts from Miss Porter's text.

"THE CHRISTENING CAKE"

"At last the journey to White Sulphur was begun, but it was two weeks more before the Springs were reached, for in those days journeying in the South invariably meant visiting as well, and there were many homes on the road where the Exeter people must stop for a few days at least; for while the Tidewater families usually went inland to the mountains, to escape the unhealthful shore climate, the Piedmont people kept open house throughout the summer.

"One late summer day, when the maples and lindens and poplars of the Tidewater were taking on the first tinges of gold and crimson, there went up a shout from half a dozen barefooted little negroes playing at the great gate of Exeter.

"At the steps were Mammy and Uncle Ned bowing and smiling and giving welcome. There were guests, too, cousins from the upper James, who, having come a few days before, Mammy and Uncle Ned had urged to remain at Exeter until the return of Colonel Tom and his family; for Mammy and Uncle Ned, in those days of

THE CHRISTEN- ING CAKE

A TREASURED
FAMILY TRADI-
TION OF THE OLD
SOUTH

Reproduced from the
picture by
W. L. TAYLOR

simple ease and hospitality, like other trusted house servants, copied as nearly as they could the cordiality that they saw practised about them, and, in the absence of their people, dispensed a hospitality very little, if any, inferior to that of Colonel Tom and Miss Tom themselves.

"It was good to get back, thought Miss Tom and Miss Matilda. Mammy had put fresh flowers in every room; the polished halls and stairways looked cool and restful, and there was the old familiar odor of lavender in the sleeping-rooms. There were the arduous and exacting household and plantation duties to be taken up, but after the long summer's freedom they were, after all, even grateful.

"Miss Matilda went about making sure of everything, touching into place here and there a chair or picture. Miss Tom, with the little stitched-leather key-basket on her arm, went about among the house-servants and visited the quarters. There was stir and cheer in the cabins, for there were to be feast days soon—a christening, and later a wedding, with Tilly for the bride and Jeff for the lucky groom. This was to be a real 'sho-nuff gret-house weddin' in Marse Tom's big dining-room, with all the added splendor that that implied.

"Two days before the christening, Aunt Christian, personally supervising the huge christening cake, toiled upstairs with a big bowl of yellow cake batter, and took it to each member of the family from Colonel Tom to Baby Betty, that each one should

IN OLD VIRGINIA

MAMMY

A SCENE OF
TENDER HOME
SENTIMENT IN THE
DAYS "BEFORE
THE WAR"

Reproduced from the
picture by
W. L. TAYLOR



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stir it. It was then carried to the quarters, where the mothers of the children to be christened placed the little black hands of their babies about the clumsy wooden spoon handle and gave it a stir to bring the real christening-cake luck."

"MAMMY"

"Honey, you looks tiahed," Mammy said one night, laying logs on the fire in Miss Tom's room and brushing the hearth clean.

"The girl sat on a low hassock watching the blaze. Mammy stood with her hands on her hips, looking anxious; then she took the corner of her apron and wiped her lips absently. At last she let her hand drop with a low, hurt ejaculation:

"Um-umph! de Jimmies ketch me, Honey! You cert'ny does favah your ma, honey, wen you looks a lil' peaked-lek; um-umph, you sholy does favah Miss Alice! You look jes' lek she look dat night she stan' tawkin' tuh hussef on de po'ch, lek I tole you."

"Miss Tom took Mammy's rough hand and drew her to a chintz rockingchair.

"Mammy, tell me about mother and about father." She kept her hand on Mammy's lap and looked back in the fire.

"Lor', honey, ain' I done tole y'everything? It was dat night I tole you 'bout aftuh Marse Tawm done lef' an' done tole huh, I reckon, hukkum he love huh. Marse Tawm cert'ny was owdacious in love wid Miss Alice, but den nigh on ever'buddy was in love wid Miss Alice. Ole Marse Jimmie

Peyton, dey do say, spile Marse Tawm scan'lous so's he reckon he jes' bleege tuh hev whut he tek de notion he's gwina hev. But Miss Alice she mek 'ten' lek she don' keer nuthin' for Marse Tawm. Dat was jes' Miss Alice's way. She cert'ny was proud, Miss Alice was. I recklec' huh standin' in de gyawdin' an' Marse Tawm a-beggin' huh fo' a lil' bitty jazmine she wo' in huh hyar—Miss Alice she did love de yalla crape jazmine, honey—I ain' hyar whut Miss Alice say, but I knowed twa' somethin' smawt an' uppity, 'cause my Miss Alice ain' gwina let nobuddy reckon she love um—dat she ain'. Miss Alice war'n no common sparrer tuh be caught wid hoe-cake crumbs. She'd abrekk-huh hawt, Miss Alice would, 'fo' she'd a-let nobuddy git no idy she love um; yar, ma'am, honey, dat she woulda', lessen dey love huh turrible an' ra'r an' ta'r an' cyar on lek it was de Jedgmen'. Miss Alice sholy was proud, dat she was! Huh lil' bitty foot, as Marse Tawm could hole in de holler o' his han' wen he put huh on huh hoss, dat was proud; an' huh haid o'hyar dat nobuddy but me couldn' comb, sho! ain' she helt it proud! You lek huh, honey child, you sholy is lek huh. All de yong gemmin dey comes a-flockin' lek crows aroos'in, no matta whur you is, ner how fah, jes' lek Miss Alice. An' dey use tuh ride clar frum Richmon' one day, an' back de nex', lek Marse Co'tney an' Marse Shelly do now, jes' fo' to tech Miss Alice han', howdy!"

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A MILLET OF THE MOUNTAINS

JAMES R. HOPKINS' PICTURES OF CUMBERLAND LIFE

JUST as we used to go to Paris for our style *motifs*, and demand the European stamp of approval on musical performers, so it was formerly the vogue for American artists to seek attractive subjects in foreign scenes and figures. Let a student go abroad to pursue his art education, and he lingered among the hedgerows of England and along Italian byways, forgetful of his own woods and pastures. A Breton interior, or a Spanish brigand often had greater charm for our painters than the types and natural beauties of their native land. Of late years, and particularly since the War, a number of our brushmen have returned from Europe to discover their own country. Our native art is consequently enriched by pictures of a new appeal—vigorous and truthful, and comprehensible to Americans through association and tradition.

Occasionally a chronicler of people and customs has the good fortune to find for himself a virgin locality, unpictured as yet by the members of his fraternity. This is what James R. Hopkins has done. Turned out of Paris by the War, after nine years' residence there, he came back to teach and paint in his home city, Cincinnati. During his first summer he went down into the Cumberland Mountains and set up his easel in the wildwoods. As had been his custom in France, he painted largely in the open air. But now his subjects were mountain people of veritable American ancestry, with individual modes of life and thought.

For several summers Mr. Hopkins returned to isolated communities in the highlands of Kentucky, working out fascinating studies of the lean, dark-skinned mountaineers, whom, with difficulty, he persuaded to pose. After a considerable

length of time his neighbors and their friends became less reserved, and finally they came for miles around, on foot and muleback, to look at the pictures he exhibited for their benefit on Sunday mornings.

Often, as he watched from his improvised studio, pictures seemed to form themselves from out the fantastic groups that passed and re-passed his door. And whitewashed buildings furnished effective backgrounds for men and women at work in their homes or on the steep hillsides. "Andy," the local preacher, came to town on weekdays to sell vegetables and poultry from his mountain farm. Mr. Hopkins used to stop him on his way to the store and sketch him as he leaned on the porch railing, with the light of the hot summer day filtering through the background of August leaves. A portrait of this same Andy, lounging against



CHILDREN OF THE CUMBERLAND

the woodshed, ax in hand, was purchased by the Art Institute at Chicago. Mounted on his speckled white mule, in Sunday shirt, and with his Bible under his arm, he was painted again, as he started out to make his circuit. In this picture, "The Mountain Preacher," Mr. Hopkins has to an extraordinary degree "accomplished the appearance of reality."

A "Mountain Courtship" is one of the most interesting canvases contributed by an American artist in recent years. Hopkins has been greatly praised for daring to paint his types exactly as he saw them. He might have made a heroic figure of the bridegroom, but to have done so would have been to sacrifice much of the picture's piquant and elusive appeal. The reality of his drawing—the wistfulness of the fiancée, the weak, good-humored face of the man she is to marry, the mother's stark stride—

the grimness of the group's intention, hold us quite enthralled. The artist saw the trio of the "Mountain Courtship" just as he was leaving one autumn, and during the winter made a sketch from memory of the striking composition. When he returned the next summer he showed the sketch to a number of persons until he identified the original of the mother, daughter and son-in-law—whom he then induced to pose for the picture.

The father of the two little girls who posed for "Children of the Cumberland" used to bring them in every day from their home three miles over the mountains. It was a new and happy experience for them. To amuse them and hold their attention the artist used to give his artless little sitters an orange. They were charmed by its vivid color, but, says Mr. Hopkins, "neither of them could be tempted to eat the strange food."

Mr. Hopkins is the first painter to record with distinction the ingenuous folk of the Cumberland Mountains, though fiction writers long ago discovered the picturesque mountain men and women of Kentucky and have made use of their lore in a variety of tales. The pictures of this Ohio painter are so vividly descriptive of the life of the mountaineers, in spirit as in fact, that they have an important place in the folk annals of America, as well as in the world of painters.

Mr. Hopkins, as yet in the morning of his career, began his art studies in Cincinnati under the guidance of the sterling artist, Frank Duveneck.

In 1904 he married Edna Boies, one of the best known wood block printers in the country. Her very charming prints demonstrate her distin-



MOUNTAIN PREACHER

tive attainments as a colorist, and her knowledge of picture-making qualities made her a helpful co-worker to an artist husband.

A year's trip around the world, on their way to Paris, gave them breadth of interest through the study of the arts of Japan, China, Ceylon and Egypt. During the years that followed, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins worked in their Paris studio during the winters and in the summers painted out of doors in the quaint villages of France, Italy and Switzerland.

Hopkins is now at the head of the classes left leaderless by the death of his former master, at the Cincinnati Art Academy. He has been honored at several international exhibitions for his portraits and ideal subjects, and is greatly admired by technicians for his gift of composition and design. His style is original and telling, without making an excessive appeal to emotion. He subjugates sentiment to the pattern he sets out to make, yet with stirring results.

To most of us this Ohio artist will be longest remembered for his compellingly human studies of the Kentuckian in his mountain home.

—Clement King



MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP

THE "NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" HOUSE

IS there an American of any age who has not thrilled and for that matter, who does not still thrill, when the Yuletide season spirit is in the air, at the recital of the verses beginning:

*'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.*

Yet how many of us know the poem's association with New York—know that it was penned in a house far over near the North River, in what was once Old Chelsea? The author of "The Night Before Christmas" was Clement Clarke Moore, who writing it in December, 1822, was well on in life before he was forced reluctantly to the realization that upon these verses, dashed lightly off in an idle hour, his chief claim to lasting fame rested.

Clement Clarke Moore was born in New York July 15, 1779. His father was the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of New York, and the third President of Columbia College. He had assisted at Washington's inauguration. The son was graduated from Columbia in 1798, and was educated for the ministry. He never, however, took orders, devoting himself to Oriental and classical literature. In 1809, at thirty years of age, he published the first Hebrew and Greek Lexicon that had ever been brought out in America. It was necessary to send to Philadelphia to find the Hebrew characters. In 1818 Professor Moore gave the ground in Chelsea Village on which the General Theological Seminary still stands. He was appointed professor of Biblical learning in the Seminary in 1821, and served the institution for nearly thirty years. He died in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1863.

The Chelsea farm extended from Nineteenth Street to Twenty-fourth Street, and from Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River. The Manor house in which the famous Christmas poem was written stood on a hill between what is now Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, west of Ninth

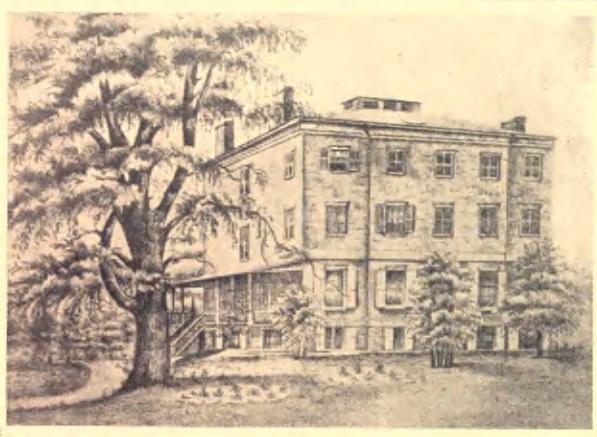
Avenue and sloping down to the river bank, which was then at Tenth Avenue. The picture of the mansion, reproduced in gravure, is from a drawing made by a daughter of the house.

"The Night Before Christmas" was written December 23, 1822. There was visiting at the Manor house a Troy girl, a Miss Butler. She was more impressed by the verses than was Moore's family,

for whom they were written. The author had first heard the story of St. Nicholas and his reindeers from a rubicund Dutchman who lived near the house of Bishop Moore when Clement was a boy. The Dutchman had, years before, brought the legend with him from Holland, and Moore served it up in verse for the amusement of the children gathered about the fireside.

The next year Miss Butler was in her Troy home. She had either written or memorized the poem, and thinking it should be preserved, sent it to a local paper, the *Troy Sentinel*, in which it was printed December 23, 1823, just a year to a day after the writing. The poem was copied by paper after paper, quoted and commented upon in the magazines. It was some years before the author could be induced to father it. It was another fame for which he had hoped; a fame based upon sound learning and scholarship. Instead, he is known to the world for his
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

—Arthur B. Maurice



From a drawing made many years ago by one of the daughters of the family

IN THIS MANSION OF OLD-TIME NEW YORK, CLEMENT MOORE WROTE THE LINES THAT WILL FOREVER KEEP HIS NAME GREEN IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN

WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?

TH E most popular saint in the calendar, and the most widely venerated, is St. Nicholas, who has in his special charge the happiness and welfare of boys and girls. The birthday of the benevolent saint, December sixth, is celebrated all over the Christian world, but particularly by the children of Greece, Italy, Russia and Holland.

The sainted Nicholas began his career of kindly deeds when he was a bishop in Asia Minor, in the fourth century. It was he, says tradition, that inspired the custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking. The good man, hearing of the poverty of a nobleman and his three daughters, dropped through an open window three purses of gold, one for each daughter. It happened that a stocking was so hung that the purses fell into it, and they were found there in the morning. Another version says he let the gold fall down the chimney.

As the centuries passed and the legend of St. Nicholas expanded, he became associated in the minds of children with gift-giving, and with the gift-giving season at the end of the year. Gradually Father Christmas became synonymous with St. Nicholas, whose name the Dutch contracted to "Santa Claus." In Holland, on the eve before the name-day of St. Nicholas, children are conducted by their parents from one shop to another to choose the presents their patron is to bring on the morrow. In the old university town of Utrecht, Santa Claus rides forth on a white horse on the "Strewing Eve." He is supposed to have

come from his home in faraway Spain, attended by a black servant. Dressed as a bishop in miter and robe, he carries saddlebags full of gifts that are to be distributed the next day. Piet, the swarthy attendant, runs alongside carrying sweets promised to good children, and a birch rod for naughty ones—and a bag to hold them.

During the night, after the joyous pageant of St. Nicholas' passing, the distribution of toys and candies is made, and then the children's friend vanishes for another year. Christmas Day in Holland is reserved for grown-ups, and is given over to religious observation and family reunions.

During the first century of New England colonial life, Santa Claus was far from the

popular personage he became under Dutch regime in New Amsterdam. Even the religious observance of Christmas was frowned on by the Puritans, and its celebration, like that of all holy days, was forbidden by law. We read that "the very name of Christmas smacked to the worthy New Englanders of incense and monkish jargon." In some parts of colonial New England—such as old Narragansett—families made merry with feasting and visiting, but they were members of the Church of England and unbiased against the forms of Christmastide.

Santa Claus was introduced to American children by way of Dutch New York, or New Amsterdam. To them and to their British cousins the jolly old gift-strewing saint makes his visits, not on his own birthday, but nineteen days later, on the anniversary of the Child of Bethlehem.



ST. NICHOLAS ON HORSEBACK
WITH HIS SERVANT AT HIS SIDE, HE RIDES THROUGH THE
STREETS OF DUTCH CITIES ON THE EVE OF HIS BIRTH-
DAY, WHICH FALLS ON DECEMBER SIXTH

BLOOMS OF CHRISTMASTIDE

WHEN we hang wreaths of glossy leaves and jolly red berries, and deck our homes with mistletoe and evergreens, with poinsettia and the shaggy chrysanthemum, we are carrying on a tradition handed down from pagan times. Most of the customs we observe at this year-end season have their root in festivals that originally had no association with Christmas. The "mystic mistletoe" was held in solemn veneration by the forest-loving Druids. At the great feast of Saturn, celebrated in December by the Romans, the dedicatory blossom was the holly. So it came about that Christians, to avoid suspicion and persecution, used to hang sprays of holly in their homes at the season when they commemorated the Birth of Christ. And, in time, the holly branch became a symbol of Christmas.

No one knows how many centuries ago maidens and their swains, standing beneath a pendant bough, first plucked the snowy berries of the mistletoe—a berry for each kiss. When the berries were all gathered,

antique custom ordained that the privilege of kissing should cease.



*"Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
* * * * *
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be."*

grower that lived in the fourth century after the Christian era was so successful and famous that the city of his birth was called "Chrysanthemum City."

The most coveted order of Japan, bestowed only on exalted personages, has for its emblem the chrysanthemum. The crest and seal of the Mikado is a conventionalized design of the same flower. Renowned in legend and history, the chrysanthemum appears in lacquer and porcelain ware, ivory and bronze ornaments, and rich embroideries.

Europeans that found their way to the Orient, on business or pleasure, about three and a half centuries ago, first saw and described the flower in its numerous varieties. Incoming tea vessels brought to French and English ports the first cuttings. Before long, the chrysanthemum rivaled the rose and carnation in popularity. Thousands of varieties developed by modern growers, and measuring up to eight inches in diameter, now grace the gardens of Europe and America. At annual shows, societies devoted to the propagation of the species exhibit with spectacular display this many-hued flower, that comes to cheer us when skies are gray, and our gardens are bare of other blossoms. From Druid and Roman and from the resplendent Orient we inherit the festal flowers of Christmastide.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

SHARES WITH THE HOLLY, THE LOG AND THE TREE IN
MAKING OUR HEARTHSIDES BRIGHT AT CHRISTMAS TIME

YULETIDE FEASTING

ROAST meats and poultry, pudding and pie have from time immemorial made up the holiday feast.

In the days of Norse mythology, the good god Frey, who granted the gifts of sun and rain, and dispensed the fruits of the earth, was offered the head of a sacred boar, whose golden bristles typified the rays of the sun. The Yuletide was the season when ancient peoples celebrated the "birthday of the sun," after the winter solstice. They feasted in honor of the giver of light and life, and many of the dishes have come down to us through the ages.

*Three days his Yuletide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests*
sings Longfellow of the mighty King Olaf's Christmas.

In England's baronial halls, in the middle centuries, the boar's head was the principal dish of ceremony at the Christmas celebration. Borne in on a gold or silver platter, its entry was announced by trumpeting and the song of mummers. The head of the household, before thrusting in the carving knife, swore fealty to his family and took oath to fulfil his obligations to his fellowmen.

Second only to the boar's head at the Christmas dinner of medieval days was the peacock, made into a pie, or stuffed with herbs and roasted with the skin drawn on, and head and tail displayed in all their pristine glory. On American tables the turkey and the goose substituted the wild boar and the peacock. Virginia and New England colonists first set the fashion that we of later days follow. Says Laurence Hutton, "Our Christmas trees appear to have come from the East; our Santa Claus from Holland; our Christmas cards, our Yule-logs, our boars' heads, our plum puddings and our mince pies from England. The turkey is our only contribution."

Reversing the present order, plum pudding, or "plum porridge," used to be served at the beginning of the dinner. It was less a dessert than a hearty dish of meats baked in dough. The pastry cooks that

first made mince pies symbolized in the variety of their ingredients the offerings made by the Wise Men to the Christ Child, and they shaped the crust in oblong form to simulate the manger in which He lay.

There was an old tradition that a mince pie eaten in twelve different houses during the twelve days following Christmas would bring a happy month apiece in the succeeding year. . . . Twelve months of happiness rashly earned, we should esteem them!

In many provinces of France, Christmas cakes

have shapes that represent the Holy Babe, and, in Flanders, cakes baked at the Yuletide are adorned with a figure of the Christ, wrought in colored sugar. A corn loaf called the "Yule Boar" stands on the table in Scandinavian homes throughout the festal season. All over Europe, cakes of special significance and design appear at Christmas time, from the currant loaf of Italian homes to the wafers of flour and water exchanged among friends in Poland, in about the same way that we send out Christmas greeting cards.



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD
FROM A PAINTING BY H. S. MARKS



THE BIRD OF THE SEASON
A MOST SUCCESSFUL CREATION IN BRONZE BY ALBERT LAESSLE, EXHIBITED AT THE PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION, IN SAN FRANCISCO

A CITY OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT

IN the Straits of Magellan is the southernmost city of the world. Its name is Punta Arenas (pronounced *poonta aray-nas*), which is Spanish for Sandy Point. It has a population of about 17,000 and is one of the most prosperous cities of its size—chiefly through its sheep and wool industries. It has been tersely and pictur-esque described by an old time globe-trotter as “the lowest-down city on earth; it has, during its winter months, a night life unequaled in fullness of activity even by that of Paris, London or New York, for it has only two hours of daylight in the twenty-four.”

By way of compensation, these two hours of daylight stretch out to twenty-two hours in the South American summer. Though facing the South Pole, and far too near it to suit our ideas of comfort, the folks in Punta Arenas enjoy life in much the same ways that we do, and they have plenty of money to enjoy it with. They have theaters, movie palaces, and other places of amusement—and the people, made up of Spanish, English, French, German and American, see shows, ride, play, dine, and dance the “one-step,” “hesitation,” and all the latest steps in vogue with us. There are millionaires in the town, and autocars of varied make, from the fast-flying Fiats to Ford “flivvers.”

During the past month Punta Arenas has been celebrating, with appropriate ceremonies and festivities, the 400th anniversary of Ferdinand Magellan’s trip through the straits that bear his name. Magellan, or, more correctly, Magalhães, was a naturalized Spanish subject, who persuaded Emperor Charles V. to support him in his great world venture. He believed that he

could do what Columbus had not done—find a western water route to the Spice Islands of India. Like Columbus, he did not accomplish the purpose for which he set out, but something greater. Columbus found a new continent: Magellan circumnavigated the globe.

With a fleet of small vessels, Magellan left Spain in September, 1519. After many hardships in the cold southern climate, and daring feats of seamanship, mutinies by some of his crews, and fights with natives of Patagonia, he finally, in October, 1520, found one of the entrances to the straits at the southernmost part of South America.

This was the real beginning of Magellan’s achievement. He continued his voyage over the uncharted waters of the ocean, which he named the Pacific, and finally reached the Philippine Islands. Here the great discoverer was slain, and the completion of the circumnavigation of the globe and the return to Spain was accom-

plished by his chief lieutenant, Sebastian Del Cano. Magellan did not live to enjoy the fruits of success, but his memory will endure.

Apart from its historical interest, the celebration in Punta Arenas is expected to be of practical value in stimulating and building up local interests and foreign trade. The opening of the Panama Canal naturally led to a decrease in the number of ships calling at the southernmost port, although the industries of the surrounding country have continued in a flourishing condition. Important construction activities will be begun for the welfare of the province, and it is expected that the prosperity of the far south city will be maintained.



A HOME OF WEALTH
PUNTA ARENAS



A CENTRAL SQUARE
IN PUNTA ARENAS, THE CITY "FARTHEST SOUTH"

THE MENTOR SERVICE

* * *On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.

Question. What makes a star, or any light at a great distance, twinkle?

Answer. The twinkling (scintillation) of a distant point of light is due to the differences in the refractive power of the various moving masses of warm and cold air through which the area of light passes. These masses have different densities and hence differ in the extent to which they bend a ray of light from its course. The same effect may be produced by moving a pane of glass containing "bubbles" between your eye and a light.

Question. I have read a poem entitled "*Vitae Lampada*." What do those words mean?

Answer. They are Latin words and mean "torches of life." The expression can be found in the line of Lucretius, "*quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt*," which means "as the runners pass on the lamps of life." It is a figure of speech borrowed from the ancient torch race, in which one runner would deliver his torch to the next runner to carry forward. "*Vitae Lampada*" as a phrase means "the light of life," and in this sense it has been used by a number of poets.

Question. What is the Russell Sage Foundation?

Answer. The Russell Sage Foundation is a corporation established for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The foundation does not attempt to relieve individual or family needs, but aims to remove the causes of social distress, poverty, disease, and so on. It was established in 1907 by Mrs. Russell Sage. The Foundation has built several handsome buildings in New York for housing the departments of their charitable work.

Question. What is "The House of Mirth"?

Answer. "The House of Mirth" is the name of a novel written by Mrs. Edith Wharton that attracted considerable attention a number of years ago. It is the story of a beautiful young woman of social standing in New York, who lacked the money to keep in the social swim. The book gives a clear, illuminating picture of the processes at work in the young woman's nature as she contends with the difficult social problems that she finds it necessary to meet. It is a remarkable story of the price that has to be paid by social aspirants who are either climbing the citadel of high society or else clinging desperately to its walls. The book, like all of Mrs. Wharton's work, has great literary distinction, and is well worth reading for its style as well as its story.

Question. Who was "Pheidippides"?

Answer. "Pheidippides" is the name of a well-known poem written by Browning. Pheidippides was a young Greek who might be referred to as the Paul Revere of the Golden Age of Greece. He ran to

Athens to warn the city of a planned assault by the Persians. He is described in the poem by Browning as one

*Who could race like a god,
Bear a face like a god,
Whom a god (Pan) loved so well.*

Question. How did the aristocratic classes come to be called "blue-blooded"?

Answer. We have read that the term "blue-blooded" was derived from the fact that the skin of finely bred people of many generations (such as royalty and nobles are supposed to be) is delicate and white, as a rule, and the veins, which carry the blue blood to the heart for purification, show more plainly under their white skin than under the presumably thicker skin of lower classes, for instance.

Question. Where do we find the line, "The light that never was on sea or land"?

Answer. It comes from the English poet Wordsworth. The words are quoted from a poem inspired by seeing a painting of Peele Castle in a storm, and the familiar lines are

*The light that never was on sea or land
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.*

Question. Who is David Grayson?

Answer. David Grayson is Ray Stannard Baker, well known for a number of years as a member of the editorial staff of McClure's Magazine, and the author of stirring articles on political, commercial and economical topics. He made himself known first as a strong and fearless writer. His health gave way, and he went to the country to lead a simple life. He then took on the name "David Grayson" and began a new era in his career as an author, writing essays and novels filled with the things of simple country life, and with tender, human philosophy. He has now gone back to journalism.

Question. Why do leaves turn color in the Fall?

Answer. The autumnal coloration of leaves is due to the chemical decomposition of the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter of the plant. This breaks up into pigments of various other colors, which differ according to their distribution in various plants and various parts of plants.

Question. What does the word "Mathonese" mean?

Answer. You have evidently attempted to put in English letters the Greek word "*math-ay-tace*." This is the Greek for pupil or student. It means, in English, freely translated, "a seeker after knowledge." As a reader of *The Mentor* you are quite justified in assuming the title of "Mathatace."

THE OPEN LETTER

A little Christmas legend, a century old at least, comes to me as a vagrant memory from some odd volume read years ago. I simply give it a modern setting.

Late on Christmas eve, Selfmade sat by his fireside alone. His wife and children were asleep in their rooms. Selfmade had assured their happiness on the coming morning with presents piled high about the Christmas tree. And now, this hour of quiet was his own.

He should have been happy and content, but a vague, haunting desire was in his heart, and his mind was ill at ease.

"What is it that I want?" he asked himself. "Why am I not fully satisfied?"

"You have given *yourself* nothing for Christmas."

Selfmade raised his eyes quickly from the fire. The speaker sat in a chair opposite him. He was no stranger, this visitor. His face was so familiar, that Selfmade, though unable to recall his name, recognized him as an old acquaintance. His presence there seemed natural enough. The library door was open, and Selfmade had been too much absorbed to notice his entrance.

"Given myself nothing?" Selfmade echoed. "My friend, you are wrong. I have given myself a successful year."

"Then, why are you not fully satisfied?"

Selfmade shook his head in silence.

"See!" said the Visitor. "I have brought you a gift."

From beneath his coat he drew forth a round hand-mirror of quaint design. The reflecting surface was not glass, but polished metal, with shifting gray-green shades of color, like dull opal.

Selfmade gazed curiously into it.

"What do you see there?" asked the Visitor.

"Nothing but my image," answered Selfmade, holding the mirror at arm's length.

"Look closer—now, what do you see?"

The cloudy tints in the mirror's depths gathered slowly into letters that spelled out words on the forehead of Selfmade's reflected face. Then he read:

"What have I achieved in life?"

"My life speaks for itself!" exclaimed

Selfmade. "Success—and a happy home."

"Success indeed, for you and yours. But read again," said the Visitor.

The shadowy forms shifted in the mirror and new words assembled.

"Have I ever served my fellow men?"

Selfmade turned the mirror down.

"I have worked hard for years," he said. "I have been a just man. I have paid for all I got, and I have cheated no one."

"Is the world a bit better for your being here?" asked the Visitor.

"Many men have benefited by my success."

"Yes—in using them, you helped them. And now you are successful, yet not satisfied. You ask yourself why. The questions in that mirror are reflections of your own thoughts. The answer, too, is in yourself."

"How can I find that answer?" asked Selfmade. "What do I lack?"

"A Vision beyond yourself," answered the Visitor. "A Vision of Service. The World has, so far, been, to you, only a field of selfish striving and selfish gain. The World today cries out for able men like you to solve its problems and to lend a helping hand to its weaker children. Raise the mirror and look once more."

Selfmade's eyes eagerly sought the opal depths, and read there in clear letters:

"Where there is no Vision the people perish."

He studied the words intently and in silence for some time. Then he rose quickly and crossed the hearth.

"Who are you who tell me of Service to my fellow men?" he exclaimed. "If you have Vision let me see it reflected here."

Selfmade thrust the mirror before the Visitor's face and peered into it over his shoulder.

There was but one reflection in the metal disk—the image of Selfmade's face alone. He gazed steadfastly into his own eyes, and read there a Christmas message of broad humanity that he had never known before.

Then the mirror faded from view, and he sank into the chair in which his Visitor had been seated. He had seen the Vision and understood.

W. D. Moffat
EDITOR

The Spirit of "Christmas Bells"

When we asked Mr. A. A. Hopkins, a close personal friend of Mr. Blashfield, to get from the artist the story of "Christmas Bells," he brought us not only the article printed in this number, but the following extract from Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam," which, he said, was eloquently expressive of the spirit of the painting.—Editorial Note.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on meed and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound;
Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.
This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:
But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

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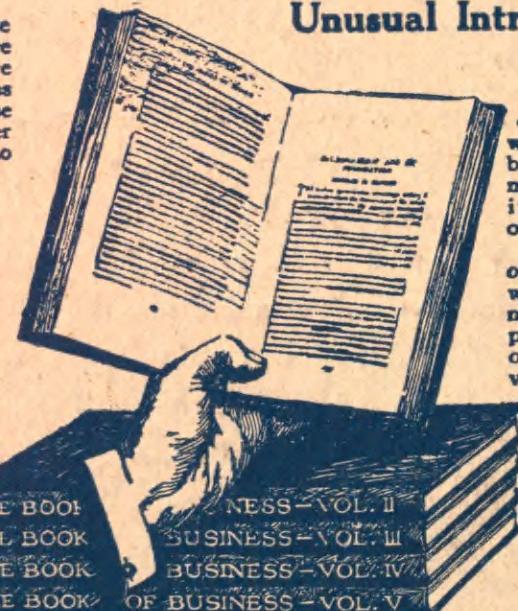
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JANUARY, 1921

HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

A TRIP TO PORTO RICO

WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

A WINTER PLEASURE JAUNT IN AND ABOUT
THE GEM OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS

SHORT ARTICLES on "Play and Work in Porto Rico," "Island Courtesy," "Pen Pictures of Porto Rico" by Harry Franck, "Making Palm Leaf Hats," and other sidelights upon the "Island of the Gate of Gold."

SPECIAL ARTICLES, "What is Money?" "Notre Dame in Fiction," by Arthur B. Maurice, "The Man That Reached the Top," by Belmore Browne.

A MESSAGE FROM CHARLES M. SCHWAB, in the Editor's Open Letter.

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"GREECE, OLD AND NEW"

February's Mentor a Notable Achievement

NEXT month's number will bring to Mentor readers pictures selected from the finest collection of photographs of Greece ever shown in this or any other country. They were made by order of the Greek Government, and show every point of interest in that classic land. Mount Olympus, home of the old gods; the Parthenon, the perfection of architecture; Mouse Island, which inspired the artist, Arnold Böcklin, to paint his famous picture, "The Isle of Death"; monasteries clinging to precipitous cliffs, where warlike monks and patriot youths kept the flame of Greek liberty burning when the Turks overran their country and threatened Europe; all are reproduced in beautiful Mentor Gravures and fine illustrations. Altogether, a magnificent art number.

ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES, graduate of the University of Athens and Harvard, tells, in the main article, the story of his nation, from the days of its ancient glory to its rebirth today.

SPECIAL ARTICLES. February Mentor will also contain a number of highly interesting and informative articles—things you want to know—in the field of Art, Music, Literature, Science, Nature and Travel.

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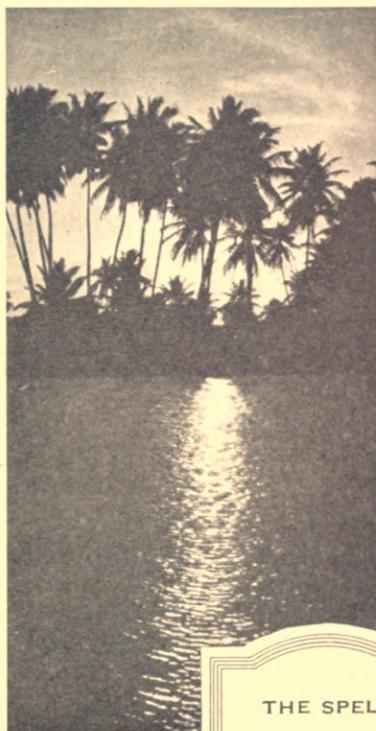
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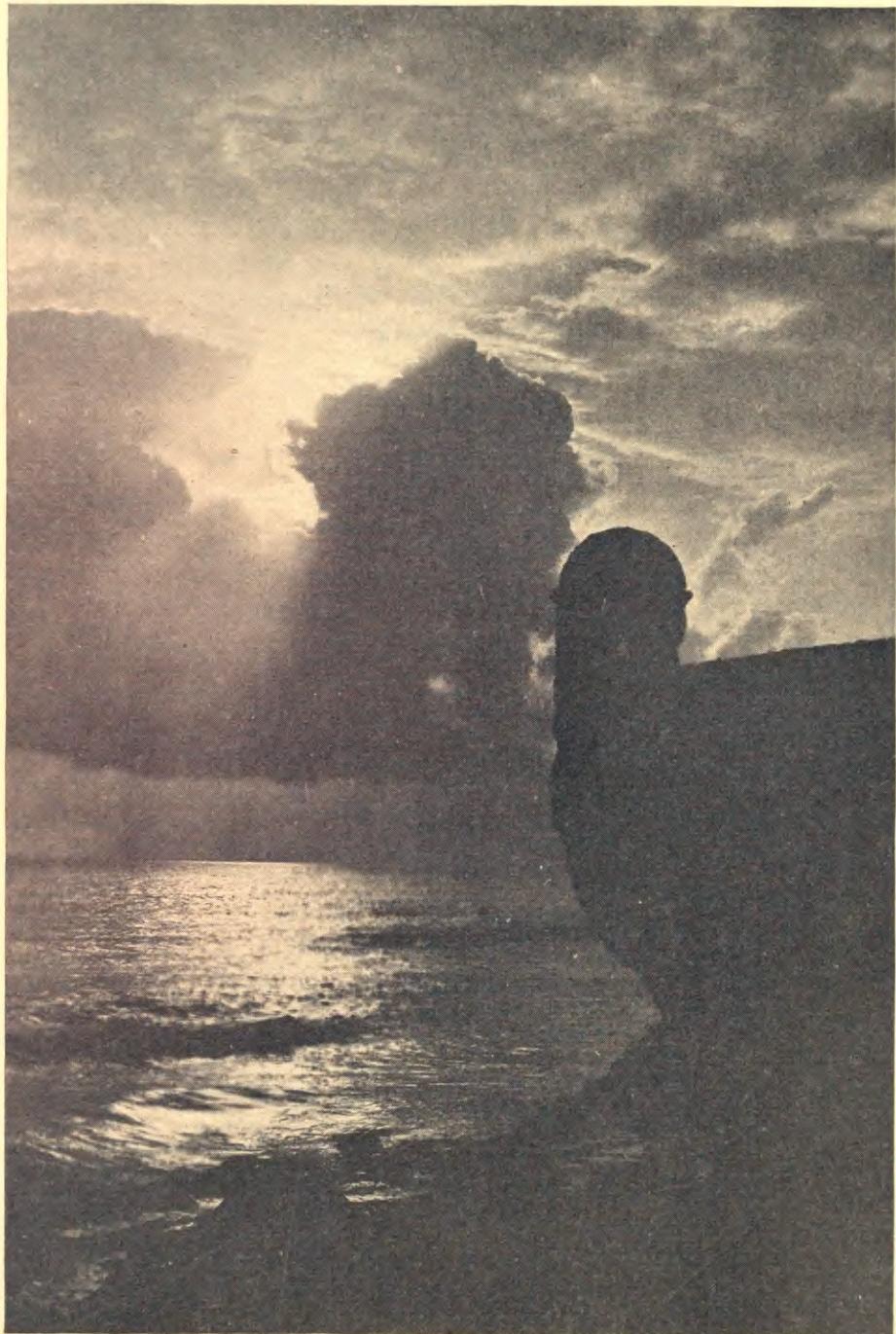
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THE SPELL
OF THE
WEST INDIAN
ISLANDS



A HAUNT OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY
THE "HAUNTED SENTRY BOX," FORTRESS OF SAN CRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

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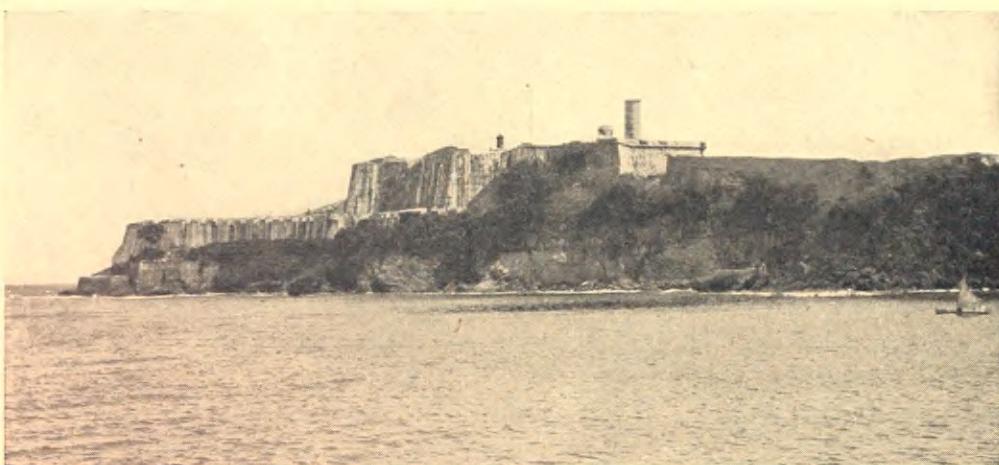
A TRIP TO PORTO RICO WITH DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Traveler, Lecturer and Author

PORTO RICO is an ideal tourist spot—a tight little, box-shaped island, filled with beautiful and interesting things. Within its 3,600 square miles Nature has gathered, in close assembly, a wondrous display of mountain and valley scenery, dense jungle and open rolling plantation lands, wild wilderness and rural settlements, primitive village life and busy modern city activities—and has cast over it all the dazzling light of the tropical sun, and set it in the brilliant blue water of a summer sea.

Porto Rico is not only convenient of access, but easy to travel over. No other West Indian island affords such a composite picture of tropical life, industries and vegetation—to be seen with so little trouble. Wonderful roads, modern methods of transportation, and a soft climate make a tour of the island an easy-going pleasure jaunt. The delight begins with the morning of arrival. The moment we see the grim old walls of Morro Castle looming up above the ultra-

marine sea, we feel the joy of entering a new world, in which land and water are glorified in color, and the air is fresh, fragrant and cool with tropical breezes. As we turn into the narrow harbor we see the ancient city wall, the water gate, and the weather-worn sentry boxes lining the shore, above which lies the Santa Catalina Palace, the present residence of the Governor, the somber, gray fortress of San Cristobal, and the gleaming white walls of Casa Blanca—the historic Ponce de Leon house, built in 1525. The city of San Juan (san hwahn) spreads before us like a vivid picture, extending, in varied colors and forms, up the slope of the hill. Under the glow of the morning sun, lines, forms, and surfaces—even the most commonplace structures—are transformed into objects of beauty. In spite of its antiquity, its crumbling ruins and its picturesque Spanish by-ways and nooks, it is a busy, bustling, noisy, up-to-date city, with many of the features that we are



MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

accustomed to meet with on the streets of our own home towns. Though Porto Rico is now a child of Uncle Sam's, the thing we chiefly miss in Porto Rico towns is our native language. The squawk of the automobile is familiar, and the clang of the trolley-car, but the speech of the conductor and chauffeur is the speech of a stranger. Everywhere we hear Spanish. As Charles Lamb would have said, "Even the little children speak Spanish." As a matter of plain truth, most of them *scream* it!

San Juan is not only a city, but an island—the off-spring of its parent island, Porto Rico. On one side, San Juan faces the Atlantic Ocean. Then, from the point where Morro Castle stands, the shore curves in so as to form a fine harbor, between the island-city, and the mainland.

When we leave the boat, we turn into the main business street—Calle San Justo (kah'-yay san yoos'-to), and our eye is caught first by an old church—the Santa Anna—which, we find, dates from the sixteenth century. Opposite it is a fine, big building—the American Bank, and on both sides are attractive little shops. A block or so from the docks, at San Francisco Street, the Plaza Principal opens up—a deeply-shaded square, surrounded by buildings and stores, somewhat like Central Park in Havana. On one side is the City Hall, built in 1799, on the other, the Intendencia (Administration) Building.

Although San Juan is not a city of great size—the population is less than



"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"
A PRIMITIVE PORTO RICAN HOME



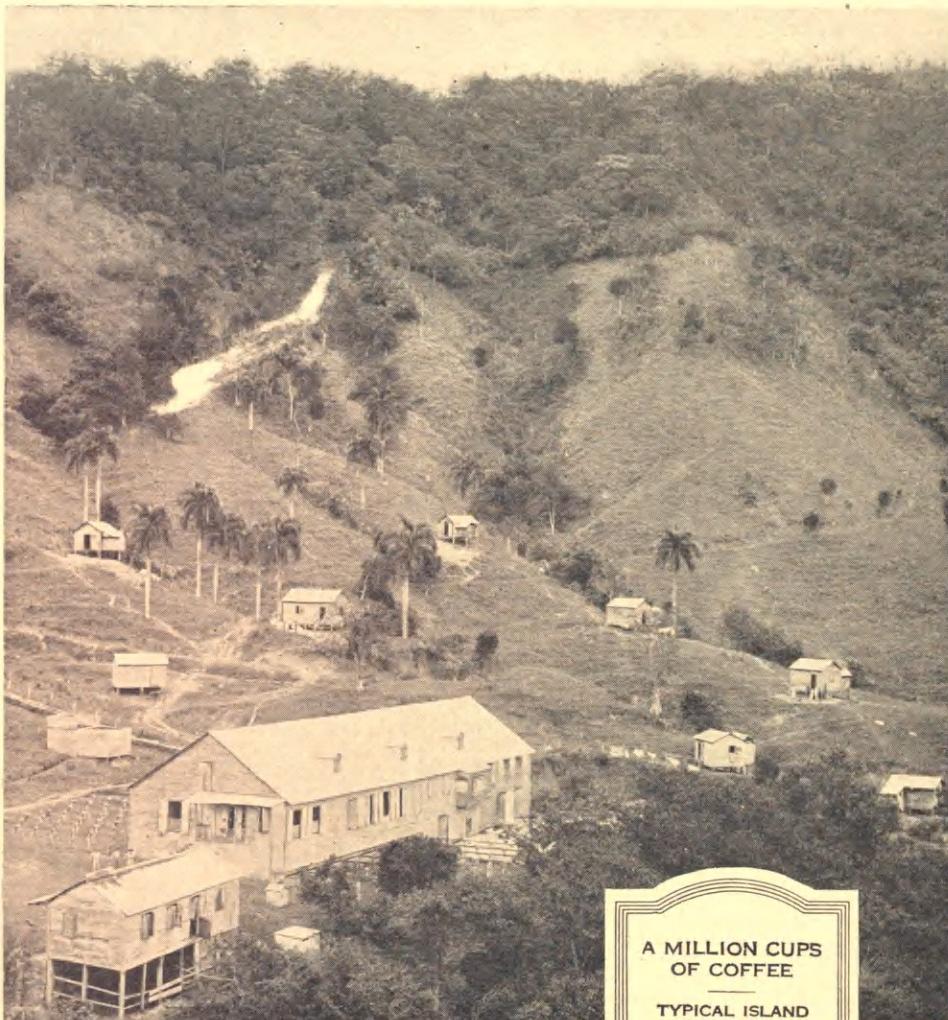
SAN JUAN, FROM THE SEA

60,000—it offers many objects of historic and picturesque interest. There to the north is the big dome of the old Cathedral towering above the houses. It is a plain building, with no architectural charm, but it has unique historic importance in being the resting place of the remains of the Founder of the city, Juan Ponce de Leon. Somewhat to the southwest of the Plaza we find the Governor's residence. This palace contains a great throne room, audience chambers, and mosaic-paved courts and stairs. Beyond the palace, and to the right, stands the Casa Blanca, gleaming white among the fresh green palms. This is called the residence of Ponce de Leon, but we are told that this statement is not historically authentic, and that the building was probably erected for the adopted son of the great Spanish adventurer. It is a beautiful example of old Spanish architecture. High on the ridge on which the city stands is San José (san ho-say') Church. In

the center of the small plaza in front of this building stands a statue of Ponce de Leon, which was cast from cannons captured by the Spanish from the British.

A day should be spent in a visit to the fortresses of San Cristobal and San Sebastian, and old Morro Castle, with their deep underground galleries, dungeons, tunnels, and gruesome dark vaults. The history of these grim chambers would make unpleasant reading. On the sea-wall of San Cristobal is the so-called

A MODERN COTTAGE
IN THE SUBURBS OF SAN JUAN



A MILLION CUPS
OF COFFEE
—
TYPICAL ISLAND
COFFEE
PLANTATION

"Haunted Sentry-Box,"—a spectral looking affair that thrusts itself out over water-worn walls. According to the legend, the Devil was accustomed to drop in on this spot and whisk away the guard on duty, "leaving no hint of his presence save the odor of brimstone." Soldiers who thrived and grew bold on the smell of gunpowder quailed before that of brim-

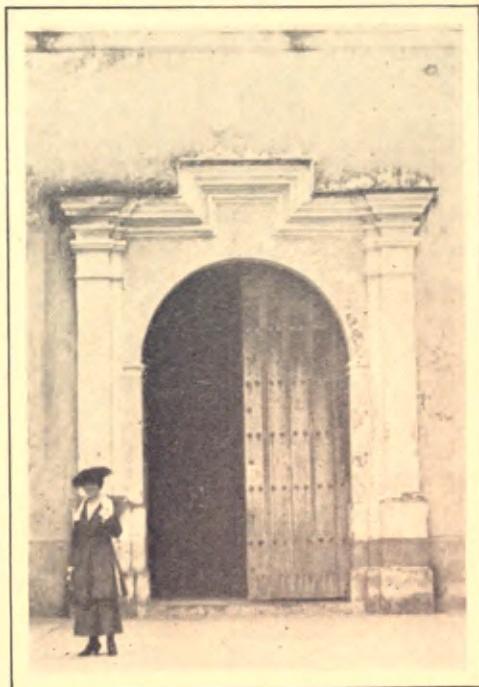
stone, and became so superstitious that the military authorities were compelled, finally, to abandon the sentry-box.

Not far from San Cristobal is the new market—a busy center of booths and stalls in which we find an inviting display of native fruits, vegetables and other products. If the streets of San Juan seem noisy, go

to the market on Saturday night. The rest of the city will then seem as quiet as a rural spot. Stay long enough in San Juan to visit the interesting old Pantheon or Cemetery. In their graveyards, as in their homes, the Spanish arrange things differently from us. Take in the Bellaja Barracks, where more than two thousand troops may be accommodated. Look into the old churches and monasteries, where you will find many remarkable decorations, curious images and paintings by old masters—and, in the evenings, rest in the Plaza Colon or one of the other open squares, and saturate yourself with the atmosphere of this old-time Spanish capital.

THE MILITARY ROAD

We are off now for an automobile tour of the Island—and what an Island it is for such a tour! On roads as fine as any to be found in the world, we ride through far stretching plantation lands rich in crops of coffee, sugar or tobacco; we climb and descend steep mountainsides, with



WHERE PONCE DE LEON SLEEPS
DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SAN JUAN

scenery of ravishing beauty on every hand; we wind about hills near the coast, with occasional glimpses of the sea; or we glide into picturesque old Spanish towns, where we find a life that is strange and fascinating. We take the fine boulevard out past the Castle of San Cristobal, to the little suburb of Puerto Tierra, where the Military Road begins. This highway is a marvel of engineering skill. It was built by the Spanish Government at a cost of about \$4,000,000. It crosses the Island from San Juan to Ponce—over eighty miles—taking in several important cities on the way. The high standard of road-making set by the Spaniards has been maintained under American administration, in the construction of new roads that almost completely encircle the Island and cross it in lines some-



HOW DRAWNWORK IS MADE
ISLAND NEEDLEWORK HAS A LARGE MARKET IN
THE UNITED STATES



MAIN BUSINESS STREET IN SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

what parallel to the Military Highway.

Shortly after leaving the streets of San Juan, we cross the beautiful San Antonio Bridge, and find ourselves in the attractive little suburban towns of Santurce and Miramar. Here are bungalows, pretty villas and handsome homes buried among flowers, palms and tropical trees. The highway curves around through cocoanut groves, crosses the Martin Peña Bridge, and enters the town of Rio Piedras. From there on the road begins to climb. We roll through groves of great bamboo, under royal palms, and amid small settlements and farms, verdant and rich with banana plants and pineapples, strikingly varied at times by long white stretches where tobacco fields are covered with protecting cheesecloth. We soon reach Caguas, a busy town of 25,000 inhabitants. Here we find Tobacco is king. It is a flourishing town with many fine buildings, connected with San Juan by railroad and telephone and telegraph lines.

From Caguas the road goes mounting on up, crossing queer old Spanish bridges, whirling around dizzy precipices, skirting steep cliffs, with far stretching views of green fields, gleaming rivers and wooded hillsides. Here the air is different from that of San Juan. It is dry, fresh and bracing, for we are nearly 2,000 feet above the ocean. We then run down into the

town of Cayey, which is 1,300 feet above the sea, and has a delightfully cool and healthy climate. This is a coffee and tobacco town. Out of Cayey we go climbing again, and the mountain slopes grow steeper. At times we creep like a wary cat around the shoulder of walls that tower far above us, and with sheer precipices below us. From a height of over 3,000 feet we come first to look upon the town of Aibonito, encircled by superb mountain summits. At this lovely sight, as a well-known traveler has observed, "one involuntarily



UNCLE SAM, DOCTOR
AN ISLAND AMBULANCE WITH INFANT PATIENT

exclaims 'How beautiful!' the very words which, in the Spanish term '*Ai Bonito*,' gave the town its name." We stop at Aibonito for a day and night. It is a prosperous looking place, with schools, hospitals, hotels and attractive stores. It is situated 2,000 feet above the sea, and gives us a cool resting place for the night.

Near Aibonito we reach the highest point on the island—3,300 feet. From there we gaze over mountain and valley, clear to the distant sea in the south. After leaving Aibonito we glide in curves and sharp turns down to Coamo, where the famous Coamo mineral springs are situated. Here there is a good hotel, and a sanitarium, with baths, all set in beautiful scenery and a perfect climate. From Coamo we pass quickly on and through the little town of Juana Diaz (hwah-na dee-ath). Running along green pasture lands we, finally, reach the quaint and picturesque city of Ponce, on the southern coast.



PLAZA IN PONCE, PORTO RICO

PONCE

San Juan is a hilly town; Ponce is flat. San Juan has some of the modern American spirit; Ponce is truly old Spanish. There are many beautiful residences in Ponce, a big, busy market, hospitals, schools, asylums, clubs, a hippodrome, baseball field, motion picture theaters, and a very beautiful theater, "La Perla," where the best plays are given. The hotels are fairly good, and the restaurants much as we find in San Juan and also in Havana—open air affairs with plenty of fruit and good coffee. Ponce is a bower of tropical plants and trees. Everywhere about us flowers are in bloom.

If one's stay in Porto Rico is a short one, he may content himself with the run across on the Military Road that we have just taken, then put in a few days in Ponce, and return to San Juan by boat. This is a pleasant trip, for the steamers of the Porto Rican line sail around the island, stopping at Mayaguez and Arecibo

UNCLE SAM, TEACHER
McKINLEY SCHOOL AT PONCE, PORTO RICO



A STUDENTS' BAND
ORGANIZED BY PUPILS OF THE SAN JUAN HIGH SCHOOL

(ah-re-see'-bo) on the west and north coast. If one has time, however, he should remain long enough to continue his tour of the roads and see more of the interior of the island. If one takes the road west one will ride through magnificent scenery, rugged and precipitous, with looming mountains, on which he will find forest land out of which flow foaming torrents. This road will take one up to Arecibo on the north coast, an old and interesting town of about 10,000 inhabitants. From there one can go west to Aguadilla, a spot worth visiting because it was there that Columbus first landed on Porto Rican soil. We read that the Great Discoverer "was in search of water for his ships, and filled his casks at a spring which gushed forth near the beach and which he named '*Ojo de Agua*,' (oyoh de ahgwah) or 'The Water's Eye.' Today the same spring serves to supply Aguadilla's people with water and is covered with an ornate commemorative fountain."

Mayaguez, further south but also

on the western coast, is a large, prosperous town of 40,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most attractive and picturesque places on the island, full of fine buildings and beautiful homes. The streets are clean and well kept. Being a great shipping port and having superior railroad advantages, Mayaguez holds third place in commercial importance in Porto Rico. From Mayaguez the return trip to Ponce can be made by the southwestern highway, which will take one to a number of characteristic old Spanish towns, one of which, Guanica (gwahnee-ka), is of interest to us as the spot on the coast where General Miles landed with the United States troops when he invaded Porto Rico in July, 1898.

THE EAST ROUTE FROM PONCE

Running east from Ponce we find ourselves on a beautiful coast road



AN ISLAND VILLAGE
SCHOOLS AND SANITARY SERVICE ARE DOING MUCH
TO ELIMINATE THIS TYPE OF DWELLING

that takes us to Guayama (gwah-ya-ma), a fine, enterprising, successful town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants. We are now in the very center of the great sugar district of Porto Rico, and all along our way, the cane fields stretch off as far as the eye can reach. The land near the coast is level and dry. The salt plains lying near the coast are covered with various desert growths—cacti, Spanish bayonet, and other coarse forms of plant life that remind us of Arizona or New Mexico.

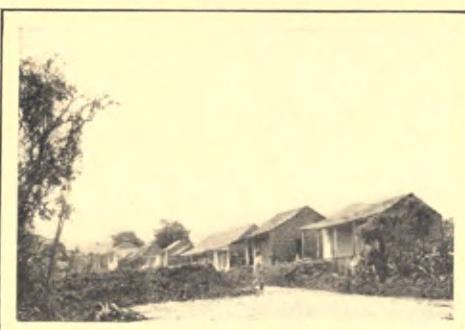
Along the coast we pass three towns—Arroyo, Patillas and Maunabo, characteristic little Spanish towns. We are told at Arroyo that the main interest of that place to Americans lies in the fact that Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor, established there the first telegraph line in Porto Rico, while he was on a visit to some relatives who occupied a nearby sugar estate.



CARNIVAL TIME
PORTO RICANS ARE JOY-LOVING, AND MAKE THE MOST OF HOLIDAYS—ESPECIALLY THE CHILDREN

The next important town on the road is Humacao, surrounded by mountains and valleys—altogether a neat, prosperous-looking place. At Humacao we have the choice of continuing on up the shore through various towns near the coast, and turning back west at the north shore of the island, or of following an excellent road that runs directly west to Caguas, where we can rejoin the Military Highway.

If one has time, it is well, before leaving Porto Rico, to take the parallel road from San Juan that runs down through Bayamon, Comerio and Baranquitas. This leads through some of the finest scenery in the whole island. If you think your eyes have had their full of grandeur on the Military Road and the Eastern Route, take this straight road through the center of the island, at least as far as Aibonito, where you join the Military Highway. It will add a lot to your impressions of Porto Rico's scenic splendor. One can do



A GRIM REMINDER

EARTH WORKS IN GUANICA, PORTO RICO, THROWN UP BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON LANDING IN 1898

it in a day or so very conveniently. One crosses from San Juan by ferry boat to Cantano, and, from there, on a broad highway, the run is made down to the town of Bayamon. This brisk little city is worth seeing for historic reasons. In fact, it has been declared to be "the most historic spot in Porto Rico." It was founded by Ponce de Leon in 1509, and was known as the city of Puerto Rico. In 1521, owing to its being in an exposed position, it was deserted by the original settlers, who moved over across the bay and founded the city of San Juan. Then the old name of their capital, Puerto Rico, was bestowed on the island itself, and the town became known as Bayamon.

The hot mineral springs at Coamo deserve a visit. There are also mineral springs at Ponce and Caguas; and a trip, of great interest, to the caves of Aguas Buenas (ahgwás bway-nas). The great cavern is a natural curiosity that will no doubt be as famous in time as our own Mammoth Cave. The expedition into the earth is one to remember—with many

interesting and exciting incidents.

Most visitors to Porto Rico confine their trip to the fine, well-traveled roads. Few have the venturesome spirit to attempt the trails that lead through the wilder parts of the interior of the island. Those that have done so, however, bring back tales of thrilling experiences and amazing scenery.

The people of Porto Rico are

pleasure-loving, polite, and hospitable. After being entertained in various places by representative Porto Rican gentlemen, we bring away a sense of cordial interest, courteous attention and generous entertainment. We bring home with us also a feeling of friendly attachment that we would like to impart to all our fellow Americans. What is needed in Porto Rico is the development of a closer and more cordial feeling between the Porto Ricans and ourselves. Time will bring it about. Everyone who goes to

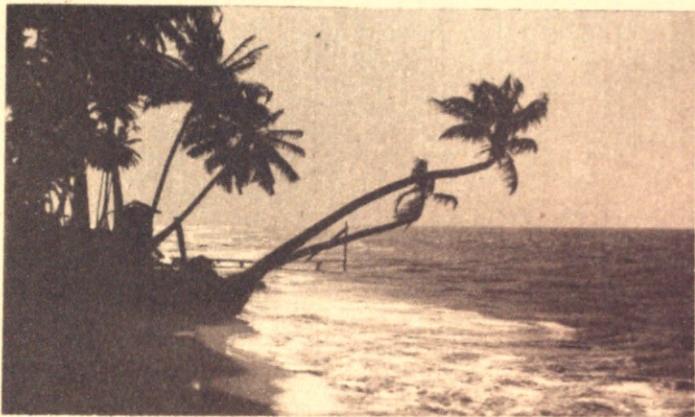
Porto Rico in a spirit of friendly interest, looking upon the natives, not as foreigners, but as new members of our national family, will help to bring about a mutual understanding.



COAMO SPRINGS HOTEL



OLD NATIVE TUNES STILL HOLD THEIR SPELL



TROPICAL SHORE AND SEA, PORTO RICO

COLUMBUS FOUND IT

THE BEGINNINGS OF PORTO RICO

PORTO RICO was one of Columbus's discoveries. He landed there on his second voyage in 1493, and named the island San Juan Bautista. With Columbus on this trip was the great soldier of fortune, Juan Ponce de Leon, who looked with a speculative eye on the possibilities in the new found island of deposits of gold. In 1508 the gallant adventurer visited the island of Porto Rico and explored it. In 1509, he was appointed by King Ferdinand of Spain governor of the island, and he settled there with a considerable military force. For several years thereafter he was engaged in securing control of the island; and in ridding it of the hostile tribes. He had his troubles—not only with the natives, but with a rival governor, Jean Ceron, who was appointed by Diego Columbus over Ponce de Leon's head. In 1513 Ponce set off to explore Florida. When he returned, he was kept busy for several years in guarding and exterminating the Carib Indians, who were overrunning Porto Rico. It was not until 1521 that he was ready to set out for Florida again, and that trip finished his adventurous career, for he was wounded and taken over to Cuba, where he died.

After his death, Porto Rico had a quiet, uneventful history under Spanish rule for nearly two hundred years. Pirates visited the island at various times, and there were occasional assaults during the seventeenth century by English and Dutch fleets. The fortifications of San Juan were held, however, and the invaders were repulsed.

During all these years the population of the island had been growing, and changing in character. Negro slaves had been introduced, and colonists had come from Spain, so that, by 1780, there were nearly 80,000 inhabitants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century this population was further increased by a large number of refugees who had fled from the revolutions of South America. It was, in comparison with other nations of the Western Hemisphere, a peace-loving population. Revolutions found no great encouragement in the island.

When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, Porto Rico was strongly garrisoned by Spain, but the old fortifications were obsolete and antiquated. The American forces found no difficulty in invading the island in July. General Nelson A. Miles landed on the 25th of that month on the southern shore, with about 3,400 troops, and when he entered the town of Ponce he was received with demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants. After reinforcements that brought the American army of invasion up to about 10,000 men, General Miles advanced across the island in four columns. At every point a cordial welcome was given to the invaders. For a military campaign it was a joke. By November the Spaniards had evacuated most of the island, and, on the 18th of October, Porto Rico was turned over to the American forces, and the United States flag was raised at San Juan. The Treaty of Paris, signed on December 10, 1898, gave Porto Rico to the United States.



THE CASA BLANCA—CALLED THE "PONCE DE LEON HOUSE," PORTO RICO

A BLOODLESS CONQUEST

UNCLE SAM APPEARS AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE

SPAIN formally surrendered Porto Rico at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan. The dawn of this memorable day came clear, colorless, and hot.

At daylight the last Spanish bugle call sounded through the town from the Fortress of San Cristobal and Morro, and 1,600 Spanish soldiers prepared to take a sad leave.

In answer to the shrill blasts of Spanish bugles, came back the responsive notes of the Americans, and soon the steady, sturdy tramp of the boys in khaki resounded between the low walls of the city streets. As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of the Spanish Governor-general, and, in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of Morro and San Cristobal. Around about them at these places were gathered queer, interesting groups of American tourists, newspaper men, Spanish and Porto Rican merchants, and dark colored, ragged natives. There was little enthusiasm. The minutes passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flagpoles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels. Newspaper men craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of camera-shutters could be heard from every point of elevation. At each flagstaff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and then, in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and, from their high-perched positions, watching the clock towers, or looking seaward toward the fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the black guns.

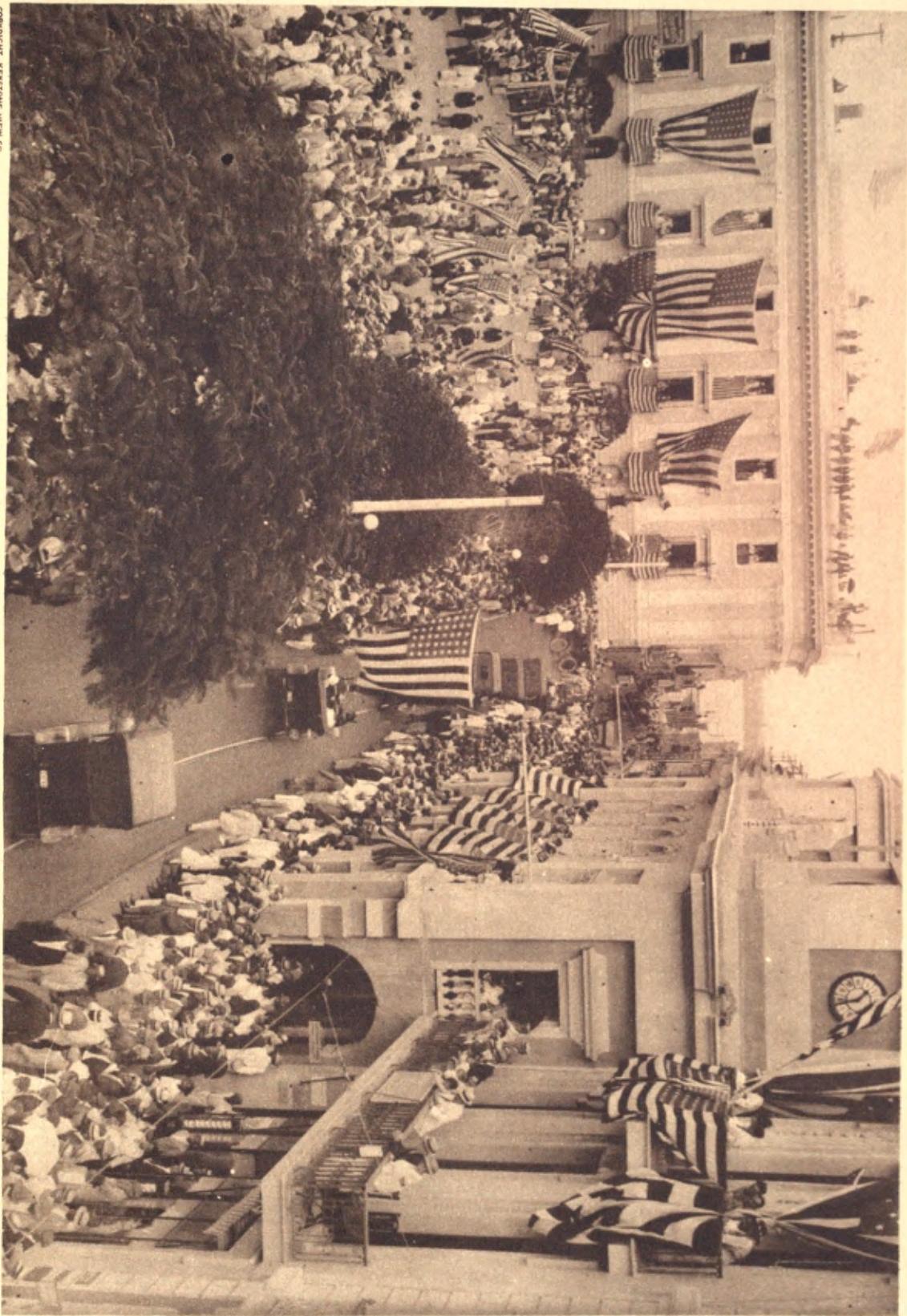
Ding! and the little, sweet-toned bell of a nearby cathedral sang the first note of twelve; it was overpowered in its first vibrations by the deep, bellowing clang of the great bell on the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Porto Rico Uncle Sam's.

The Stars and Stripes rose gently over every building and were wafted by a new-born breeze, as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and, too, as if in salutation to the roaring guns that belched their smoke far to seaward as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive ceremony—done without ostentatious display, done without gold lace, uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. No bombastic speeches were uttered; no great military pomp; the Stars and Stripes were raised softly, proudly, and, as we may say, with an outstretched hand of friendship.

Condensed from the story of the well-known journalist, William Dinwiddie, who was present at the scene of the evacuation.

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VOTELESS FOR YEARS

PORTO RICANS GIVEN BALLOT ONLY RECENTLY

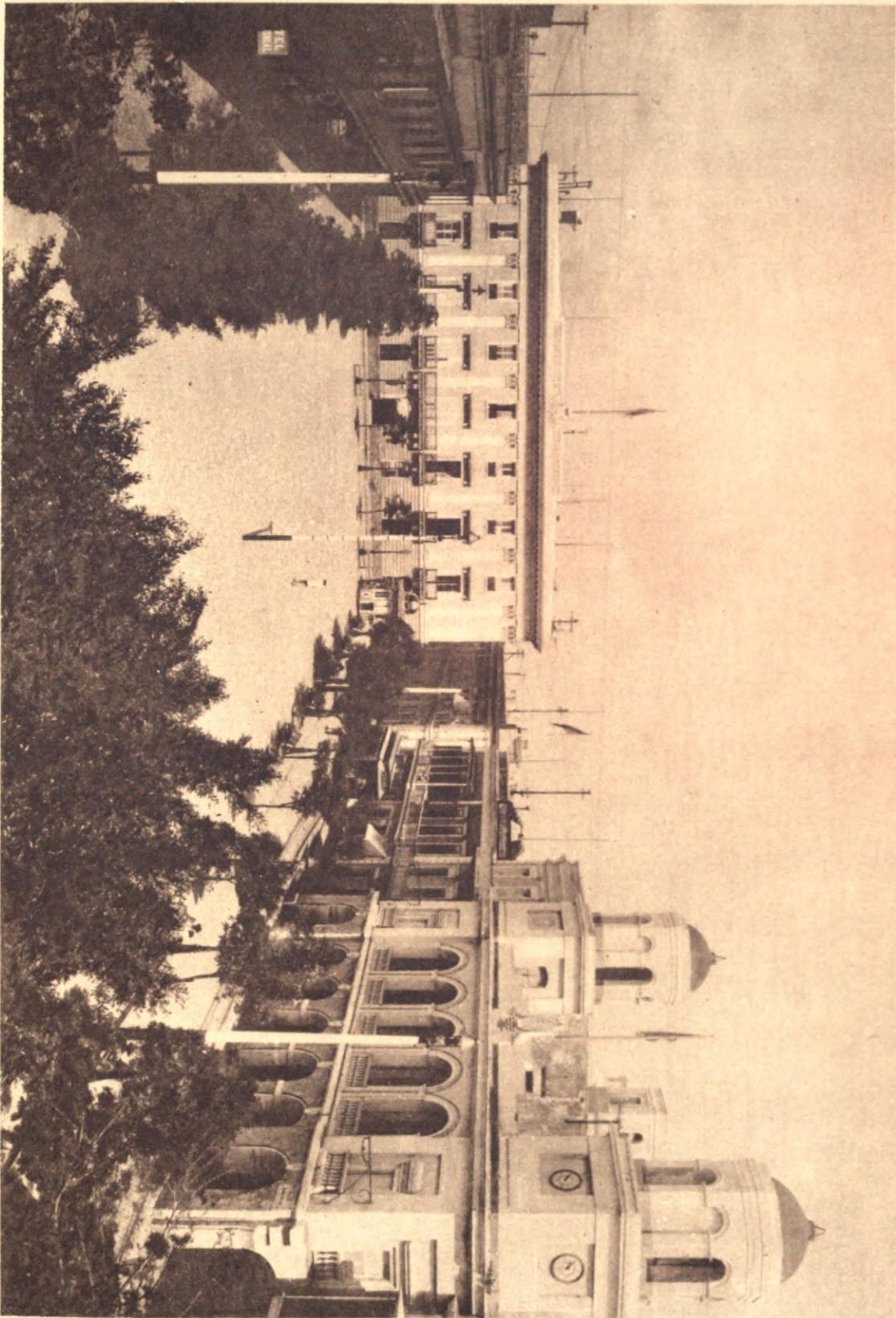
WHEN the United States took over Porto Rico a system of government was established under an Act popularly known by the name of its sponsor, Senator J. B. Foraker. This was planned to cover the administration of affairs until such a time when the United States Congress would provide a permanent constitution for the island. According to the original act, all the inhabitants of Porto Rico who were Spanish subjects on September 11, 1899—except those, of course, who wanted to keep their allegiance to Spain—together with the United States citizens that were residing in Porto Rico, were comprehended under a general body known as the People of Porto Rico. The Government of Porto Rico held jurisdiction over the island itself and the three adjoining islands, Vieques, Culebra and Mona, which were included in the surrender of territory by Spain.

The Government was framed, of course, after that of the United States, and it was divided into similar departments, the three great heads being the Executive, Legislative and the Judicial. The Executive authority is vested in a Governor, who is appointed by the President of the United States, and who holds office for a term of four years. The officers appointed by the Governor also hold office for four years.

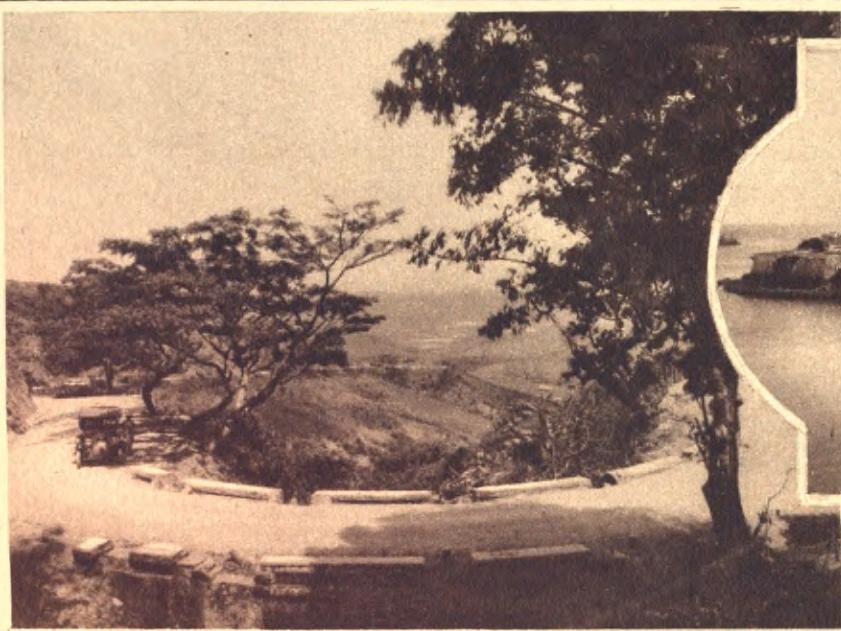
According to the Organic Act of 1900, the Legislative power was vested in a Legislative Assembly, which was made up of the Executive Council and a House of Delegates. These two bodies corresponded respectively to the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. The Executive Council consisted of eleven members, at least five of which had to be native inhabitants of Porto Rico. Under the New Organic Act of March 2, 1917, the legislative power in Porto Rico is now vested in a Legislature consisting of two houses: The Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Governor has the right to veto any bill passed by the Legislature, and a vote of two-thirds of the members of each house is necessary to pass over his veto. All laws, however, enacted by the Legislature of Porto Rico must be submitted for approval to the Congress of the United States. All franchises—railways, telegraph, telephone, and so on—can be granted only by the Executive Council, with the approval of the Governor, but none of these franchises can become operative until approved by the President of the United States. There are about seventy municipalities in Porto Rico, the principal town in each district being the seat of administration and ruled by a mayor. He has associated with him for local administration an assembly known as the Municipal Council.

For seventeen years previous to March 2, 1917, Porto Ricans occupied the position of being attached to a republic, without enjoying any form of citizenship. Up to this time they were a people without a country—neither aliens nor citizens. All residents twenty-one years of age or over may now have the franchise. The great majority have elected to become citizens.



PLAZA PRINCIPAL, INTENDENCIA (GOVERNMENT) BUILDING OPPOSITE, CITY HALL AT RIGHT, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO



VIEW ALONG THE MILITARY ROAD, PORTO RICO



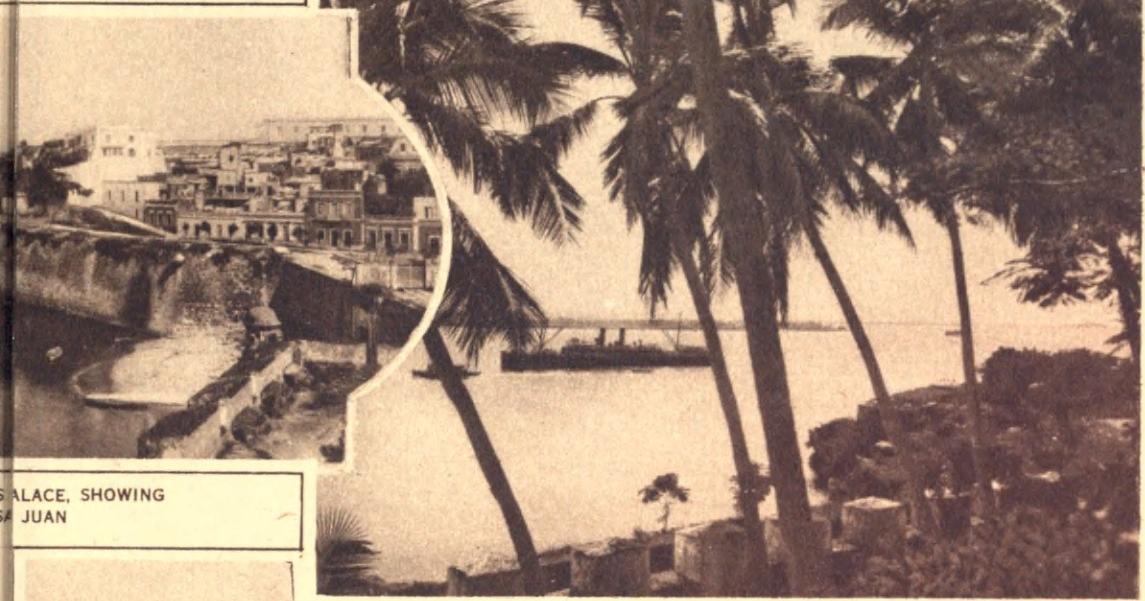
TOBACCO CROP UNDER
CULTURE, PORTO RICO

THAT is how an American traveler described the mountains of Porto Rico. At every turn of the splendid system of roads, which covers the Island, there are new and beautiful vistas. Now a deep *barranca*, or ravine, yawns beneath the road, and one looks into dim depths where groves of bananas, coffee and fruit trees nestle. Across range after range of steep, green hills loom towering mountains, their summits draped in clouds and their sides cultivated and verdant with growing crops. Here and there are long avenues of flaming poinciana trees or, suddenly, the

MORE BEAUTIFUL

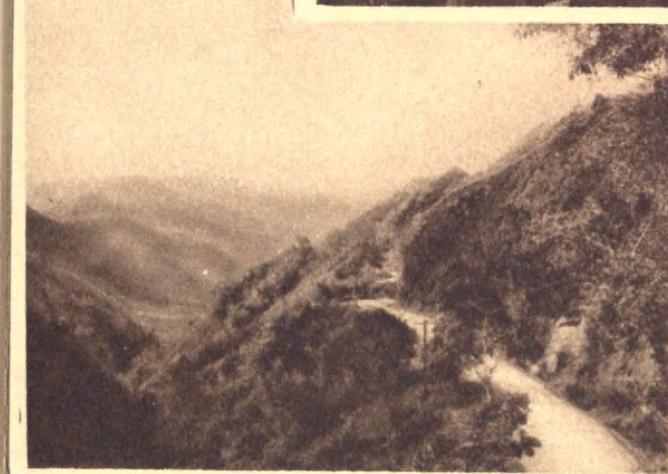
road passes through great clumps of towering, feathery bamboo. Wayside *fondas*, or country stores, wattled huts and sheds roofed with ancient Spanish tile, line the settled stretches. New scenes, new sites and new interests confront the motorist who tours Porto Rico, and the roads, enduring monuments to the skill of the Spanish engineers who built them, are the equal of any found in the States.

The Military Road, which links San



PALACE, SHOWING
SAN JUAN

VIEW OF HARBOR, SAN JUAN



MOUNTAIN SCENERY,
PORTO RICO

THAN THE SIERRAS

Juan, on one side of the Island, with Ponce, on the other, is the most popular with Island and visiting motorists. Speeding on the downward ascent toward Ponce the whole character of the country changes; moss, tree-ferns and other tropical growths disappear; one passes through a scene that might be in the New England States. Thick, bushy trees replace the bamboo; meadows and hillside are covered with waving grass in which cattle and ponies graze.

It might be in the Berkshire Hills. Soon an avenue of poinciana trees appears ahead; one is in the outlying streets of Ponce, and the illusion is gone.

Ox-carts and antiquated vehicles, victorias, luxurious touring cars, noisy motorcycles and the ubiquitous flivver crowd the lower levels; but, in the less traveled portions of the Island, connecting trails tempt only the most hardy of horsemen, for their precipitous grades and slippery surfaces can be negotiated in safety by native horses only. The Government is rapidly improving the better trails.

THREE R'S IN PORTO RICO

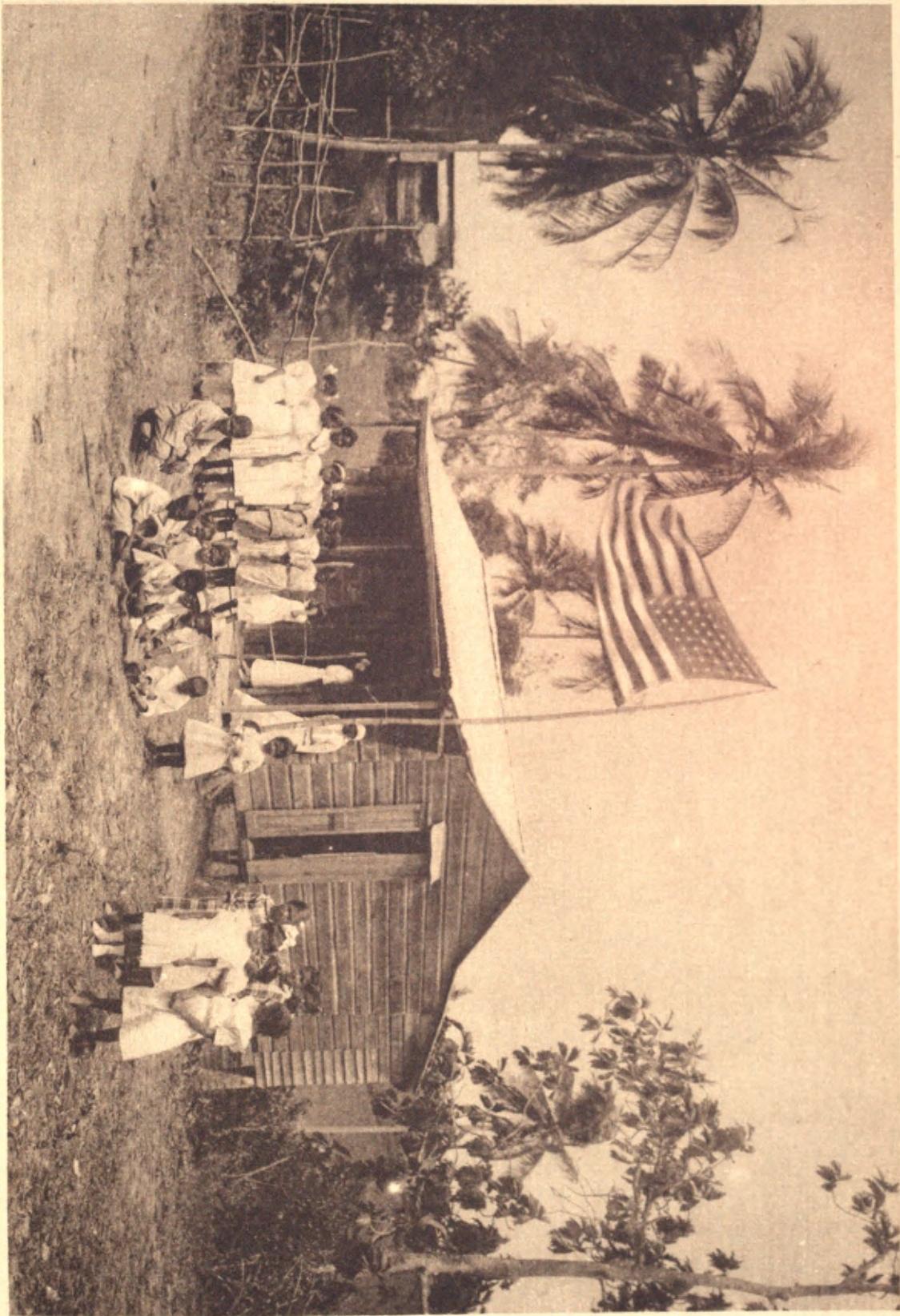
AMERICAN TEACHERS TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA

THE flag floating above the country school house is the most convincing symbol of a nation's progress. Twenty years' membership in the family of Uncle Sam has done a great deal for the school children of Porto Rico. In 1898, there was only one building on the island especially erected for educational purposes, and out of the population of a little over 953,000, less than 30,000 attended school—leaving over 300,000 children of school-age who were not in school. The effect of this was shown in the condition of the older generation; 73 % of the males of voting age—that is, over twenty-one years—were unable to read or write.

The Governor of Porto Rico now reports that, in 1919, out of the population of 1,300,000 there were 434,381 children of school age, and that about 161,000 of these attend school—an increase over conditions of twenty years ago of nearly 140,000. There were only 525 teachers in 1898—today there are 3,000. There are now 529 public school buildings—most of them fine structures, completely equipped. There are elementary schools, high schools, night schools, and special trade schools—with special courses in agriculture, cooking and sewing, and instruction in music and drawing. In the education of Porto Rico children, utility is the dominating thought—as it should be. Instruction in the Porto Rican public schools is now given in the English language. Spanish is taught as a special subject, beginning with the second grade, and continuing to the end of the course. There is no disposition on the part of teachers to force English or to suppress Spanish. It is important, however, that the young generation should speak the language of Uncle Sam. A balance of the two languages will naturally be maintained, for the children hear and speak Spanish almost everywhere in their daily life—at home with their families, and in association with their friends.

On and above the actual instruction given in the schools, all the benefits, pleasures and pursuits of American school life are cultivated. There are school libraries, playgrounds, and lunch-rooms—the latter supported either by private donations, public funds, or both combined. Some of the children get better food at school than they get at home. School bands have been organized, for instrumental music plays an important part in the social life of the Porto Rican people. Every town has its band, and an improvement in their music is noticeable since the establishment of school bands. School bands render music at the school festivals, exercises, and special concerts on the public plaza, at teachers' meetings, at meetings of parent associations, athletic meetings, and other occasions. School bands are already organized in twenty-one towns. San Juan, besides having a school band, has also a school orchestra.

Besides the public schools, there are a number of private schools in Porto Rico—last year there were 60 altogether, 21 of them in San Juan—the grade of work ranging from kindergarten to high school instruction.



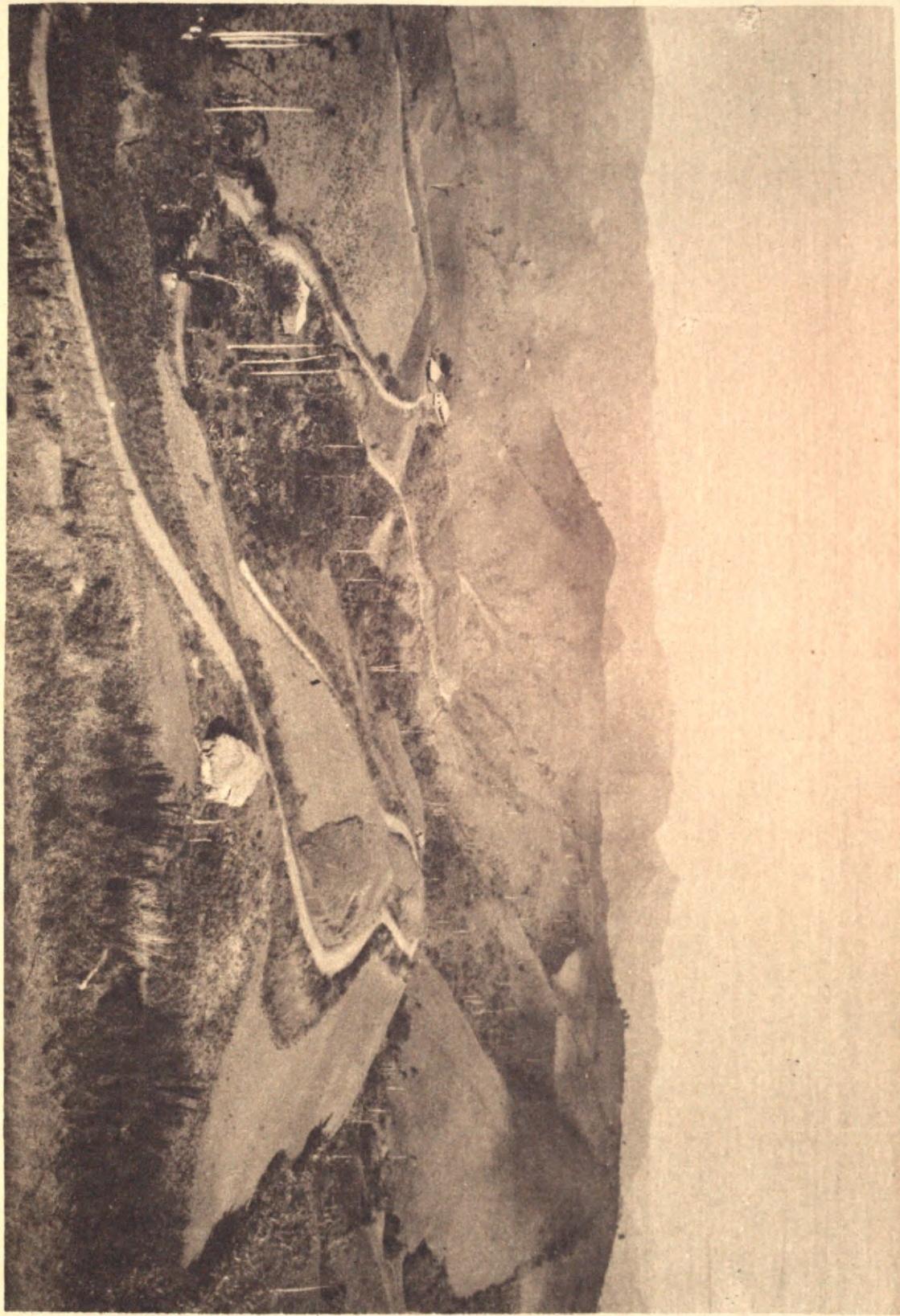
VILLAGE SCHOOL NEAR SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

AN ISLAND SUMMIT

PORTO RICO ONE OF MANY OCEAN MOUNTAINS

PORTO RICO is the summit of an oceanic mountain. The great mountain range of the Antilles embraces Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Jamaica and a number of small islands to the eastward, and it includes also a mountain chain that is now entirely submerged, and that extends westward under the ocean toward the Isthmus of Panama. It rises a little north of Porto Rico, almost vertically from the depths of the ocean, 27,000 feet to sea level, then on up to various heights in the islands of the West Indies, its greatest altitude being 11,300 feet, in Mount Tina, Santo Domingo. This means that the West Indian islands are simply the "protruding tips of the mightiest and most precipitous mountain range in the world," which has its foundations in the bottom of the ocean, and which pushes up above the surface of the water, reaching heights which, from bases to summits, are nearly 10,000 feet higher than Mount Everest in the Himalayas. The immense depths of water on either side of this wonderful ocean mountain range are the greatest known. There was a submergence years ago of a vast amount of the original land area of this mountain chain—this submerged land being thought by some writers to be the "Lost Atlantis"—and, while the ocean rolled for centuries over this sunken land, it became covered with a deposit of shells and sea animals. Then, in the upheavals of the earth, parts of it were raised high above the water—much higher than today—so that solid land perhaps extended as far as to the mainland of South America. There is a great difference of opinion among scientists about this matter, but it makes an appeal to the imagination, and we like to believe it. Those geologists that favored the idea called the vast area of land then exposed and connecting the two continents, "the Windward Bridge." Then came another subsidence of land until the islands were simply tiny pinnacles above the deep, and these were covered with coral deposit, and, finally, with vegetation and animal life. Volcano, earthquake, coral insect and wild bird all had a share in the formation of these beautiful islands as we see them today.

Porto Rico is the most eastern and the smallest of the Great Antilles. It is shaped like a box, with a length of nearly 100 miles and a breadth of about 35. Its area is something over 3,600 square miles. The surface of the island is, for the most part, an assembly of mountains, ridges, hills, and peaks, varied by deep valleys, high table-lands, and steep canyons. The highest peak, El Yunque (The Anvil), near the eastern end of the island, is not quite 4,000 feet in height, but the scenic beauty of Porto Rico is unrivaled by that of any of its sister islands, on account of the precipitous character of the mountain ranges. The range, known as the Cordilleras, has an average altitude of only about 2,500 feet, but it is made up of spurs, ridges, isolated peaks, and abrupt slopes that give superb scenic effects. The traveler who takes to the mountain trails will find wild beauties and adventurous trails not exceeded in "thrill" even by those of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras.



VIEW ON MILITARY ROAD, SHOWING BARE MOUNTAIN SUMMITS OF PORTO RICO

"PAY DIRT" IN PORTO RICO

RICH PRODUCTS AND UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF THE ISLAND

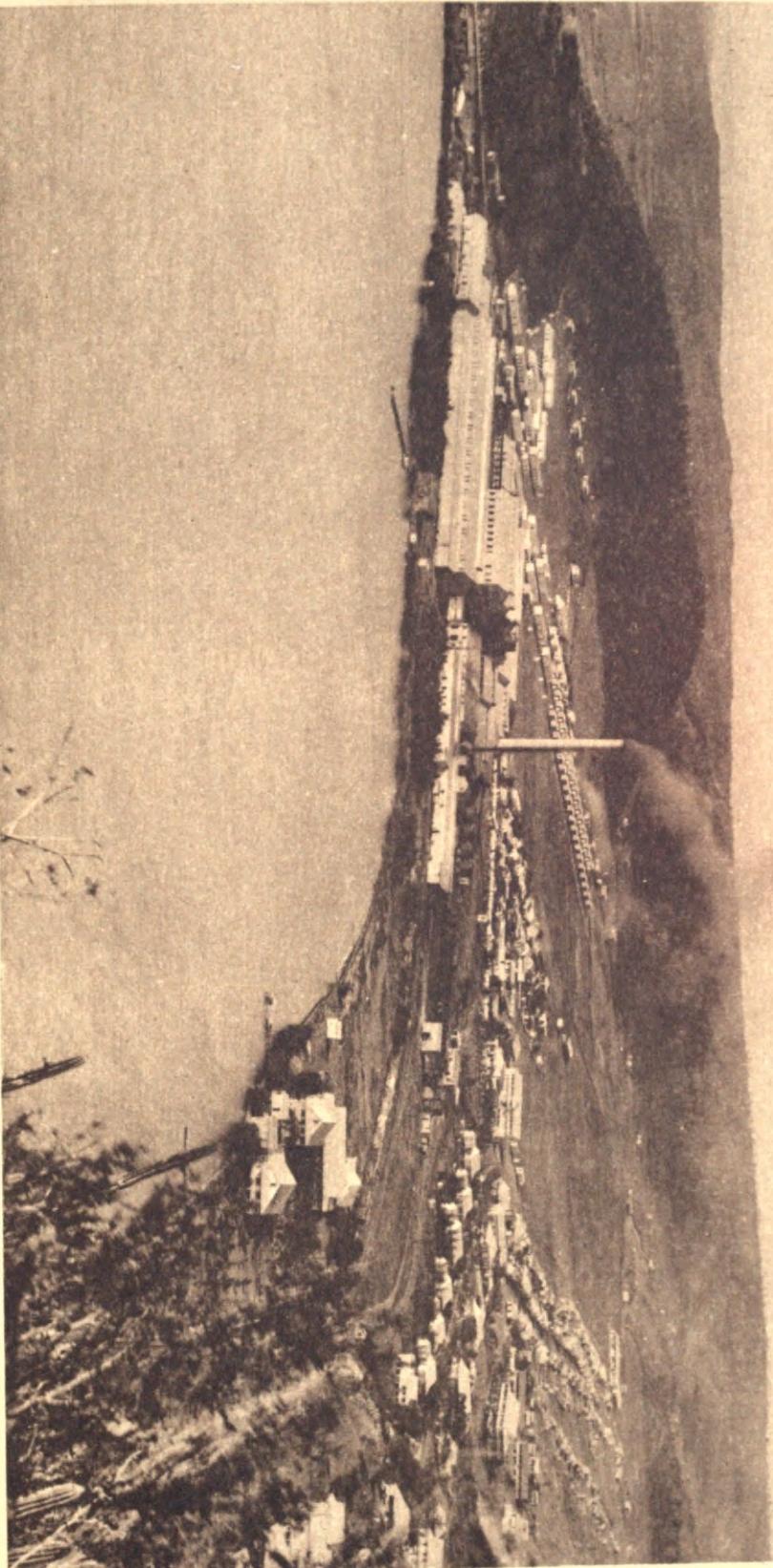
PORTO RICO is, to a great extent, an agricultural country, and its chief wealth is in the product of the soil. The great majority of the inhabitants of Porto Rico are either engaged in agriculture, or else in work of some kind relating to or depending on agriculture.

Of all the products of Porto Rican soil sugar is the principal one. Sugar cane has been grown on the island for 300 years. The first sugar mill was erected in 1548. Through the years, mills grew in number and the output of sugar increased annually. Up until American enterprise took hold, the mills were the simplest and crudest affairs, driven by the power of plodding oxen. Improved methods have produced within the last few years the best quality of cane and highly efficient processes of sugar making and handling. The Porto Rico sugar industry should be a source of great wealth to the island. The only thing that has checked it has been a tariff system that obliged Porto Rico to compete in the sugar trade with other countries—with the result that many Porto Rican planters lost money and became discouraged.

Tobacco and coffee are important products of the island. In certain sections of the country the soil produces a high grade of tobacco which is considered by some equal to the best Cuban tobacco. At present rate of production, tobacco may, before long, become the chief product of the land, though coffee is also increasing rapidly in importance. The Spaniards always favored coffee as an article of export, and Porto Rico under Spanish rule contributed coffee in great quantity to Spain, Cuba and other countries. Now Porto Rico has to compete with Brazil—which is a big and growingly important rival. Moreover, the markets for Porto Rican coffee in Spain and Cuba were affected by the tariffs, and Porto Rican coffee is little known in the United States. In spite of these disadvantages, the coffee industry in Porto Rico is gaining, and the production increasing. Coffee is headed for the first place among the island products.

Porto Rico grows many varied fruits, wholesome and rich in flavor. The most important of the fruits are pineapples, which are extensively grown, oranges, grapefruit, and bananas. Cocoanuts are in abundance. Little is grown in the way of cereals, but beans are an important vegetable product. Attempts have been made to raise cattle and horses. Dairy farms, poultry farms and bee farms are plentiful and flourishing—and here and there one finds truck gardens cultivated.

The natural resources of Porto Rico have not been thoroughly investigated. The great hidden wealth of the soil still remains practically untouched, and reports of such investigations as have been made give evidence that gold, silver, iron, bismuth, lead, tin, nickel, platinum and copper are all to be found in the island, and that the deposits are large, rich, easy of access and near transportation. It is stated that copper ore is to be found in some localities, that iron is abundant and that gold and silver, running as high as \$400 per ton, may be found in certain sections. It is stated, moreover, that the rivers carry gold and that natives frequently wash out several dollars' worth a day.



GREAT SUGAR MILL AT GUANICA, PORTO RICO



A GIANT PALM LEAF FAN.

THE DESERT PALM OF PORTO RICO

MAKING A PALM LEAF HAT

SUGAR and spice and numerous other things nice thrive in the opulent isle of Porto Rico. The land is so fertile that all sorts of tropic growths abound. But down in the southwest there is a strip of coast where nature seems to have run out of rich soil—as though she had miscalculated the supply and spent too prodigally elsewhere. Even the rain clouds hurry over this arid strip and leave it parched beneath a blinding sun. Only palms flourish here—cocoanut palms, which are never demanding in the way of roothold, and another sort of palm tree that grows, not fruit, but hats. And very excellent hats they are.

Quite as good, in expert opinion, as those that come from the Isthmus of Panama.

The hat palm, which grows wild in great abundance, is about eight feet tall and has broad fanlike leaves. Young leaves, fine in texture and almost white when dried, are selected for the best hats. Cut when green, they are spread to dry and bleach, as linen is laid in the sun. Two dried leaves, cost dred the weavers about \$1.50, are enough to make one hat of first-class workmanship. ve material for cheaper hats, which are made from coarse cream-colored leaves, costs twenty to twenty-five cents each.

Women and children do the weaving. Early in the morning, as soon as the housewife has tidied up her palm-thatched and palm-wainbated cabin, she sits down in her m-shaded front porch and begins to plait the narrow lengths. If

A com plans to do a hat, she draws The in the bundle a or handful of strips

no more than a sixteenth of an inch wide. The narrower the strip the longer the weaving process. As she forms the germ of the hat—the disk in the center of the crown—and proceeds in slowly widening circles, she creates a shower of delicate fibrous ribbons, and these her supple fingers thread in and out to form crown and brim.

About sixty days' labor goes into the making of a first-quality hat. Only half this time would be necessary except for a curious fact. The leaves chosen for the finest work must be soft, so the slender strips will not crack and break. These, spread out on the ground,

are pliable only in the morning, when they are still damp from the dew. Practical everyday hats, made of coarse strips, can be finished in two or three days, and sell to the dealer's agent for less than a dollar. A sixty-day hat may bring \$30 or \$40. The coarser woven hats of deep-cream tint often give the best wear, because they are less liable to crack.

The weavers dispose of their wares at their own doorstep. The product of the primitive community is then taken to Mayaguez, the finishing and distributing center for this lively Porto Rican industry.

The chief village of the sombrero weavers is Joyuda, and "Joyuda hats" are renowned throughout the island. In foreign markets they usually sell as "Panamas"; American purchasers seldom know that their prized head-gear is fashioned by dusky fingers in the palmy isle of Porto Rico.
Ruth Kedzie Wood



PALM HATS IN THE MAKING



A TRAINING CLASS IN HAT WEAVING

PEN PICTURES OF PORTO RICO

WE have no better traveling companion today than Harry Franck. He has carried thousands of enthusiastic readers through South America, vagabonding down the Andes. As many more have gone joyously with him afoot in Spain. Now, as he takes us Roaming Through the West Indies,* his clear-seeing eyes have registered various vivid closeups of life in lovely Porto Rico.

FOUR KINDS OF FEET

"We divide the people of Porto Rico into four categories for purposes of identification," said the American chief of the insular police, "according to the shape of their feet. The minority, mostly town dwellers, wear shoes. Of the great mass of country men, those with broad, flat feet live in the canelands around the coast. The coffee men have over-developed big toes, because they use them in climbing the steep hillsides from bush to bush. In the tobacco districts, where the planting is done with the feet, they are short and stubby. It beats the Bertillon system all hollow."

The man bent on seeing the varying phases of Porto Rican life could not do better than adopt the chief's broad divisions of the population, for our overcrowded little Caribbean isle is a complex community, as complex in its way as its great step-motherland. Small as it is, it contains a diversity of types that emphasizes the influence of occupation, immediate environment, even scenery, on the human family.

ROCKING CHAIR CONCERTS

San Juan, the capital, to give the shod minority the precedence, is compacted together on a small island of the north coast. It was a century old when the Dutch colonized New Amsterdam. Its Americanization consists chiefly of frequent *fuentes de soda* (soda fountains) in place of its bygone cafés, and a certain reflection of New York ways in its larger stores. Baseball, too, has

come to stay. The central plaza on a Sunday evening has a few notes of uniqueness to the sated Latin-American traveler. The Porto Rican seems to like free play in his central squares. A few years ago a venturesome American Jew conceived the plan of providing concert-going San Juan with rocking chairs in place of the uncomfortable iron *sillas* (seats). While the municipal band renders its classical program with a moderate degree of skill, all San Juan rocks in unison with the leader's baton. Then suddenly one is aware of a tingling of the blood as the *retrata* ends with a number that brings all San Juan quickly to its feet, males uncovered, or standing stiffly at salute—the Star-Spangled Banner.

PACKING-BOX HAMLETS

By Porto Rican law the entire beach of the island is government property for sixty feet back of the water's edge. As a consequence, what would in our own land be the choicest residential

region is everywhere covered with squatters, who pay no rent, and patch their miserable little shelters together out of tin cans, old boxes, bits of driftwood, and *yagua* and palm-leaves, the interior walls covered, if at all, with picked-up labels and illustrated newspapers. Aguadilla, the most typical town of Porto Rico, has much the same proportion between its favored few and its poverty-stricken many as the island itself. The hills come close down to the sea here, leaving little room for the pauper people of all Porto Rican suburbs. Hence those of Aguadilla have stacked their tiny shacks together in the narrow rocky cañons between the mountain-flanked railroad and the sea-level.

So closely are these hundreds of human nests crowded that in many places even a thin man can pass between them only by advancing sidewise. Built of weather-blackened bits of boxes, most of them from "the States," with their addresses and trade-



A COCOANUT TREE
IN A PORTO RICAN FRONT YARD

*"Roaming Through the West Indies," by Harry A. Franck, published by the Century Company, 1920.



A SLOW BUT SURE WAY OF GETTING BANANAS TO MARKET

marks still upon them, they look far less like dwellings than abandoned kennels thrown into one great garbage heap. Of furnishing they have almost none, not even a chair to sit on in many cases. The occupants squat upon the floor, or, at best, take turns in the "hammock," a ragged gunny-sack tied at both ends and stretched from corner to corner of the usually single room. The families are usually large, despite an appalling infant mortality, and half a dozen children without clothing enough between them to cover the smallest are almost certain to be squalling, quarreling, and rolling about the pieced-together floor or on the ground beneath it.

NOTHING TO DO

There is a Japanese effect in the density of population of our little West Indian colony. When the traveler has motored for hours without once getting out of sight of human habitations, when he has noted how the unpainted little shacks speckle the steepest hillside, even among the high mountains, when he has seen the endless clusters of hovels that surround every town, whether of the coast or the interior, he will come to realize the crowded condition. If he is a trifle observant, he will also see everywhere signs of the scarcity of work.

Men lounging in the doors of their huts in the middle of the day, surrounded by pale women and children sucking a joint of sugar cane, are not always loafers; in many cases they have nowhere to go and work. While the women toil at making lace, drawn-work, or hats, the males turn their hands to anything that the incessant struggle for livelihood suggests.

A job is a prize in Porto Rico. If one is offered, applicants swarm; many a man "lays off" to lend his job to his brother or his cousin. For all their misfortune, or perhaps because of them, the Porto Ricans, especially outside the large cities, are hospitable and soft-mannered, and characterized by a constant courtesy and a solicitude to please those with whom they come in contact. The island has a less grasping, less materialistic atmosphere than Cuba. The naiveté of the natives is often delightful. It is veraciously reported that a company of youthful *jibaros* (mountain farmers), drafted into the Federal service during the War, waited on their captain one day and asked for their "time," as they did not care for a job in which they had to wear shoes!

THE BEAUTY OF THE HILLS

More mountainous than even Haiti and Santo Domingo, the island is such an unbroken labyrinth of hills, ranges, and high peaks, of deep valleys, perpendicular slopes, and precipitous cañons, that its rugged beauty seems never-ending. Even along the rolling coastal belt the highways are lined with the green- and red-leaved *almendras*, or false almond-trees, which here and there carpet the roads with Turkish rugs of fallen leaves. Higher up comes the flowering laurel with its masses of delicate pink blossoms,

then the *bucaré* trees, daub the precipitous hill-sides with splotches of their burnt-orange hue; still farther aloft come beautiful tree ferns, and everywhere stand the majestic royal palms and massive mango trees.

Harry A. Franck



PORTE RICAN CANE CUTTERS
HELPING TO FILL THE SUGAR BOWL OF THE WORLD

? WHAT IS MONEY—AND WHAT IS IT FOR ?

HAVE you ever asked yourself that question? Money is a vital and essential thing, but most of us know very little about it. We make it and spend it—and our knowledge of it ends there. We hear it talked about daily; we read about it in books and magazines, and much that we hear and read is puzzling. We are told sometimes that money is "tight," at other times that it is "easy," and frequently of late we have been told that "a dollar is only worth fifty cents." What does it all mean? What is money, anyhow?

Here is the answer, condensed in a simple way from a wonderful book, "The Wealth of Nations," written by Adam

Smith and published over a century ago in that glorious year of the Birth of our Nation—1776. Here is the Story of Money:

In the old time, primitive communities, division of labor was determined by natural selection. Each man engaged in the occupation that suited him best or to which he was physically adapted. It soon became apparent that a very small part of a man's wants could be supplied by his own labor. There were many things that he needed that were made by his fellowmen, so in order to get these things, he would trade his own products for the products that he desired from his fellow workers.

This was the beginning of "*Exchange*," and, in some communities, it is done even in this day. The farmer brings his produce to market and exchanges it for shoes, clothing and household necessities. In the primitive communities, however, exchange was hard to manage. The butcher might have more meat in his shop than he could use, and the baker and shoemaker might each of them want a part of his meat, but having nothing to offer in exchange, because the butcher had all the bread and shoes that

he wanted. No dealings were possible between them. How, then, were the baker and shoemaker to get the butcher's meat that they so much needed?

Situations of this sort made clear to the community that there must be, besides the produce of each one's own industry, a certain quantity of some commodity or other

such as *all* men would find desirable and useful and would, at any time, take in exchange for the product of their industry. Many different commodities were successively thought of and employed as a medium of exchange. Cattle was said to have been the commonest medium of exchange, and, in old times, things

were frequently valued according to the *number* of cattle that would be given in exchange for them. A certain article would be worth "ten sheep," another article a "hundred oxen." It was not easy, however, to transfer heads of cattle, so more convenient commodities were selected as time went by. Salt was used in some cases, seashells in others. Tobacco was used in early Virginia; sugar in some of the West India colonies; dried cod in Newfoundland; hides or dressed leathers in other countries. And in some places, as in Scotland, it is said that it was not uncommon for a workman to carry nails to a baker shop or a butcher's as a medium of exchange.

In the course of years of experience, men came at last to prefer metals above every other commodity as an instrument of commerce. Metals were not perishable. They could be melted up or divided into smaller parts, preserving the same quality in varying sizes. This gave metal a distinct advantage over other commodities. The man that wanted to buy salt and had nothing but cattle to give for it, had to buy, at least, salt to the value of a whole ox or a whole sheep—he could not buy less than that.



MILLIONS IN NICKELS
DEPARTMENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA MINT WHERE THAT USEFUL SMALL COIN IS MADE

If, on the contrary, he had metals to give in exchange, he could easily *portion out a quantity of metal to the precise quantity of salt that he wanted.* Metals of various kinds and values came soon into general use.

Iron was a common instrument in Sparta; copper in ancient Rome; gold and silver among the richest commercial nations. Originally these metals were made in rude bars without any stamp or coinage. This use was attended with two awkward conditions: first, the difficulty of weighing accurately and, secondly, that of assaying their value. In precious metals where a small difference in the quantity makes a big difference in value, the business of weighing was important and it was awkward for merchants to carry fine scales with them through all their transactions. Assaying was still more difficult and tedious. It called for a chemist—or at least an expert assayer. In those days people must often have been the victims of frauds and impositions. Pieces of metal having the weight of pure silver or pure copper but being base adulterations must have been paid out many a time without detection. In order to prevent such dishonest practices, and establish a standard of exchange, it was found necessary in all countries to affix a public stamp on certain particular metals as were in common use—this stamp being an assurance to everyone that handled the piece of metal that *it was, in weight and in quality, what it claimed to be.*

This was the beginning of coined money, and also of public offices called "mints," the latter being institutions where metal was stamped so as to assure the public of its integrity. The first stamps that were affixed

on current metals were intended to attest the goodness or fineness of the metal and it resembled the sterling mark which is today affixed to plate and bars of silver. It did not attest the *weight* of the metal. The next step, therefore, was to give the coins denominations that would indicate the weight or quantity of the metal contained in them. When money was first coined in Rome, the Roman *pondo* contained a Roman pound of good copper. In England in the time of Edward I. the English pound sterling was a coin that gave assurance of a pound, Tower weight, of silver of a known fineness. The French *livre*, in the time of Charlemagne, contained a pound, Troyes weight, of silver of known quality. After the pound came smaller coins, such as "shilling," giving assurance of a definite weight.

Finally, in the course of experience in commerce, metal money of various kinds became in all civilized nations, the universal instrument of commerce, by means of which goods of all kinds were bought or sold.

So much Adam Smith tells us. Paper money is a refinement of the same exchange. In convenient form, it stands for so much value in coin money. It is either a promissory note of the Government for a certain sum, or it is a certificate of deposit of a certain amount in gold or silver in the national treasury. Paper money, it is needless to say, is of no intrinsic value. Its value lies simply in the assurance printed on each bill that there is a definite sum of the coin of the nation behind the bit of paper, and that this sum can be obtained by the possessor of the paper bill. In a later number of *The Mentor* we are going to tell The Story of Gold, and the Making of Money.



FROM CATTLE TO COIN—THE EVOLUTION OF MONEY THROUGH THE AGES

NOTRE DAME IN FICTION

IN that splendid Paris which thrills, delights, and amazes the visitor of today there are structures and squares which impress the traveler from the new world with a sense of antiquity, but which to the critical eyes of Notre Dame must seem the veriest of upstarts. She herself was built for a little Gothic capital, and a huge metropolis has outgrown her. Among the spirits that in imagination return from the dust of centuries to renew in the shadow of the great cathedral the associations of the past are those of kings and captains, statesmen and thundering prelates, and scribes, who, though lightly considered in their own times, have outlived the ephemeral mighty before whom they cringed in the matter of perpetuating for posterity

"toutes les gloires de la France," and in some cases the glories of other lands.

There is hardly a name in the roll of French letters, from the twelfth century to the fifteenth, which is not in some measure linked with the Cathedral of Notre Dame (Our Lady); hardly a poet or romancer or playwright of modern times who has not occasionally turned to the cathedral and the streets about it to draw direct inspiration from the trophied and mysterious past. Notre Dame means Abelard and Héloïse, and Dante, and Boileau, and Fénelon, and Molière and Corneille, and Balzac and Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Chapter of Notre Dame owned nearly all the eastern end of the *Île de la Cité* (Isle of the City), and had built up a clerical village of some forty small houses, each within its own garden. In one of these houses facing the river, in 1118, seventy years before the present cathedral was begun, dwelt those beloved lovers, Abelard and Héloïse. In the shadow of Notre Dame

was born Boccaccio, the Italian poet and novelist, and Dante lived under the same eaves for a vague year or two, in the period of his exile. Balzac, in a fragment of romance, placed Dante's Paris home in one of the small houses just to the east of the cathedral, thence ferrying him over to the quay, whence the Italian strolled to his lectures.

Let us follow the winding picturesque Rue Chaneinesse, and at Number 18, let us climb to the Hering staircase of the Dagobert Tower, and old and precious débris of the canonical buildings that once enclosed the Cathedral of Paris. A few dozen worn-down steps will bring us to a narrow platform, whence we shall behold an admirable sight. "Notre Dame, radiantly beautiful,

rises, like a large stone flower, from a mass of flat roofs, and the majestic outlines of its towers stand out in their immensity against the horizon.

"Beneath every caprice of the hour or light, whether the sun gilds this splendor or its carvings are mantled in snow, while a carpet spotless flakes stretches below, whether the flaming sky frames its violet bulk in melting gold or the storm wraps it in its copper clouds, ever the noble cathedral appears in its shining beauty and unsurpassed splendor.

"The spire that completes it shoots clearly and proudly into the air, and flights of crows whirl, with shrill cawings, round the blossoming roots of the Paris Basilic. Over there, above a dazzling view of carvings, chimneys, gables, bridges, steeples, and streets, the far-off azures melt into soft tints, and finally mingle, on the horizon, in a vague coloring; the beasts of the Apocalypse, which the talented artists of times gone by have poised on the tower balustrades, bend grimacingly and jeeringly over



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL
THE MOST FAMOUS CHURCH IN FRANCE

the vast Paris that feverishly lives and moves below!"

It is a far cry from that city of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame,"—of Quasimodo, the crippled bell-ringer, and Claude Frollo and Esmeralda and Captain Phoebus—to the town of the eighteen-seventies through which Robert Louis Stevenson so delighted to wander. Yet Notre Dame of the fifteenth century meant more to the picturesque Scotsman than all the cathedrals of Great Britain combined. He saw it with the eyes of François Villon (fran-s wah vee-yohng), whose vagabondage he pictured so vividly in "A Lodging for the Night." To him the characters of the Hugo romance were keenly alive, and, above all, the cathedral itself. "Old Paris," he recorded of the great Frenchman's book, "lives for us with newness of life. Notre Dame has been held up over Paris by a height far greater than that of its twin towers: the cathedral is present to us from the first page to the last. . . And then Hugo has peopled this Gothic city, and, above all, this Gothic church, with a race of men even more distinctly Gothic than their surroundings."

In that series of spirited romances in which the good Dumas (du-mah) carried his splendid Four Musketeers from the fiery morning of life to the gradually falling evening when the lights were extinguished, and the heroes passed away one by one, Notre Dame looms like a beacon on a hill. Forever, in their journeys to and fro between the right bank and the left, Musketeers were passing in its shadow, their spurs jingling and the scabbards of their long rapiers clanging against the rough cobblestones of the narrow streets that clustered at the cathedral's base. Those streets, which had known the hunch-back of the Hugo tale, and Chicot (shee-ko), and d'Artagnan (dar-tan-yan), Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, survived to figure in the *Comédie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac, and to furnish the stupendous setting of the scene for Eugène Sue's "Mysteries

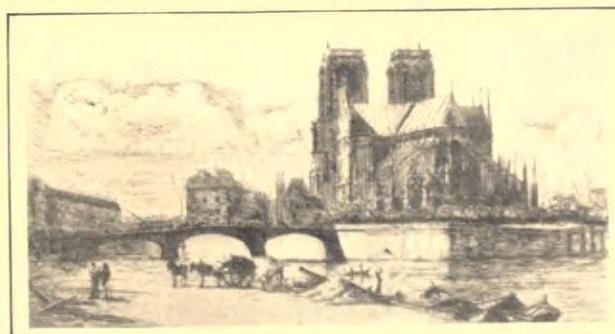
of Paris." The twin towers still jutted up from a medieval tangle when Hugo and Balzac and Sue and Méryon knew them, and found in them inspiration. Here, under the wing of Notre Dame, the Fifteenth Century, which had defied the Sixteenth and the Seventeenth and the Eighteenth, persisted into the Nineteenth. Here was the old Paris of Villon . . . and of Quasimodo.

Quasimodo and the priest Frollo in the tower; the girl Esmeralda and her goat in the square below; the Villon of actual existence, or, better still, of the Stevensonian tale, slinking furtively in the shadows! These are but a few of the vast company yonder in the Valhalla of romance, who, if brought back to earth, would turn instant eyes to the twin towers and the splendid facade. So many of them are there that they would stretch beyond the longest evening shadow. So many that the reverent Pilgrim before or within the ancient structure must choose those of Fable Land who happen to be nearest and dearest to his heart. In that spirit the present Pilgrim sees in imagination the Tartuffe of Molière (mol-yare), planning fresh villainies while apparently engaged in prayer; Jourdain, or Aramis, the dainty friend of duchesses, answering in the dim aisles to the call that will temporarily convert a dashing musketeer of the King into an abbé; or Clive Newcome and his good old father, the Colonel, stepping softly and musing on the mighty past of which the cathedral is the symbol. The pilgrim listens to the mutterings of the Great Jacquerie, the theme of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," mutterings that, swelling into a clamor of fury, were to convert Notre Dame into a Temple of Reason; or follows Du Maurier's delightful

Knights of the Brush ("Trilby"), thrilling to its beauty and its art. Notre Dame of Paris is France's national glory. And it is also the glory of a literature that is not exclusively French.

—Arthur B. Maurice

Condensed from *Art and Life*.



THE EASTERN, OR ALTAR END, OF NOTRE DAME
FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES MÉRYON

THE MAN THAT REACHED THE TOP

A TRIBUTE TO HUDSON STUCK, BY BELMORE BROWNE

HUDSON STUCK reached the summit of Mt. McKinley. Belmore Browne climbed within a short distance of it and was driven back by a blizzard. The difference between the man that got to the "top of the continent" and the man that nearly got there was very slight—the difference of only a few hundred rods. Stuck benefited by Browne's experience—and Browne gives Stuck full credit and applause—good sporting spirit between two brave, adventurous souls. There is then a very special personal interest in the following tribute to Stuck, written for The Mentor by Belmore Browne:

"What a loss Alaska suffered in the death of Stuck—'Saint of the Yukon,' as he was called. He was a sound scholar, a brilliant preacher, a tireless priest, a scientist and explorer—a splendid type of the men who have answered the call of the 'silent places' in the Far North.

Hudson Stuck was born in England, and was educated at King's College, London. In 1885 he came to this country, and in 1892 graduated from the University of the South. He had a charge in Texas until 1904, when, through the generosity of Pierpont Morgan, the bishopric of Alaska was created, and Stuck volunteered.

In the summer of 1904 he began his work there as 'Archdeacon of the Yukon and Tanana Valleys and of the Arctic regions to the north of the same.' He traveled, he explored, he preached, and he built up. The hospitals of St. John's-in-the-Wilderness and St. Stephen are monuments to his zealous industry.

In his mission work he traveled by dog-teams in

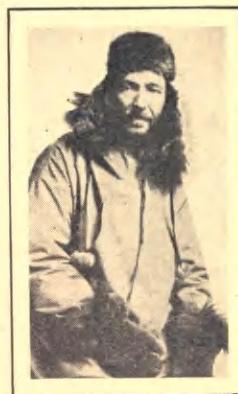
the winter, stopping just long enough in the spring to allow the rivers to clear of ice, when he boarded his little launch, the *Pelican*, and began a round of the northern rivers.

In addition to his duties he found time to answer the call of the great adventure that he describes in the 'Ascent of Denali,' (Mt. McKinley) and it was our mutual interest in America's greatest mountain that brought us together. In 1912, Professor Herschel Parker, Merl LaVoy, and I had reached the northeastern end of the summit ridge of Mount McKinley. Our labor of three years was defeated by summer blizzards, and we were driven back,

when a walk of only about five minutes would have brought us to the little knoll of snow that forms the highest point on the Continent.

On my return to civilization I received several letters from the Archdeacon asking for details of our route, and for general information relative to the ascent he was planning. Accompanied by Karstens, a man known throughout Alaska for his physical strength and knowledge of the wilderness, and a number of Mission Indians the ascent was completed in the summer of 1913. This great achievement reflects the love of adventure and contempt for physical suffering that, added to his religious zeal, so eminently fitted Hudson Stuck for

the splendid life work he accomplished. In the words of the minute passed by the Department of Missions after his death: 'With perfect simplicity it may be said of him that he fought a good fight, has finished his course, and has attained his crown.'



HUDSON STUCK
WHO CLIMBED MT. MCKINLEY



HUDSON STUCK AND HIS FAVORITE DOG "MUK"

? ? ? WHO; WHEN; WHY ? ? ?

* * On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.

Question. Is Winston Churchill an American or an Englishman?

Answer. There are two Winston Churchills. One is the American novelist, born in St. Louis in 1871, and living now in Windsor, Vt. He is known for many successful works of fiction—"Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and others. His work is fully covered in Mentor No. 25.

The English Churchill is Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, born in 1874, the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Belonging, as he does, to a brilliant and distinguished family, the Hon. Winston Churchill has made fame as a traveler, war correspondent, writer and statesman. He was Minister of Munitions during the World War, and prominent in various war activities.

Question. What is the story of "The Pot of Basil," painted by John W. Alexander?

Answer. The story of the Pot of Basil is told in Keats' poem called "Isabella." It is a legend of an unfortunate pair of lovers. The young knight, who courted Isabella, was not approved by her warrior father. Accordingly, he is waylaid and killed, and his head is brought to Isabella. She buries it in a pot of basil which she waters with her tears and cherishes in tragic grief. You can find the poem in any volume of Keats' works.

Question. What is the origin of the American Indian?

Answer. There is much speculation about the matter. The name "Indian" was applied to the natives of America by Columbus, he thinking that the land he found was actually a part of India. Some think that the natives that Columbus found came to this continent from the East coast and were descended from the Norse Vikings, whose vessels were blown on these shores. Others think the West coast was the first to be inhabited, and that the Indians were of Tartar descent, and came over by way of Kamtschatka, Alaska, and down through the North American continent. There is a theory also that the American Indian is descended from the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. The subject will be covered in a future number of The Mentor written by the famous Indian authority, George Bird Grinnell.

Question. What is the District of Columbia?

Answer. The District of Columbia comprises sixty square miles of land and ten square miles of water. At that spot on the Potomac stood the Indian village of Powhattan, which Captain Smith visited in 1608. In 1663 Francis Pope, an Englishman, settled there. At the close of the Revolutionary War the question of a permanent seat of government was discussed, and after the claims of New York, Philadelphia, Germantown, Baltimore, Wilmington and other places had been considered, the present district was selected in 1790-91. It was the wish of George Washington that determined the choice. For many years after the District was created, the only municipal corporation was the town of Georgetown, governed by a mayor and city council. The rest of the District was under the jurisdiction of a body of justices of the

peace. In 1871 the whole district was placed under a form of government called "The District of Columbia," consisting of a Governor, a Board of Public Works, Secretary, a Board of Health, and a Council of eleven members, all appointed by the President of the United States. In 1874 this form of government was abolished by Congress, and for a time the affairs of the district were administered by three commissioners appointed by the President. This arrangement was made permanent in 1878. The people of the District of Columbia have no vote in municipal or national affairs.

Question. What is the origin of bookplates?

Answer. They are believed to have originated in Germany, though some authorities claim Japan first used them. The earliest printed bookplate we know of today was used about 1480. It was the master artist Albrecht Durer who first gave thought to the engraving of subjects for this purpose, and he is called the "Father of Bookplates," because, under his hand, they became works of art instead of crude wood-cuts. Famous artists in various countries have turned their hand to this sort of art. In England Hogarth signed bookplate designs. In America many highly prized bookplates were engraved by Paul Revere.

Question. What is the meaning of the phrase "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*"?

Answer. I knew that we would get that question sooner or later. The phrase is French, and means "Evil to him who evil thinks." The origin of it is to be found in the story of the time of King Edward III of England. The Countess of Salisbury let fall a garter, while dancing, and the king stooped to pick it up. The incident provoked some frivolous remarks, which caused the Countess to withdraw in confusion. The king exclaimed, "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*," and added that he would make this little ribbon so glorious that all would desire it. Thus, according to legend, was the Order of the Garter founded—the highest order of chivalry in Great Britain. The order was instituted in 1349, a date that disagrees with that of the legend quoted, but the phrase "*Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*" appears on the coat-of-arms of Great Britain, as well as on the Order of the Garter.

Question. What was the Crow Bar Act?

Answer. The case is Osborn vs. United States—a case arising out of the breaking open of a branch of the United States Bank by U. S. authorities, (Crow Bar Act). There is a good account of the details of it in McMaster's "History of the United States."

Question. What popular play is it in which only one character speaks throughout a whole act?

Answer. This is a trick question—but we happen to know the answer to it. The play that you refer to is Rip Van Winkle, and the act is the one in which Rip is taken up into the mountains and entertained by the Hendrik Hudson men. During the whole of this act Rip Van Winkle is the only character that speaks, and for an excellent reason—the Hendrik Hudson men were all dumb.

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

Here is the message that we have given out so many times on this page and elsewhere in *The Mentor*. Here is *The Mentor* idea, crystal clear in the simple, strong words of a great Captain of Industry. While seeking for some new way to drive the message home, we came, by rare good fortune, upon a letter by Charles M. Schwab printed in a recent number of *The Century*, and addressed to young men. We reprint a part of it. In this earnest message one finds the soul of success. It is an ideal working Creed for those that want to make the most of themselves in life.

★ ★ ★

As we read Mr. Schwab's words our minds turn back to the day, now nine years ago, when *The Mentor* plan was conceived and its purpose and program were determined. On that day we declared that "The Mentor shall devote itself to developing in the individual an interest in, and an understanding of, the finer things of life—in Art, Literature, Music, History, Travel, Science, and Nature." During these years *The Mentor* has led its readers through varied fields of information, filled with interesting facts and enriched with beautiful pictures. The Mentor Idea and Policy have now, in the new and enlarged form of the publication, a fuller and freer scope. We can now place before our readers all the riches that a subject offers in reading matter that informs and pictures that illustrate. The coming year will tell the story.

★ ★ ★

There will be plenty of Art, of course, for art is what many of our readers care for most. "The Sea in Art" will be a delightful account of American painters who have pictured the ocean. Later on, will come a number on "Landscape in Art," and, after that, "The Desert in Art," a most attrac-

tive number on "The Mother and Child in Art," and one on "Art in Dress."

In the field of Travel Mr. Elmendorf's articles will be followed by several by the well known travel-lecturer, Mr. E. M. Newman—notably one on "Constantinople." We will take a pleasure trip with Mr. Elmendorf down through the islands of the Caribbean Sea and will enjoy the "Lure of the South Seas" with Frederick O'Brien.

"The Story of the American Indian" will be told by George Bird Grinnell, the greatest living authority on the Indian, and a chosen chief of several tribes.

★ ★ ★

In the field of History we shall cover China and Confucius, Royal Lovers of History, and the beautiful superwomen who have influenced the destinies of men and nations. We shall revel in "The Beauty of Color," dwell on "Nature's Rarest Flowers," and look over the "Priceless Books of the World." We shall meet our old

friends in literature, Mark Twain and Robert Burns, and the great editors that have molded public opinion—C. A. Dana, Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson, James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer and others.

★ ★ ★

Popular Science will be represented by numbers on Electricity, the Story of Leather, the Romance of Gold and Silver, Light-house Service and Live Saving, the Mystery of the Ocean and the Marvels of Astronomy. All these subjects and many others will be covered by famous writers and illustrated with beautiful pictures in gravure and in colors. We can only touch the "high spots" in a brief announcement, so we simply give assurance here of the many good things to come, and ask our readers to "watch, look and listen."

W. S. Neffat
EDITOR

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